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THE FAMILY LIFE OF
HEINRICH HEINE.

THE FAMILY LIFE OF HEINRICH HEINE

ILLUSTRATED BY

ONE HUNDRED & TWENTY-TWO HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED
LETTERS ADDRESSED BY HIM TO DIFFERENT
MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY

EDITED BY HIS NEPHEW

BARON LUDWIG von EMBDEN

AND TRANSLATED BY
CHARLES GODFREY LELAND



LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1896

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P R E F A C E

BY THE ENGLISH TRANSLATOR.

IT would really appear, in this our age of disillusion, as if there were nothing to be expected save the unexpected, and that no popular persuasion or conviction ever endures investigation. We have seen, from Niebuhr to Mommsen, that all old legends are old humbugs, that nobody ever said "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" nor "*La vieille Garde meurt mais ne se rend jamais.*" And now we learn of Heinrich-Harry Heine, who has been the pet *vaurien* and bad boy, the witty and wicked incarnation of "flashing wit and blasting mockery," the "later Byron" and the "German Shelley," and the ideal and idol of all the enemies of Philistia, that he was—counter to the course of all his kind—at heart and at home one of the gentlest, most devoted lovers of quiet domestic life who ever lived. This has come to light by the publication of *Heinrich Heine's Familien Leben*, or "Family Life," by his nephew, Baron von Embden, a work consisting of 122 hitherto unpublished letters of the poet, chiefly to his mother and sister, from the age of twenty to his death. These letters are connected by brief, comprehensive,

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and judicious additions and comments by the editor, the whole forming in their brief compass what we must regard as being on the whole the best Life of Heine which has as yet appeared.

It has been said by a reviewer that these new documents "are an addition to literary biography rather than to literature proper; that there is hardly a trace in these intimate loving letters of the spirit which we associate with the poet; but that they will be none the less welcome on that account, and that this revelation of Heine's tenderness in his family relations is indeed most welcome, humanising, and restful." We may go a step further, and say that to the slightly-informed general reader they may not seem to be at all remarkable as regards the startling or sensational, but, as revealing the true inner life of Heinrich Heine, they literally form one of the great surprises of literature. The reader who has noted what I have said in prefaces and notes to my translations of his works cannot fail to have observed that I laid very great stress on the extraordinary contradictions, sometimes jarring, sometimes in brilliant and beautiful contrast, which his character presents, and which, as I said, entitled him to be called, in preference to Jean Paul Richter, the Only One in literature. Nevertheless, there was one thing—that is to say, a complete *abandon* to Hellenism, or "the world, the flesh, and the devil"—to which he was always consistent. The mad-eyed priestesses of ancient Babylon, the hetaira of Greece and the odalisque, the unclad witches of the Sabbat,

lorettes and grisettes, *e tutte quante*, dance through his dreams and seem to inspire his life. Nay, he even tells us that "once I would fain have broke the halberds with which the Gardens of Delight are guarded,"—meaning that he would have made free love the law, or want of law, for the world. And now we learn, as a final overwhelming proof of his bizarre nature, that this *roué* was in reality all his life long possessed by such an intense absorbing love for his old mother and sister, and had constantly after marriage such a faithful moral devotion to his wife, ever fervently and truly expressed, as there are few parallels for in literary biography. Macaulay declares that the culminating point of Barrère's iniquity was in the fact that he had always been a professing Christian; and by antithesis one may say that all that was needed to complete Heine's true character was to discover that he was really a model husband, a son who worshipped his mother as if she had been an angel, and had for his sister till his last breath a chivalric devotion and admiration—all natural and unaffected—far surpassing in depth and beauty anything in his poems. From this point of view, or as a surprise, this book is very remarkable indeed, and I doubt not that the reader will agree with me in the conviction which I formed as I read it, that as a study of character it is the most interesting of Heine's works. He informs us himself in one of these letters that his wife had always twenty-four hours' notice to prepare *him* for any kind of surprise whatever, little thinking how one

day he was destined to surprise the world as Benedict the married man !

The teleologist who believes with Emerson in compensation, and with the Christian in retribution, will find great satisfaction in the fact, which appears as in a mirror in these pages, that he who had brought Von Platen to his grave by cruel slander, and who had made his "venomed teeth and claws" felt by every enemy on the slightest provocation, who had ridiculed others for poverty, old age, and unavoidable personal defects, and had heaped bitterly ungrateful falsehoods on his old teacher Schlegel, to whom he was under deep obligation—for Heine did all this—was destined himself to suffer bitterly in advanced life for want of money, and undergo long tortures from not only cramps, paralysis, and blindness, but to be tormented with a two years' lawsuit with an ungrateful millionaire cousin, whom he had nursed at the extreme risk of his own life all through the cholera of 1832, and to feel himself obliged to work hard for a living through all these trials.

The mother is the principal character in these letters, and it is evident that from his earliest youth to his dying hour he had for her a devotion, "a reverent and provident tenderness," which is as surprising by depth of feeling as by the manner in which it manifests itself delicately in all little things. One may indeed say, to use the grand old word in very truth, that in every relation with his mother, and on every similar occasion to his sister and wife, Heine shows himself a perfect gentleman. If the need be

to borrow a small sum of money, or ask her to attend to some detail of forwarding a few books, he manifests tact and refinement in endeavouring to spare her trouble of any kind. All of this is without affectation or a trace of effort to seem affectionate; in fact, it is in their pure homely simplicity and earnestness of affection that these letters are so attractive and so beautiful. And as deeply sincere and touching are the many quaint old German terms of love which he uses, "Dear old Mousey," "Kiss my dear old mother, whom I love more than all the cats in the world"—this in reference to a child-speech by his brother, who had said he loved his mother more than six cats. Also, "One should kiss the ground on which thou hast trod;" and finally, the beautiful saying, "After all, I believe there is but one person on whom a man can perfectly rely, and that is his mother. There he is safe. He who doubts it, it were better that he should at once quit the world."

It is very touching to observe how Heine, always in extremes of suffering of many kinds and bed-ridden, endeavours to make his mother believe that he is getting better, and accounts for his paralysed handwriting by the badness of the pens or similar little devices.

The letters of Heine to his sister are inspired with "a passionate affection" allied to the most delicate and unaffected respect. Even in his most familiar jesting we detect a deep admiration for her excellence, which inspires a longing in the reader to have known one who could thus have influenced

such a man. He who has ever deeply reverenced and loved to the end of life any one woman has learned thereby to somewhat honour all, and from boyhood to his dying hour, when Lottie stood by him, she and the mother were to him as lights of love and of faith in humanity. It is something to know that Heine had such faith in such great measure, since of all men he is supposed to have been most devoid of it, or of love. Heine's first letter to his sister Lottie ends with the words "*Bist Du auch werth dass ich Dich so sehr liebe*"—"Dost thou really deserve that I should love thee so much?" And anon: "I love thee inexpressibly, and yearn to see thee. There is no soul on earth in whose company I am so happy (*wohl zu Muth*) as in that of my sister. We understand one another so perfectly; we only are in our senses, and the whole world is mad." And again, "Thou good, dear, transparent (*durchsichtiges*) child—dear, sweet, crystal doll! I ween that God meant all mankind to kiss thy hands. That I believe—that is my religion." There is no indication whatever anywhere that this veneration and refined courtesy for mother and sister was ever forgotten for an instant. A deep sense of gratitude to both for having kept him above despair pervaded every instant of his life, so that the motto for these letters might have been "*Tua erga me beneficia nunquam à memoria discedent.*"

But by far the greatest interest which has been or will be taken in this book is centered in the

character of Heine's wife, and here in this relation—all things duly considered—the poet gains even more than he did as regarded the mother and sister. For the latter were calm, dignified, and refined German ladies, while Mathilde Crescenzia Mirat, whose very name, as Heine said, always hurt his throat, was the ideal of a Parisian *fille du peuple*—a constant blessing and an endless tease, a loving faithful nurse and an extravagant little sponge, devoted to her husband, whom she, however, scolded constantly, but far more devoted to her cockatoo, Cocotte, who scolded all the world, and who appears to have been morally and intellectually the very counterpart of his mistress. Cocotte plays a great rôle in this book; we seem to hear his appalling screeches whenever the poet is trying to concentrate his thoughts amid agonising headaches; when the writer is sending his regards to friends, the parrot *squawks* out his greetings too; in fine, it is an uncanny demon of the air. And yet Heine tells his mother with deep feeling that he could not live without "his birds"—Mathilde being one of them. Heine had, as he said, quarrelled with her daily for six years—*i.e.*, lived with her "in wild wedlock"—ere, on account of a silly duel, he married her that she might inherit a good name and his small property. It is as amusing as touching to observe in the letters how from this time Heine loses no opportunity of rehabilitating as it were his wife, representing her as devoted and refined; and then the numerous artful little ways which he employs

to create the impression that Mathilde is deeply devoted to her German connections and ever thinking of them! It seems that Heine not only really loved her, but was vain and proud of his love, being determined to prove not only to the world, but to *himself*, that he had married wisely and well.

In her years of youthful beauty she was very beautiful; she had the liveliness, tastes, and extremely limited intellect (which does not preclude a kind of quaint wit) of the ordinary French grisette, and Heine, while making due allowance for her own rather extra allowance of *bon bec*, or cheek and garrulity, frivolity and extravagance, enjoyed and made the most of her good qualities. What is very amusing is that Heine, though he had lived with her for six years, from the day of his marriage evidently turned over a new leaf and regarded her quite as a new person—one may almost say as a delightful and interesting stranger. He is going to teach her German—"she will be *gebildet* and an ornament to the family"—like a lover with a new lady-toy. Alas! Mathilde never learned a syllable beyond "*Guten Tag, mein Herr; nehmen sie Platz!*" and when she had fired off this volley at some newly-arrived German visitor, she would break into a peal of laughter and rush forth, leaving the guest greatly amazed at his singular reception and alone, till he was sent for to the sick-room of her husband. Heine always calls her *die Verschwenderin*, or the Spendthrift, yet he does not mind her wasting money so far as *he* is concerned, but because

she will have the less to live on after his death. "After all," he says, with charming magnanimity, "she is only spending her own money." Many little hints indicate that the strange yet perfectly well-matched couple had always been devotedly faithful to one another ; they alternately quarrelled, kissed, and had champagne dinners at Very's, when Mathilde, by an ingenious fib, could persuade Heinrich that there was nothing in the larder but mutton, and, *enfin*, "she nursed him devotedly through the last terrible long years, and after his death showed a loyalty as quarrelsome as ever to his memory."

Victor Ottmann mentions that Karpeles in his Heine-book compares the Christiane Vulpius of Goethe to Mathilde, and it is well known that the world has never been weary of amazing itself at such incongruous mating of men of genius to women below them in intellect or of an inferior station ; which is "all very genteel" but extremely silly, because a female Goethe or Heine, or anything like them in any degree, is not an imaginable quantity. The poet as a poet in his inspired hours must ever be alone on earth ; at other times he is just like other men, if not even less given than they are to "intellectual reflection." To them a really natural and simple if not vulgar girl, capable of deep attachment and not devoid of liveliness, is a far more congenial companion than a Mademoiselle Cathon or Madelon, or any other *précieuse*, who, to a higher perception, only amounts to the grisette a little varnished. The little buzzing flies who see such vast

differences in one another look very much alike to a man at a yard's distance, but the ordinary mind can never comprehend that what is of tremendous importance to it is not the same to every one. This consideration should be borne in mind while reading this book, for it will explain to the reader why it was that Heine took an interest in his merry, quarrelling, devoted, French grisette wife; why he identified his honour and feelings with hers, instead of laughing at her, as a meaner man might have done, and why, in fact, they were well matched—as all couples are who are resolved to be so, and who can hold to it.

Baron von Embden (the nephew of Heine and son of Heine's sister Charlotte, who still lives, an old lady of ninety) has done his work well in editing this book, and certainly has not sinned by undue verbosity, or giving any of that family twaddle which prevails so vastly in such works. In describing the fire of Hamburg, and the heroic conduct of his mother in endeavouring to save the poet's papers, he gives a graphic and succinct sketch such as even his uncle never surpassed, and there are in the work many other touches which indicate a vigorous and practical mind. In fact, the straightforward honesty with which he speaks plainly of the tricks and devices of old Campe, of the Hamburg uncle's coarse eccentricity, and of the ingratitude of Carl Heine, are really astonishing, and all the more so because there is no ill-temper or evidence of personal ill-feeling in it all, but, on the contrary, a

very manifest desire to speak as well of them all as truth permitted. To conclude, very nearly in the words of a German reviewer, Victor Ottmann: We cannot read this book without deepest sympathy with the author of the letters, who was a much enduring and bold champion, whatever else may be thought of him. Therefore the work fulfils a good object, for it is likely to destroy many an unjust prejudice; it will render far more clear and intelligible the artistic creative power of Heinrich Heine, and brings us humanly nearer to the unhappy poet. The keynote of the letters is best expressed in the sorrowful plaint to his sister:—

“ Shadowy love and shadowy kisses,
Shadowy life—so strangely flow,
Deemst thou, sister, all these blisses
Can remain for ever so?

What we firmly held while loving
Flits like shadows o'er the deep;
Hearts forget while onward moving,
Eyes at last are lost in sleep.”

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

FLORENCE, *December 17, 1892.*

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THE FAMILY LIFE
OF
HEINRICH HEINE.

THE domestic life (*Familienleben*) of Heinrich Heine has been set forth, inaccurately or unjustly, in different ways, and his relations to those most nearly allied to him have often been harshly misrepresented. In accordance with the wishes of his numerous admirers, and to give, so far as possible, an accurate idea of the character of the poet, my mother, who is far advanced in years, and who is Heinrich Heine's only sister, charged me to publish, ere she departed, his family letters, which have been hitherto kept as a cherished relic, and with them certain reminiscences of her brother.

Heinrich Heine was during all his life in regular correspondence with his mother and sister, while after his residence in Paris he only wrote to his brothers briefly and in the most superficial manner.

HEINRICH HEINE, born on the 13th December 1799 in Düsseldorf, died on the 17th February in Paris in 1856, and has now reposed thirty-six years in his vault in the churchyard of Montmartre.

A

THE FAMILY LIFE OF

What great changes there have been since the departure of the poet, and what great political revolutions! His idealistic dreams of the future have been realised;¹ the petty provincialism (*Kleinstädterei*), with its vexation and absolutism, which so often provoked his mockery, has disappeared, and a newly risen Germany has bound our different States into a great and strong nation.

The satire and jest of the poet was never aimed at the ideal, but at the realistic remnants of *particularism*² and religious impatience, and above all, their apostles, who impeded and opposed the pressure of progress among the people. The poet's impulse towards truth and freedom inspired him to sketch the contradictions of his time ironically and harshly, to cast light on the contrasts and anomalies of a narrow-minded view of life, and, in humorous fashion, expose the follies of society so as to unmercifully rouse them from their torpid lairs.

To this day his opponents feel themselves wounded and weakened in their narrow-minded reactionary views, and deliberately misunderstanding his efforts at reform, they judge according to things as they are, and cast suspicion on his patriotism. This is an all the more unjust accusation, because the poet in his verse and prose often

¹ Good words and well expressed, but it is true that Heine generally argued too sagaciously from facts for his predictions to be termed dreams.—*Translator*.

² A good word not known to us in English, indicating the pettiness or old fogyism of detail, such as preference of small interests to great, and much allied to *Kleinstädterei*.—*Translator*.

bewailed his exile, and set forth his yearning for Germany :—

“ Oh, Germany, my distant dearie,
I almost weep to think of thee !
This merry France to me is weary,
Its lightness is a load to me.”

Samson Heine, the father of the poet, who was born in 1765 in Hanover, came in 1796 to Düsseldorf, where he became intimate with the highly respected family Van Geldern, and married on the 6th of June 1798 their daughter Betty, from which marriage were born three sons, Heinrich, Gustav, and Max, and one daughter, Charlotte.

Samson Heine established his home in Düsseldorf, and the present house in the Völkerstrasse with the marble votive tablet may be indeed on the place where that in which Heinrich Heine was born once stood, but there is at present not one stone left of the original old dwelling, built more than a century ago, since it was long ago torn down, then rebuilt, and the new structure also demolished and replaced in turn.¹

Heine’s sister declared publicly, when she learned that the present dwellers in the house showed strangers two rooms in a stable-like back building, which were reached through a narrow hencoop, as the place where Heine was born, that those rooms were never inhabited by her parents, and that the poet’s cradle certainly never stood there.

¹ Dasselbe zweimal abgerissen und wieder neu aufgebaut worden.
—Translator.

Heinrich Heine, whose intellectual development, even as a boy, held forth the fairest hopes, was, against his inclination, after he had passed through the classes of the Düsseldorf Lyceum, brought up by his parents for business (*für den Kaufmannsstand*). The latter, convinced, after several fruitless efforts, that he was not qualified for such pursuits, yielded to his desires, and allowed him to study. After the due preparation of a course at the Gymnasium, Heinrich Heine entered the University of Bonn at the end of the year 1819. His family had removed, after a short residence in Oldesloe, to Lüneburg, and after the journey his sister received the following:—

I.

BONN, March 22, 1820.

DEAR LOTTCHEN (LOTTIE),—I appeal to all my letters. Thou shouldst write to me how all is going on there, and what happened during the journey. The hall of the Musical Union (*Musikverein*) is certainly hung with black crape, and for fourteen days no *allegro* has been heard there, only *adagio*. And how dead and silent the streets must be! Didst thou weep as thou wert driven away? How was it with you all upon the roads? I have sat many a night in my wooden chair, and read mechanically on in my great learned books while my thoughts wandered about on the Lüneburger Heath, and anxiously looked to see whether your driver did not sleep, whether your

coach was in the right road, whether no wheel was broken.

Dost thou really deserve that I should love thee so much ?

HARRY HEINE,¹

Stud. juris.

After remaining one year in Bonn, Heinrich Heine went to Göttingen, and then in the next year to Berlin, where he matriculated at the University in 1821. He studied law and political economy (*Kameralwissenschaften*) ; but, in spite of the rather dry work, remained true to his poetic impulses, and made songs and romances in abundance. His stay in Berlin and his intimate relations with the élite of literary circles in the city of the royal residence (*Residenz*) developed more and more his literary activity ; his works soon attracted general interest, and even at that time he began to be famed as a poet.

His sister Charlotte, who remained visiting her uncle in Hamburg, betrothed herself to the merchant Moritz Embden² of that city, who received in consequence of the family festival held on the occasion the following letter :—

II.

BERLIN, February 2, 1823.

DEAR EMBDEN,—Your letter of the 23rd of March gave me great pleasure. I congratulate you on your

¹ Harry, not Heinrich, was the name given to Heine by his father, after that of a friend.—*Translator.*

² Born in 1790, died in 1866. He left a son and three daughters.

betrothal to my sister. Although I was deeply moved by the news, and certainly far more than any one supposed I was capable of being, it did not strike me as "a strange whim of fate," but far more as something which I had long known—indeed, for years—though during all my inner and outer storms of life I had forgotten it.

I hope that you and my sister will be a happy pair, for Lottie is capable of appreciating the value of your character, and you also know the worth of hers, because you will not, like our falsely-educated *beau monde*, only appreciate in a woman *certain* one-sided prominent advantages of intellect, or of the heart or person, but will most surely, if I judge aright, perceive and feel true culture in a beautiful symmetry or equal proportion of all mental powers, and in the harmony of soul and body, that which is best worthy of love. My Lottie is music, perfect symmetry, and harmony. A brother need not fear to use such expressions freely to the bridegroom.

The political portion of your letter greatly pleased me. I am glad that the future husband of my sister is no revolutionary; and I find it natural enough that a man who is *à son aise* and a happy bridegroom does not desire the overthrow of existing forms, and is desirous of his own peace and that of Europe. Other views of life influence me; and I must confess that I feel rather strangely when I read by chance in the newspapers that men have frozen to death in the streets of London and others died of hunger in Naples. But though I may be in England

a *Radical* and a *Carbonaro* in Italy, I still do not belong to the demagogues in Germany, just for the merely accidental trifling reason that in case the latter should triumph, some thousands of Jewish heads, and those just the best, must needs be cut off. But however decidedly our views may differ as to the questions of the day, or even be diametrically opposed, I am still convinced that this will not in the least have an unfavourable influence on our intercourse as friends and relatives (*verwandtschaftliche Freundschaft*), which, even from afar (as a discontented antipathy will always keep me away from Hamburg), will often cheer, edify, and calm, by sensible advice and kind encouragement, one who, like myself, lives in discontent, error, and strife.

H. HEINE.

III.

BERLIN, May 3, 1823.

DEAR EMBDEN,—I have duly received your letter of April 28, and hasten to comply with your wish to see my tragedy by sending you a copy of it as a token of my regard. May the little book meet with a favourable reception from you, and its moral worth be duly recognised. You will read therein how men and races all do pass away, yet how this perishing depends upon a great necessity above them all, and meant by Providence to mighty aims.¹ The true poet does not give the story of his time, but of all

¹ The reference is here to Heine's play of "Ratcliff."

times ; and therefore a true poem is the mirror of every age.

I will travel to-day to Lüneburg, but am for the moment very *malade* (*sic*), and write these lines while suffering intense pain.

I greet thee from my heart,

H. HEINE.

Soon after his sister's wedding, which took place on June 22, 1823, he went to live near Ritzebüttel to take sea-baths in Cuxhaven, as he suffered from nervous headaches brought on by over-work.

IV.

RITZEBÜTTEL, July 28, 1823.

DEAR LOTTIE,—Here I am, and no more can I say for suffering. I will go through the whole cure here followed, and shall be all finished off and ready by the 1st of September. Should a letter come for me, then send it to me thus addressed, "H. Heine of Berlin, living in the Harmonie, in Ritzebüttel." There are very few people here; it is *triste* and *ennuyant*, and everything horribly dear. I pay six marks a day (about nine shillings), and there is nothing cheaper to be had. Write to mother where I am, and give my kind regards to Moritz and to all who ask after me. And if thou canst write me anything cheerful, then do so.—Thy loving brother,

H. HEINE.

The sea-bathing acted favourably on Heine's health, and after a short visit to his sister in Ham-

burg, he went and remained some months with his parents in Lüneburg.

V.

LÜNEBURG, September 15, 1823.

DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW AND DEAR SISTER,—
I arrived here night before last in good health, and have also found my parents well and happy. I left Hamburg at one o'clock, and had fine weather and a rapid journey. It always remains the same old morose *Liineburg*, the royal residence of Tiresomeness. *Amichen* was out of his wits for joy.¹ Mother was not a little frightened, dear Lottie, to hear of your mishap. I told her that her last letter came with its good advice too late, but that her hopes of becoming a grandmother will be eventually fulfilled, though time has been lost.² I had indeed a great deal to tell of you, as you may well suppose. The thumbscrews were duly applied to me. I gave mother a graphic sketch of your housemaid, and she begs thee, dear Lottie, not to dismiss this girl, for at the third thou'l wish indeed thou hadst the first again. Thou canst hardly believe, dear Lottie, how much our mother thinks of thee by night

¹ Probably in reference to his dog *Ami*, mentioned in the *Reisebilder*.—Translator.

² It will doubtless be regretted by many readers that the grandmotherly letter here alluded to was not included in the present series. The Heines, old and young, appear to have been charmingly and naïvely confidential as regards all their domestic affairs.—Translator.

and day. She wonders that thou hast become irritable (*heftig*), and thinks that it is the result of thy manner of living, and of spiced and rich food. I could never tell her enough as to thy appearance. I was able to tell her with joy, dear Embden, how cordially you (*Sie*) love my sister, how constantly you care for her, endure her weaknesses, and bear her caprices like a man, showing yourself always a brave husband. Indeed, my friend, I count your little skirmishes as nothing; it is so everywhere; the intensest moment of marriage is a combat, even unto bleeding; and it is of no consequence that the wife shows her teeth to the husband if they are beautiful and white, that she weeps tears if they only become her, or that she disdainfully tramples with her feet if they are only pretty and small. And what is so beautiful as reconciliation! And Moritz has such a good heart! Yes, dear Embden, your heart is very angular, but it is good; and as for the rest of your character, I must ever esteem and love it more and more, though its roughnesses (*Schroffheiten*) are remarkable, and my character is altogether differently formed. I hope that we shall in consequence pleasantly come to closer intimacy, and that you will also find out and recognise the good which often lies hidden in me. I have already given you proof that I believe you possess a sharp, just view in practical life; perhaps you may have observed that I, in ideal life, that is to say, where ideas are concerned, also see not less accurately and sharply. I have profited much at favourable times by your in-

sight, and I am very thankful to you for it. Thereunto I render gratitude for the excellent soups which I have enjoyed at your table, for many a good glass of wine, and for the many friendly acts wherein you showed yourself a friend.

Keep me, therefore, in happy remembrance. Remember me kindly to all friends.—Fare well, and keep in love your true

H. HEINE.

VI.

LÜNEBURG, October 12, 1823.

DEAR LOTTIE,—I duly received thy dear little letter of the 7th October, and kissed it abundantly. Everything which thou writest in it is as neat and pretty as if it had been turned by the cleverest confectioner (*Zuckerbäcker*). Write to me often, for thy every letter is a pleasure to me. We are all quite well, father and mother being so, and Gustav found himself only too much so. Maxy (Maxchen) is industrious—the great pedant—but he is orderly, and no one need fear him.

We have a new woman-cook, who is very cheeky (*frech*). Keep thy maid, I counsel thee. My head gets better day by day. What makes thee think that I do not intend to carry out the plan of studying law? I love thee inexpressibly, and yearn intensely to see thee again, for there is no one on earth in whose company I am so happy (*wohl zu Muthe*) as in that of my sister. We understand one another so well; we alone are reasonable, and the

rest of the world is mad. Write me a great deal of what is new there. Spare thy health; too much housekeeping up and down (*das Herumwirthschaften*) is not good for thee. Be yielding to thy husband; he is really a man of thoroughly good heart. The difference between him and me is exactly this, that the screws in his head are screwed just a little too tight, while in mine they are just a little too loose.¹

I have this instant received the address of the books; Jan is going to bring them. It is very tiresome here, yet I am happy. Live well and love me well.—Thy true brother,

H. HEINE.

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VII.

LÜNEBURG, November 7, 1823.

DEAR LOTTIE,—Thou art certainly vexed at me; and therefore I would not write to thee to-day if I were not obliged to send thee the label bearing the number which I forgot to put on the books. Send me more books as soon as it may be possible. And what had I to write to thee? How we live thou knowest. I am greatly honoured here. I am, in particular, very often in society with the Superintendent Christiani. Dr. Christiani has made me famous in all Lüneburg, and my verses circulate (*rouliren*). And yet I constantly seek for some solitary retreat, for my headaches do not as yet

¹ Is this quaint popular German saying the original of our English expression, “To have a screw loose somewhere?”—Translator.

leave me, and they and my law-studies keep me too busy. Of education and refinement there is none. I verily believe that there is a non-conductor of culture (*Culturableiter*) in the town-hall. But the people are not bad.

How often do I think of thee, thou dear, good transparent child!¹ How often do I long to kiss thy little alabaster paws! Oh, do but love me as much as thou canst! What thou writest of Methfessel to me delights me. Greet him right cordially. I would indeed gladly hear my songs sung. I will also try to have compositions for them by Klein. We are all well. Fare well, sweet little crystal doll. Make me a pair of woollen slippers.—Thy brother,
who loves thee,

H. HEINE.

VIII.

LÜNEBURG, December 8, 1823.

DEAR LITTLE SOUL,—It is long since I wrote to thee, because I have been waiting for an answer to my last letter. It is true that I should not have minded that (*Ich hätte mich freilich nicht daran kehren sollen*), and might have written, but I had a good excuse. I am, moreover, too much out of temper to say anything cheerful, and thou knowest that when my darkened hours (*düstere Stunde*) are

¹ *Durchsichtiges Kind.* It is not complimentary to say in English of any one that he is easily seen through; but it is quite the reverse in Germany, where clearness, frankness, and simple honesty without any concealment or craft are really more generally esteemed than in any other country, as this very expression proves.—*Translator.*

on me, that I do not show myself to thee. Thou shouldst always see me in a rosy light and love me. Oh, how delighted I am to hear that thou wilt soon come! I can already hear thee—*wau, wau!* I kiss the dear sounds already in advance in my imagination. It will also please me to see Moritz. I must needs feel kindly to him when I hear that he loves thee so, as father never tires of telling. Oh, how beautiful it is when you mutually learn how to tolerate your mutual weak sides! Mutual forbearance, justice, and intelligence found a good married state. Moritz will soon know how to treat such a dear, pretty, marvellous glass toy as thou art. I hope, dear Lottie, that thou art always well. Be sure that I am always thinking of thee. I know that our dear Lord would fain have all men kiss thy hands. Therein do I believe; that is my religion.

H. HEINE.

IX.

LÜNEBURG, December 26, 1823.

DEAR LOTTIE,—It is a wrong which cries to heaven that I do not get sight of a line from thee. How livest thou, and say what dost thou do? Oh, what a pain it is that I must travel forth without having seen once more, and spoken to, and kissed thee, sweet being! I utterly bewilder myself every morning by considering whether I would give one or two of my fingers to live a few years by thee. I would go to Hamburg to bid thee adieu if it were not that I should there be obliged to run a gauntlet

of moral switches wielded by far too great an array of acquaintances.

Write to me now and then when I am in Göttingen. Thy letters bear the impress of thy pretty soul, and are real bonbons for my heart. The thought of thee, dear sister, must sometimes keep me upright, when the great multitude bears me down with its stupid hatred and disgusting love.¹ I wish thee a happy New Year, and also Moritz; I will write to him from Göttingen. Just now I have nothing to say to him, and he is too good for mere formal letters with the appropriate watery gushes. Oh, I beg you, when you go to Solomon Heine, to make my greeting; and also greet Henry Heine with the whole Henriade. And if it is not too troublesome, also greet all the Embdens from me.

Above all things, fare well, and love me too.

H. HEINE.

X.

LÜNEBURG, January 9, 1824.

DEAR LITTLE PERSON,—I do not travel away to-day, but on the day after to-morrow, as my shirts are meanwhile drying, and when a letter which I expect from Berlin will have arrived. Thou knowest, from Hamburg experience, that wherever I am I easily stick and stay. Parting from my parents will

¹ “They crushed me from above,
They poisoned the food I ate,
Some of them with their love,
And some of them with their hate.”

—HEINE, *Book of Songs*.

be hard, but in eight days from to-day the gates and human faces of Lüneburg must be behind me. We will declaim thy grand trumpet-speech : *Calypso ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse.* Thinkest thou still, little Frenchwoman, on those Telemaque times ? How gladly would I kiss once more thy charming cat's paws before I leave this place. And it will be hard to part from *Amichen*, too. The little beast has really made many an hour beautiful for me. When I read, every evening, the nice little animal sits on my shoulder, and begins to bark whenever I come to a fine passage in the book. *Amichen* has more intelligence and feeling than all the German philosophers and poets.

I was greatly delighted with thy letter of December 31st. I laughed heartily at thy literary distress (*Noth*). Write to me often. It is not really or exactly true that I am working on a tragedy, as some one has informed thee ; for I have not as yet written a line of it, and the play exists thus far only in my head, where many others, and with them many good books, also lie in readiness. But now I am too ill to write anything, and my few healthy hours are devoted to my studies. It is now seed-time with me, but I hope for a good harvest. I seek to acquire the most varied kinds of knowledge, and will in consequence show myself more versatile (*vielseitiger*), and completely cultured as an author. The poet is but a small portion of me.¹ I believe that thou

¹ Here Heine utters a truth of which he afterwards lost sight, and, strangely enough, the losing sight of it conduced to his real

understandest me sufficiently to comprehend this. I took note of thy advice to have as many die as possible in my tragedy. Ah, Lord! I wish I could kill off all my enemies in that way in it.

Give Moritz a thousand kind remembrances. Repeat to him the assurance of my friendship. He who loves my Lottie I also love. And, moreover, I am a great admirer of Archenholtz.¹ I hope, dear Lottie, that thou wilt send me many kind little letters to Göttingen, for every one from thee cheers my soul. All that which thou writest is so dear and clear, it shows in every line thy good original soul

greatness, which was based on that “many-sided” knowledge which he here declares he was determined to acquire. He in later years, inspired by his success as a poet, believed himself to be chiefly gifted as such; in which he reminds us of Petrarch, who had no doubt that he would live for posterity in his Latin, and not in his Italian works. This misconception of his real strength gave a carelessness, in a measure, to his prose composition, which, however, also permitted that free and bold expression of unconscious thought, strength, and originality which is his true *forte*. With all his vanity, Heine never supposed that he was the equal of Goethe or Lessing as a critic, yet neither of them saw so clearly into the action of the intellectual developments of their time as regards their result in the *future*. The reason of this was that Heine, living in a more advanced age, combined bold views in politics with those of culture. It is difficult to separate this from the embroglio of petty fancies and caprices with which it is entangled, and all the more so because it is opposed to the growing spirit of the age, which demands clear, prosaic, and consistent statement; yet to the reader capable of this, who can rise above “the inimitable and untranslatable graces” of language, he is really, as an inspired thinker on serious subjects, far greater than he is as a poet. He spoke truly when he said, “the poet is but a small portion of me.”—*Translator.*

¹ Author of a celebrated history of “The Seven Years’ War.” Born 1743, died 1812.

and heart (*Gemüth*) as in a bright mirror.—Fare well, and love me well.

H. HEINE.

XI.

GÖTTINGEN, January 31, 1824.

DEAR SWEET SISTER,—I hope that these lines will find thee well and happy. As for me, I feel much better. I believe that Lüneburg must have a bad atmosphere; I hardly enjoyed one hour of health while I lived there. The people did all they could to make the hole (*Nest*) agreeable to me, especially towards the end (*namentlich zuletzt*). Nothing remarkable occurred during my journey. The Lüneburger Heath is a third part of eternity, and wearied me to excess, so that out of ennui I made verses, and some of them were to thee, which I may some time give thee. They are only a few strophes; but I love thee, and am ever thinking of thee.

I was three days in Hanover, and there I became acquainted with a beautiful woman—so amiable—that is to say, *I was!* I had very bad weather in journeying from that town; it snowed as if all the hosts of heaven were shaking out their feather-beds on me; and, over and above that, I sat in a half-open extra-coach by a fencing-master, whose red purple cloak gradually became ermined. And I thought of thee, and let it snow on in God's name; and when I heard, *Tara! tara!* and the youth rolled by on the post-coach, I thought, “He has letters which will be in three days' time in Ham-

burg!" and I envied the letters. I arrived while sound asleep in Göttingen. What does that bethink?

While I, the next morning, stood at the window in the inn, I saw my old boot-black going by, and called him in, when the droll fellow, without speaking a word, entered and brushed my coat and shoes, still without saying anything, and departed without manifesting the least amazement that I had been absent for three years from Göttingen, because he bore in mind my old injunction never to talk in my presence and ask no questions.

I have but few acquaintances here, and the professors are not particularly fond of me, because when I was previously suspended (*konsilirt*), I sent my P.P.C. cards (*Abschiedskarten*) in mockery to the members of the Academical Senate.

I am up to the neck in my legal studies, and it agrees with me. I found it lucky that I, though I came in the middle of the course, can still hear something, so that I have lost nothing.

Farewell, beautiful lady. Keep me in kind remembrance, and write to me often. My address is, "H. Heine, *Cand. juris.*, in the Rothenstrasse, at the Widow Brandissen's, Göttingen." Give my best regards to all friends, and write to me how everything looks, and if the tarts have turned out well in Hamburg this year. When thou cookest or bakest anything nice, lay it by for me until my return. But thou thyself art dearer to me than all the tarts or pies in this world, lemon-pie included. I would gladly

write more fully to thee, but my head is confused,
and I cannot express how deeply devoted to thee is
thy brother,

H. HEINE.

XII.

GÖTTINGEN, March 30, 1824.

DEAR LOTTIE,—I have duly received your joint letter with that of Moritz, and learn from it with pleasure that you are both well and comfortable. Tell Moritz that I am delighted to be in his happy remembrance, and that I will soon write to him. Nor will I write a special answer to you to-day; and the object of this letter is only to tell *thee* that I shall this week make a trip to Berlin in order to pass a part of this vacation there, and that I shall soon be able to write to thee something more interesting than I can from here, and that if I can do anything for thee in Berlin, thou must, to go about it, write and address it to "H. Heine from Düsseldorf, to be delivered by M. Friedländer & Co., the New Friedrichstrasse, No. 47, Berlin." The object of this journey consists of a thousand small objects, and amusement is the least of them. Meanwhile, such a stirring up by travel and such a change is very beneficial to my head. I hope that thou, dear Lottie, art well and lovest me. My Muse is muzzled, that she may not disturb the legal threshing of straw with her melodies. Yet I sent not long ago a cycle of small poems to the *Gesellschafter*,¹ and ordered

¹ A widely-read journal published by Professor Grelitz.—*German Editor.*

two copies to be sent to Hamburg, and beg that thou wilt direct one to Uncle Henry. Do not forget that. And be also so kind as to say to Uncle Henry that I received his letter, and that the money advised (*das Creditiv*) was duly paid to me. As thou, of course, understandest, this must be done promptly, and thou canst also say that I am going on a journey, and will write to him anon. And forget it not on thy life, for Uncle Henry shows me a great deal of love and kindness, and I owe him much, much gratitude. I had a letter yesterday from Lüneburg, by which I learned that Therese Heine had been ill with small-pox, but had recovered. Tell me whether she suffered much. That would grieve me sadly. Give my kindest regards to the dear girl, as well as to all the others.

I cannot boast as yet about my health, but I am getting on. I am in vigorous correspondence with Lüneburg, and write very often. Thou knowest that it is a pleasure for father and mother, and a double one for the dear father, since he brings the letters himself. I think of thee continually, dear sweet little woman (*Weibchen*), and would fain see thee in thy present rounded form (*in deiner Rundung*). The feelings of an uncle already move in me, and I am anxious to know whether I am to have a nephew or niece. Oh, how delighted Moritz will be when he shall hear the first child's cry! What a smell of baking cakes there will be at mamma's! Everybody will rejoice and be moving,

and Aunt Jette¹ will not at first know whether she has become an aunt or a great-aunt.

But that all this may come to pass, take care of thyself, dear child, and keep in love thy brother,

H. HEINE.

XIII.

GÖTTINGEN, May 8, 1824.

DEAR SISTER,—I will only let thee know to-day that I am well and have arrived again in Göttingen in good condition, and that I am expecting from thee a detailed letter as to how thou art. Everything else is a mere bagatelle; all that I would know is how thy health is. When dost thou expect the great event? (*Wann gedenkst du niederzukommen?*) See now how good it is to have learned to count. Take care of thyself; do not run too much, do not eat too many dainties, else thy child will be always craving them (*ein Näscher*), and read no verse, or he will turn out a poet, which may be regarded as a great misfortune.² I forgot the state in which thou art, else I had not sent thee the thirty-three songs. I made my journey to Berlin in terrible weather, cold, and snowing fearfully. The return trip was better, in fine weather, and in forty-eight hours—so quickly do we travel by express post (*Schnellpost*).³

¹ The wife of Henry Heine was the sister of Moritz Embden.

² This may remind the reader of Mrs. Nickleby's saying, that it was quite a mercy that her son Nicholas did not turn out to be a Shakespeare.

³ At the time when Heine wrote this, the first *Schnellposten* or

It was indeed startling when I again saw bedecked with the most delightful verdure of spring the Hartz Mountains, which I had left covered with snow. It was in the Hartz Mountains that I saw a lady who was very much like thee in features and in her whole being. I was going from Stollberg to Harzgerode, over a high, snow-covered mountain, where the coach threatened to roll over every moment—an utterly dangerous, desolate place. When we at midnight came to the Harzgeroder post-house, we found the waiting-room half full of passengers, who had come partly in other post-coaches, partly by extra-post, and who there drank coffee, donned or doffed their fur cloaks, quarrelled loudly with the postmaster, cursed the weather, and cut cat's melancholy faces.¹

By the stove, which was not remarkably warm, sat a very beautiful woman, who seemed to be very distinguished (*sehr vornehm*), but extremely out of temper, and who had precisely thy look when thou

fast posts had only just been introduced to Germany by the Prussian General Postmaster, Von Nagler.

¹ *Katzenjammergesichten*. The cat's melancholy is the indescribably miserable mixture of headache, nausea, and dizziness which men feel the next morning after having been badly drunk. It is very characteristic of the thoroughly unflinching character of German thought, that while this topic is so little considered by other races, the Germans have given it a name, and devoted to it so many songs and comments as almost to form a small literature. The best article on this important subject may be found in the *Burschicoses Wörterbuch*, Ragaz, 1848. The moral *Katzenjammer* occurs when the headache, &c., is further aggravated by regret for having been drunk, for "money spent and thrown away," and a general sense of utter worthlessness.—*Translator*.

art ill-disposed. But she looked like vexation herself when she learned from our postillion that the road was so very bad to Stollberg, and a fine gentleman with a magnificent fur coat, who moved about anxiously endeavouring to appease her and waiting her least sign, had to endure the whole torrent of her impatience, and, half weeping and half scolding, she said to him, "Why did you not murder me before? Did you not know that I am ill?"—and so on.

I tried to pacify the dejected dame as much as possible, and trilled from Jean de Paris—

"Ah, what a pleasure 'tis to travel!"

and when she heard that, a charming, melancholy smile stole over the beautifully-miserable countenance, she no longer scolded so loudly the poor fine fur-coated gentleman, and as the latter gave her his arm, and daintily conducted her to her carriage, she turned several times, bidding me adieu, and sighed and warbled—

"Ah, what a pleasure 'tis to travel!"

These words have been ringing all the morning in my ear, and therefore I tell the tale; but should I tell all about Berlin, I should not be so soon at an end. I can tell thee this, however, that I am still regarded there by the people with abundant love and respect; and they wondered not a little that I should have chosen tiresome Göttingen instead of fascinating Berlin for residence. Still more

were they astonished that I was able to go away betimes, so as to lose no lectures here. I have passed many a pleasant hour in Berlin, and received much intellectual stimulus and refreshment, and this journey was certainly in every respect profitable.

Dear Lottie, I thank thee for being so kind as to deliver my message to Uncle Henry, and I would be still further indebted if thou wouldest again kindly remember me to him; for in all the distracting circumstances, mental and external, in which I have of late been involved, I have not written to the good uncle, and it is on my mind that he shall know that I did not remain too long in Berlin, and that this journey was physically and mentally of great advantage to me.

I now feel myself better than I have been for a year and a day. If I can, I will to-day write to Lüneburg. What is Uncle Solomon Heine doing? I was much alarmed when I learned lately that all the family of Uncle Heine were so ill. Thank God that they are better. I am glad that I did not know it before. I pray thee write to me fully what they are now doing. My address is "H. Heine, *Stud. juris.*, from Düsseldorf, in Göttingen."

Remember me to Moritz; a part of this letter is also for him. I often think of him. Write soon and keep me in love. Thou dost not really believe how much and from my heart I love thee.—Thy brother,

H. HEINE.

XIV.

GÖTTINGEN, August 9, 1824.

DEAR FATHER MORITZ,—I cannot express how much mother's few lines and your postscript pleased me. I congratulate you on the sweet little daughter, and hope that she will resemble her sweet little mother. I thought of our dear Lottie by day and night. My thoughts were always on the Neuenwall, in one of the nice little rooms. I have learned for some time with great pleasure, dear Moritz, that you have day by day mastered the secret of living happily with our dear Lottie and of making oneself happy. I know well that so shrewd and excellent a man (*braver Mann*) as you are would at last attain the secret and know how to apply it, as I also knew that such a darling child as our Lottie would always show herself amiable and child-like if she were rightly treated—that is to say, like a beloved child.

Now there is a new tie which binds you to harmony and love; the sweet being to whom you have both given life will be for you a new source of new joy and love.

And I too, dear Moritz, am bound to you by a new family tie: your daughter is my niece.

May Heaven keep in health the two beings, mother and daughter, whom we love so dearly!

As for myself, my health continually improves—of course very slowly. I am exclusively occupied with my legal studies, and hope to take a degree

(*Promoviren*) in January. I certainly believe that my headaches will disappear in the course of a few years, and that I shall then be in better condition than now to work and live vigorously.

Remember me most kindly to our sweet Lottie. I cannot sufficiently declare how pleasant and delightful her last letter was. I kissed every line, and read it and kissed it again. I beg you give her greeting in my name, and kiss her hands.

If I can, I will write to-day to our dear mother. How pleased she must be! I have company (*Fremde*) here now—that is, my brother Max, who is here on a visit. We talk all the time about you. Remember me to your mother and brother.

I pray you do not give the child any showy or affected (*präciösen*) name: let her have one which shall be simple and truly German. Live well and love me well.—I am, your brother, H. HEINE.

XV. .

GÖTTINGEN, May 11, 1825.

DEAR BROTHER-IN-LAW,—You have really good cause to be very angry at me, and I really do not know how I shall excuse my long silence. All that I will allege is that it was the result neither of neglect nor of indifference. I am always thinking of my sister, therefore on all which is connected with her, therefore on my brother-in-law. But I love you too much to embitter an hour with long

sketches of the painful situation of a sickly, ill-tempered man plagued by God and the world. You are too dear to me that I should write to you empty words, or mayhap untruths ; therefore, the good brother-in-law and his little wife will pardon my long silence. But now I can write to you. My health is better—it was very bad—and it looks brighter in my outer life. I have steadily studied law during all the past winter, and was consequently able last week to pass my examination as Doctor in Jurisprudence, which I did extremely well. This is, as regards taking the degree, the chief thing ; all else—as, for instance, the disputation—is mere form and hardly worth mention. I am, therefore, now, in fact, Doctor, and it no longer causes an ironic impression when you in your letters address me by this title. I will, however, dispute in six weeks hence ; for, firstly, there is no hurry, because I shall remain here till Michaelmas, and, secondly, I will first write a dissertation. That is the best news which I can give you ; everything else is as yet in obscurity. You can, therefore, easily understand why I spare you information as to my external circumstances, which, as with every one, are limited by economic considerations. I may always be accused of folly and want of clearness, but I know that I think and act as becomes my inner dignity. I have, dear Moritz, my special jury over all which I do, but this jury is not as yet united to a judge over me, and it is not likely that there will be shopkeepers (*Kaufleute*) among them.

I hope that this letter will find you well and cheery. As I learn that Lottie is about to go to Lüneburg, I will write to the dear little woman there to kiss little Molly (*Mariechen*). How anxious I am to see her!

Will I settle in Hamburg? *That* the gods who created hunger only know. I would not establish myself there unless provided for a few years with food. Meantime, everything will be done on my part, and, baptized as Doctor of Law, and (let it be hoped) also sound in health, I will soon go to Hamburg. I would not write you this did I not know that you have often wished to know it too.

Therefore, fare thee well, continue loving me, and believe that I am, with all my heart, your devoted brother-in-law,

H. HEINE.

XVI.

GÖTTINGEN, July 31, 1825.

DEAR LOTTIE,—I have learned from father that thou hast long ago left the flowery valleys of Lüneburg and art once more in blest Hamburg. As for me, I am ever, as thou seest, in the learned cow-shed Göttingen, where I publicly disputed on the 20th instant for my juristic doctoral dignity. This information has doubtless been conveyed to thee from Lüneburg. I believed thou wert there, else I had written sooner.

I have commissioned Max to send my theses from

Berlin to Moritz.¹ I would have written to him ere now if I really thought it worth while to say so much about taking a degree in law.

Greet Moritz most cordially from me, and if thou art sure that he is no gossip (*Plaudertasche*), tell him that I am not only Doctor of Law, but also—
—.² It rained yesterday as it did six weeks ago. When, long ago, it was the longest day, I thought on Zollenspiker and fêted it with perspiration and thinking of you.

Thou hast now been intimate with our Moritz for two years, and must know very well what his nature is, and if he can hold his tongue, and so forth. I ate the day before yesterday beautiful strawberries; that lay right soft and fair on the white sugar, and very nicely did I cover them.

I do not know how long I shall remain here, and whether I will not leave in a few days on a pedestrian tour. In any case, I will be by the middle of September in Lüneburg to see my parents, and thence —. I do not know whether it will really be possible for me to settle in Hamburg. I am not

¹ These were the theses held in Latin by Heine on this occasion :—

1. The husband is master of the dowry.

2. The creditor must give an acknowledgment.

3. All legal proceedings should be conducted publicly.

4. No obligation results from an oath.

5. The *confarreatio* was among the Romans the oldest kind of legal marriage.

² The German editor remarks that this is an allusion to Heine's baptism as a Christian on the 28th June 1825. Zollenspiker, alluded to in the next paragraph, is the place where Heine's sister was married.—*Translator*.

now altogether in such bad condition as to my health; it is, the Lord be praised! much better than it was, though I am still invalid enough to think more of the present than of the future. But I will in no case go to Hamburg unless my means of subsistence are first secured.

If this cannot be, I shall at once select Berlin, where several sources of subsistence are promptly open to me. If I can only realise that thou, dear Lottie, art contented with me, and seest that I, on my side, have done everything which I deemed possible so as to live in thy beloved presence (*in deiner geliebten Nähe zu leben*).

Be convinced that no pleasure, no champagne, no theatre, no gratification of vanity, and no glances from fair ladies, are so dear to me as a confidential gossipping interview (*zusammen sein*) with thee, thou good, lovable (*liebenswürdiges*) child. Thou knowest me as I am—how yielding, how tractable, and how readily pleased—thou and two other magnificent (*herrliche*) ladies know it very well, and know how to appreciate it.

I beg thee, dear, walk a great deal, so as not to become too plump. I beg thee, *don't* become a *Hamburgerin*. Remember me to, and kiss for me thy child, and write to me as soon as it may be. Send me the letters here to Lüneburg. I will, when I journey hence, write to father as to where he shall forward them.

Greet our Gustav, who is at last really to be found in Hamburg, and with all my heart. I send

enclosed the thesis which I debated, and which thou mayst give to Gustav, or to any other learned one.

Fare well and love me well.—Thy brother,
H. HEINE.

My mother thus describes the appearance of her brother:—“He appeared younger than he really was, beardless until he contracted his incurable disorder, the delicate and almost girl-like features of his oval pale countenance shaded by light brown hair. The mouth contracted to a satirical (*satyrischen*) smile when he uttered jest or witticism, while his eyes, which were at times rather expressionless (*matt*), began to light up. He was of middle height, always dressed very elegantly, and his whole appearance had in it something aristocratic. He was always very industrious and given to work, and attended lectures regularly. Student ways were never to him sympathetic; he did not smoke, never drank beer, was very moderate as to wine, and, though a member of a *Burschenschaft* or Students' Union, avoided all nightly meetings.”

Heine was very undetermined, after receiving his degree as doctor, whether to permanently settle in Hamburg or Berlin. He had many friends in Berlin, and there were there two circles of society which had for him great attraction. The house of the poetess Elise von Hohenhausen was the rendezvous of all *beaux esprits* (*Schöngeister*), and this woman of genius, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Lord

Byron, whose poems she partially translated, first recognised Heine's great poetic gifts, called him the German Byron, and proclaimed in him a revival of her ideal.

The second circle, which contributed still more to his poetic development, was that of Varnhagen von Ense, whose brilliant and intellectual wife, Rahel, with their brother Robert and his beautiful wife, were among Heine's most intimate associates. There was an altar erected in their house to Goethe, and enthusiastic propagandas were made for an intelligent understanding (*Werthschätzung*) of his writings. Everything in their extravagant admiration was measured by him, and there was discovered in Heine's poems a certain affinity with the style of Goethe, notwithstanding their very different tendencies.

Max Heine has described in his diary the Berlin friends of those days, and narrated how, with a letter of introduction, he called on Moses Moser, that tried and noble friend of Henry Heine, to whom so many letters, laughing to-day and wailing on the morrow, were directed by the poet.

"Moser was an active partner in the wealthy banking-house of M. Friedländer & Co., and in the noblest sense of the word a self-taught man (*Autodidact*) and a philanthropist. He applied every hour of leisure to serious study, and his versatility was marvellous. Apart from his thorough knowledge of almost all languages, he read Plato, Homer, Tacitus, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dante in

the original, followed Sanskrit studies, and was perfectly at home in astronomy, philosophy, and *belles-lettres*. With the letters of introduction from Heinrich in one hand and Mr. Moser on the other, I now entered a large circle of families whose members were the most gifted and distinguished possible. First it was (*Zuerst war es*) Varnhagen von Ense, famed for his critical and biographical writings, a recognised model-master of German style (*als deutscher Stylist ein anerkanntes Muster*). The soul of his house was the celebrated Rahel, the highly-gifted wife of Varnhagen, and she it was who gave the capricious young poet the Aristophanic nickname of "an untutored darling of the Graces." Here one met the intellectual pinnacles (*die geistigen Spitzen*) of Berlin, and all the arts and sciences were represented—William and Alexander von Humboldt, the great philosopher Hegel, the immortal sculptor Rauch, Schleiermacher, Hitzig, Chamisso, and the brother of Rahel, Ludwig Robert, celebrated as a poet, and his ideally beautiful wife, Madame Frederika, were, with many others, there as constant guests.

"An entirely different circle, secluded in itself, was that of the house of Veit, which was in interesting alliance with the intellectual and commercial history of Berlin. The principal of a distinguished mercantile establishment, he assembled every week a circle of men who undertook for this evening the problem of conducting an entertainment richly adorned with wit and humour. The chief

members of this circle (were) almost all collectively true friends of H. Heine: Moser and a distinguished jurist, Professor Gans, were never-failing guests, Dr. Rosenhain, a botanist, the genial writer Daniel Lessmann, and Joseph Lehmann, the publisher, editor, and principal contributor to the "Magazine of Foreign Literature." This Lehmann, the oldest friend of H. Heine, admired the poet from his first appearance, and, under the anagrammatic name of Anselmi, contributed the first critical notices of Heinrich Heine's poems. His perfectly successful (*gelungenen*) parodies of them are often believed to be poems by Heine. Lehmann followed H. Heine faithfully through his whole literary career in his widely-read publication, often illustrating him in admirable essays, and ever showed himself capable of combining the cordial friend with the incorruptible and firm critic in the kindest manner (*in humanster Weise*).

"I must mention certain other families where I and my brother Henry had the kindest welcome, and where a brilliant company assembled every week.

"Dr. Leopold Zunz, the great Orientalist, and editor of the much read and influential 'Haud and Spener's Gazette' (*Haude und Spenersche Zeitung*), was himself a member of the Veit social circle, where the so-called Zunz witticisms went gaily cheering from mouth to mouth.

"I was also introduced to the Mendelssohnian family by Moser, and listened with delight to the

playing of young Felix, and little did I then think that from that boyish head would ever come such songs without words, and Heine's words with such music.

"I must also mention the extraordinarily esteemed (*ausserordentlich geschätzten*) Albert von Chamisso, who, although French by birth, stands with (the first) on the summit of German lyric poets. Through him I became acquainted with the criminal advocate Hitzig, Chamisso's distinguished biographer. Hitzig was always a loving friend of H. Heine, in whose poetic youth he manifested the liveliest interest. Through his aid the tragedies of H. Heine appeared among Ferdinand Dümmler's publications. The same is true of Professor Gubitz, who formerly published the journal entitled 'The Companion for Intellect and Heart.' To him I often brought little poems by Heine, which he as a poet specially introduced to the German public through the 'Companion,' and succeeded in obtaining the Maurer bookselling establishment as the *publisher* of his first work."

Despite all the allurements which residence in Berlin offered to Heine, love for his relations drew him to Hamburg, and after a prolonged visit for restoration of health and spirits in Norderney, he visited his parents in Lüneburg to discuss with them his affairs.

XVII.

LÜNEBURG, October 1826.

MY DEAR LOTTIE is here heartily greeted and assured of my brotherly love. I have indeed thought oftener of thee than thou deemest, and far more tenderly in later days than I would ever have dreamed that I could do. I read of thy confinement while at Norderney in the *Hamburg Zeitung*, and indeed I was most uneasy till I had done so. I am glad that thou hast a boy. May God take the dear child in His special care, and grant that manhood may not be in him precociously crippled.

Wherever I am, dear Lottie, and wherever I may be, my heart pours forth daily in the most loving and devoted wishes for thee and thy children. May all go well with thee and thine for ever! Only be good and thou wilt be happy, and thy children will also be good and happy. I beg thee forget me not, for I love thee much.—Thy brother,

H. HEINE.

In the beginning of November Heine came to Hamburg, intending to settle there as a lawyer, but he soon abandoned this intention and devoted himself entirely to the literary calling.

The first part of the *Reisebilder*, published by Campe, had appeared, and the literary results, rich in fame, which were beyond all limits, probably contributed not a little to induce him to abandon the dry and just begun legal career.

The effect of this book was truly sensational. The humorous, witty, and brilliant original manner of his prose style caused, as did the new form of his verse, a great revolution in German literature, in which it, imitated by many, long ruled.

H. Heine led a very retired life in Hamburg. His parents had removed thither from Lüneburg, and, with the exception of seeing them and visiting the houses of his sister and of his two uncles, he saw little of any families. He devoted his whole time to finishing the second part of his *Reisebilder*, and this work had as great a result as the first. In the spring of 1827, very soon after the appearance of this work, he went to England, where he remained three months. He wrote that "London exceeded his expectations as to size, but that he almost lost himself in it. There was nothing but fog, coal-smoke, porter, and Canning, and it was so dreadfully damp and uncomfortable. The eternal roast-beef and mutton, vegetables just as God made them—and heaven protect every one from their sauces. Send a philosopher to London, but on your life—no poet!" Returning, Heine passed over Holland to Norderney, and came at the end of September to Hamburg.

Then appeared the "Book of Songs," which the whole public greeted with enthusiastic rejoicing, and which is regarded even to-day as the brilliant star (*Lichtbild*) of Heine's Muse. But many critics of the time, who thought that the old measures of German poetry had been violated, could recognise

in the melodious rhymes, as of popular songs, only a styleless and capricious form of verse.

The reproach raised against Heine that he neglected classic form was most unjust, and it is often repeated when anything new or unusual is created. Heine did not write flowingly and carelessly, but attached unusually great value on the stylistic (*stilistische*) perfection of expression, and in all sketches or first draughts of his manuscripts which I turned over, there is hardly a page in which alterations and improvements are not to be found.

Heine, who since he had settled in Hamburg always cherished a vague hope of being appointed Syndicus in that city or as professor in Prussia, found himself disappointed in such hopes. He finally considered and determined to accept the engagement offered to him by Baron Cotta to conduct a journal. Cotta wished Heine to bind himself to conduct the "Political Annals" as editor and contributor. Heine, who had written several articles for this journal, would only agree to an engagement fixed for six months, as great inducements had been offered him to accept a place as professor in the University of Munich.

Edward von Schenk, who was then Minister, who was greatly interested in the poet, and became his friend, certainly believed that he could secure for Heine the professorship wanted. The latter was warmly commended to the King, Louis I., who was much pleased with his poems, and in whose hands

the decision lay. The decree as to the appointment was actually drawn up, and Heine would have received the post had not Jesuitical slander hindered the project. False reports and eavesdroppings as to free-thinking expressions of too bold a nature by the poet were urged on the King, which irritated him, and caused the non-signature of the decree. Greatly irritated, Heine left the beer-Athens (*Bier-Athen*), as he called Munich, and carried out his long-cherished desire to visit Italy, being accompanied by his brother Max as far as the Tyrol.

After Heine had seen the galleries and monuments in Verona, Milan, and Genoa, he went in the beginning of September, by way of Leghorn, to the Baths of Lucca, whose wildly romantic situation in the Apennines charmed him, and where he determined to remain four weeks to benefit his health by using the mineral baths. Regretting his slight knowledge of Italian, he wrote:—

“I do not understand the people, nor can I converse with them.¹ I see Italia, but I hear it not. And yet I am not quite devoid of intercourse. Here the stones speak, and I can understand their

¹ This is difficult to understand in itself. Heine was a very good Latin and French scholar, and it would seem as if such a very quick-witted man should have made his way in Italian almost at once; and I can hardly believe that all the reports which he gives in the Baths of Lucca of his long conversations in it were mere inventions. It is probable that the passage given by Baron Embden was written before he felt himself at home in *la dolce lingua*, or during some hour of temporary discouragement, such as all beginners in a language often experience. Heine could read Dante, which is more than many can do who speak Italian fluently.—*Translator.*

silent speech. A broken column of the Roman days, a mouldering tower of the Lombard time, a Gothic pillar fragment, weather-worn, can fully understand all that I say. Many a time and oft the ancient palaces would fain whisper to me a silent secret which I cannot hear for the dull clatter of our daily life; and then I come to them again by night, and find the moon a good interpreter, who knows full well the lapidary style, and can translate it very perfectly into the very language of my heart. Yes, by night I can understand all Italy, for then the younger race sleeps with its modern opera tongue, and the ancient folk rise from their cool beds and talk with me in most beautiful Latin."

In art-abounding Florence, the city of the Medicis, Heine remained almost six weeks, intoxicated by its art-treasures and picture-galleries, when, postponing his visit to Rome for some later time, he took the way homeward by Venice. There he received the painful news of the sudden death of his father, and hastened his return to console his mother and sister for the loss of their deeply-beloved parent.

Heine remained with his family in Hamburg until early in the next spring, when he went back to Berlin in order to renew, by the aid of his influential friends, his efforts to obtain some state appointment. For three months he lived in rural solitude in Potsdam, busily working at the continuation of the third volume of the "Pictures of Travel," and, after a short visit to Heligoland, resumed his residence in Hamburg. In the beginning of 1830 the work was

published, and attracted great attention ; but it was at once prohibited through all Germany, owing to its free-thinking discussion of political questions of the day and religious matters. Max Heine writes regarding this in his diary :—

“ Among the University friends of my brother in Göttingen was Carl von Raumer, a nephew of the distinguished historian, author of the ‘ History of the Hohenstaufen,’ with whom I was very intimate. He was a greatly gifted, poetic, visionary youth, who in those days read with me with enthusiasm the first part of the *Reisebilder*, which had just appeared. He subsequently became Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia, and at last went so far in his religious delirium as not only to prohibit the works of H. Heine in Prussia, but even had the confiscated copies destroyed.”

Many of his earlier friends in Berlin kept shyly away from him, and Heine endeavoured to forget his vexation caused by many anonymous criticisms in different journals in the cool waves of the North Sea in Heligoland.¹

XVIII.

HELIGOLAND, July 28, 1830.

DEAR LOTTIE,—Though private correspondence to friends is disagreeable to me, and I have nothing

¹ It was at this time that, irritated by his disappointments, and still more by the attacks here alluded to, that he retaliated, as he said, by flaying the greatest dog of them all—Von Platen—alive, and dragging the carcass before the world on the stage.—*Translator.*

to write save that I love thee, I cannot refrain from sending a few lines to thee at the bath. I have really nothing more to say than that I love thee, and very much indeed. I often think on thee—yes, for twenty-five hours a day—and my most earnest wish is that the bathing may restore thy health. To tell the honest truth, I am very much afraid lest thy temperament may lead thee astray into forgetting thy present condition and the object of the journey, and to inspire in thee irritation or excitement, which may injure thy health. I trust that thou wilt have sense enough, whatever may happen, to think of thyself and thy children. Pray avoid evening assemblies; do not be impatient (*heftig*); be patient and as cheerful as possible. It is only in such conditions that the bath can have any (beneficial) effect.

Thou seest that I lay down good rules, but, honourably confessed, I myself, who am in similar circumstances, do not follow any of them.

Do my best, I cannot drive from me the sad or mournful melancholy which afflicts me, and so live in society which does me no good, gossip too much, think too much, eat too much, have a constant humming and tapping in my ears, and my headaches are in full bloom. I have been here for three weeks, and may remain for three weeks longer. There are not many Hamburgers here; among them are the Schröders. We eat together, drive all day together by the German Ocean, and I can get along very well with them; but I love thee a

thousand, yes a million times more. I embrace thee, and hope to see thee soon again. I will pass the autumn near thee, since my work does not allow me to go often to town.¹ If anything new takes place in the family, I do not know what it is, as my mother never writes.

Adieu! I kiss thee on paper (*schriftlich*); next month I will kiss thee on thy mouth (*mündlich*).

Thou needst not write an answer. Next week I will write to Immermann, and enclose a letter for thee. Thou mayst, therefore, when in Düsseldorf, inquire of the Government-Councillor Immermann if he has not a letter for thee. Fare well, sweet dame, and keep me in thy love.—Thy true brother,

H. HEINE.

XIX.

HELIGOLAND, August 1830.

DEAR GOOD SISTER,—I hope that this letter will reach and find thee in much better health. Mine is “middling” (*Mit der meinigen geht es so ziemlich*). Bathing in the German Ocean is the best remedy for my trouble. Though I have abundant entertainment here in Heligoland, still I ever think of thee. Mademoiselle Schröder has departed, and another singer named Siebert has come in her place, and I have much sing-song in my ears. I quarrelled

¹ He dwelt at that time in Wandsbeck, near Hamburg.—*German Editor.*

every day with Miss Schröder thrice, and had one reconciliation and a half. I shall remain here ten days, and then return to Wandsbeck (or St. George) and to work. I have no news from Hamburg. Shouldst thou get this letter, as I hope thou wilt, in Düsseldorf, remember me kindly to our uncle and aunt. Take good care of thy health, do not allow thyself to be excited, and love me well. I hope to see thee in fourteen days. *Calypso ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse.*

It must have been lively in Ems, and thou hast met the French Revolution, as one may say, half way.

I kiss thee.—Thy true brother, H. HEINE.

The French Revolution of July, which Heine mentions so jestingly in the preceding letter, was destined to exert a deeply significant influence on his life, and it inspired the young poet with joy and wild inspiration. The fall of the Bourbon absolutism and the victory of the popular party exerted a mighty and controlling (*ergreifend*) force in his mind, which Heine vigorously expressed in the Appendix to the "Pictures of Travel" in 1831, as well as in the preface to Kahldorf's pamphlet on the nobility, written at the same time, and in letters to Count M. von Moltke.

Weary of the many annoyances which he was obliged to endure in his own country, especially by the prohibition of his works in Germany, the poet developed his previously conceived idea to emigrate

to France. Having, therefore, at the end of April, left as a farewell salute to his native land the "Songs of the New Spring," dedicated to his sister Charlotte, he left Hamburg, and arrived about the beginning of June in Paris.

He has sketched the cause for this change of home in his "Confessions," in the following humorous form :—

"I had done and suffered much, and when the sun of the Revolution of July rose in France, I immediately after felt very weary, and needed re-creation. What was more, my native air became every day more unwholesome, and it became necessary for me to think of a change of climate. I had visions ; the clouds in their courses alarmed me, for they made strange and terrible faces at me. Often did it seem to me that the sun was a Prussian cockade, and by night I dreamed of an ugly black eagle who tore my liver, and I became very melancholy. And withal, I had become acquainted with an old Berlin Councillor of Justice, who had passed many years in the fortress prison of Spandau, who told me how disagreeable it was to be obliged to wear irons in winter. I found it indeed very unchristian that the fetters were not warmed, at least a little, for men. For if they were warmed a little, they would not make such a disagreeable impression, and even freezing natures could endure them ; and one ought also to be so considerate as to perfume the chains with essence of roses and of laurel, as is done here (in France). I asked my Councillor if he often had oysters in

Spandau? He replied, 'No; that Spandau was too far from the sea. And meat too was not common there, and that the only *volaille*¹ was the flies which fall into the soup.' About the same time I became acquainted with a French bagman (*commis voyageur*), who travelled for a wine merchant, and who could not praise too highly the jolly life which one could lead in France—how the heaven was there hung full of fiddles,² how people sang the *Marseillaise*, and *En avant marchons*,³ and *Lafayette aux cheveux blancs*, and how Freedom, Equality, and Fraternity was inscribed at every street corner—praising meanwhile the champagne of his firm, and giving me a great handful of its advertisements. He also promised to give me letters of introduction to the best restaurants in case I should visit the capital to recreate myself. And as I really needed recreation, and Spandau is too far from the sea to eat oysters there, and as the Spandau *volaille* did not tempt me, and as Prussian fetters are very cold in winter, and could not be good for my health, I determined to travel to Paris, and in the native country of champagne and of the *Marseillaise* to drink the former and hear the latter sung, as well as

¹ *Geflügel.*

² *Wie der Himmel dort voller Geigen hänge.* For an equivalent to this phrase I must have recourse to the infinite resources of the American language. "How did you feel," asked one of a friend newly converted, "when you first experienced religion?" "I felt," was the reply, "as if every hair on my head was a fiddle playing 'Hail Columbia,' and as if my heart was a band of music." —*Translator.*

³ *La Parisienne.*

En avant marchons and *Lafayette aux cheveux blancs.*"

Heine dwelt, before his departure to Paris, with his mother in the Neuenwall, No. 28, and as he by no means intended to remain permanently in France, he left his correspondence there, with finished and unfinished manuscripts. In the year 1833 a fire broke out in his mother's house, and all was burned. There were also consumed—more's the pity!—the letters to his mother and sister during his Italian journey, and the account of his first year's residence in Paris. All the manuscripts mentioned in the letters of Ludwig Robert, M. Moser, and Julius Campe were then lost, and Heine bewailed, in different communications of the 16th July 1833 to Varnhagen (V. Ense), and on the 17th March 1837 to Julius Campe, what a great loss he had endured in papers by the conflagration.

Paris, the beautiful, great, elegant, unprejudiced Eldorado, with its theatres, balls, and public amusements, had a bewildering effect on Heine, who, provided with good letters of recommendation, became acquainted, in the elegant salons of society, with the most eminent political and literary people of the time. Heine, who, while giving himself up to the whirl of pleasure, also carefully observed what passed, sketched in a gay and humorous style his new impressions in newspaper articles and in letters. He described how Paris delighted him by its gaiety, which manifested itself in everything, and how the polite, amiable, and aristocratic (*vornehm*) manner of

the French people gratified him. "Sweet pine-apple perfume of politeness! how beneficently dost thou refresh my poor soul, which had swallowed in Germany so much tobacco-qualm, smell of sour-krodt, and coarse vulgarity! But beyond the politeness, the language of the French people had for me a certain coating (*Anstrich*) of elegant style; and a Paris Dame de la Halle speaks better French than a German canoness of sixty-four descents."

Heine was to be found every day in the bookshop of Heideloff & Campe in the Rue Vivienne.

It was a rendezvous for all the most eminent Germans who were casually visiting Paris, or who resided there. Felix Mendelssohn, Michael Beer, Koreff, Alexander von Humboldt, Baron Maltitz, and many others, met there to mutually exchange the news received by them from home.

The glorious galleries of the Louvre, as well as other great exhibitions of pictures, enchain'd (*fesselten*) Heine, and his articles on them, which appeared in the first volume of the *Salon* (1833), contain, in the really plastic description of certain paintings, some of his very best work.¹

Heine's political reports to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which were badly mutilated by the German censorship, were afterwards published in the original text under the title of "French Affairs" (*Französische Zustände*), and light was thrown on

¹ "Gehören durch die wahrhaft plastische Schilderung einzelner Bilder, mit zu seinen besten Arbeiten auf kunstwissenschaftlichem Gebiete."

the pressure exerted on the German press, and the manner in which it was gagged, by the reckless and extremely bold language of the preface.

The many torments of the censorship, and a little difference between him and his publisher, had so injured his excessively nervous system that Heine was obliged to seek for recovery at a bathing-place, and when perfectly recovered he wrote as follows:—

XX.

PARIS, October 25, 1833.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I have been here eight days since my return from Boulogne, where I remained for six weeks, and was constantly very comfortable, in good health, and cheerful. Bathing did me, of course, no harm, but it was not so beneficial as formerly. I do not find that it strengthens me in body and mind as it once did, and I must therefore seek for some other means of cure.

To thee, dear Lottie, I return most cordial thanks for the letters of thy ducky-darling (*Pute, Putchen, turkey-hen*). Tell Marie and Ludwig that I write to them as soon as I shall have time.

To kiss thy youngest. It is to be hoped that thou art well; I think constantly on thee, and thou canst not believe, dear Lottie, how I love thee. I saw yesterday a young lady who looked exactly as thou didst before thou wert married. Christiani and his wife have not as yet returned from Bordeaux.

Dear mother, thou must really cease thy grieving over the extraordinary *malheur* of not being able to see me. To come hither from France is not to be thought of. Dismiss the idea, or else be sure that I am going to Egypt, where I have long had a desire to travel. If it be not possible for thee to longer refrain from seeing my dear countenance, know at least that I am no disobedient son, and that I fulfil thy every wish, if it be not incompatible with thy happiness. I will not cross the sea, nor permit thee to do it—most decidedly not—otherwise I go to Egypt. But I will, if thou absolutely requirest it, go this summer for eight days to Hamburg, to the shameful den (*dem schändlichen Neste*), where I shall vouchsafe to my enemies the triumph of seeing me again, and of being able to overwhelm me with abuse.

I do not really believe that I run any risk as regards my political position, but prudence and precaution are advisable in all things. Let no soul know except Lottie that I have so much as an idea of going to Hamburg, or my enemies will be on the watch. But should I arrive unexpectedly, they will have no time to consult together and to go to Hamburg. Thou wilt soon learn how hostile the Prussians are to me—between us perhaps I exaggerate the matter (*ich übertreibe vielleicht die Sache*), but yet I am cautious and circumspect, and owing to my great foresight thou mayst always be free from fear.

I am in safety everywhere; am devoid of pas-

sion, calm, and am getting as big a belly as Burgmüller.¹

With time comes wise counsel (*kommt Zeit, kommt Rath*). At present my affairs are so unsettled that I cannot determine what I shall be doing six weeks hence. In the meantime there may be many changes in the world, and I myself may have time and opportunity to undertake a journey to thee in all tranquillity.

Just wait! don't confuse me! I have a great deal on my mind.

I kept the dwelling (flat) in the city where I had enjoyed for one year complete quiet, and now, unlucky man, at my return I find a family, terribly noisy, and with crying children, just under me.

Fare well! Tell me what Max writes. I have great works in my head, if I only had rest. God knows that I would make but little commotion or trouble if I were not always compelled to it.

H. HEINE.

Heine's brother had also left Hamburg. Gustav, born in 1803, after having been at first engaged in agriculture and then in trade, entered the Austrian military service, and rose in the cavalry to be first lieutenant. After marrying Emma Cahn (Cohen), by whom he had three sons and two daughters, he left the service, and, from a small beginning, established in Vienna the subsequently official and widely-

¹ A composer and teacher of singing to Heine's sister Charlotte in Düsseldorf.

circulated *Fremdenblatt*, was raised to nobility, and died on the 15th November 1886 in Vienna as a manifold MILLIONAIRE.¹

Max, born in 1805, after completing his medical studies, entered the Russian state service, took part in 1828 as military physician in the Russian war in the Caucasus, became doctor in a cadet institute, was ennobled, made court-councillor, and left the service with the title of state-councillor, after marrying the widow of the Imperial personal physician Privy-Councillor von Arndt. He was known as the writer of many medical works: 1844, "Medical Topographical Sketches of Petersburg;" 1846, "History of the Eastern Pestilence;" 1848, "Fragments of Medical History in Russia;" 1853, "Travelling Letters of a Medical Man." [He was the] composer of many belletristic writings: "Sketches of Gretsch, the marvel of the Lake of Ladoga," "Pictures from Turkey," "Letters from Petersburg," and Poems; 1868, "Recollections of H. Heine and his Family." [He] died November 6, 1879, in Berlin.

The many torments of the German censorship, as well as the decrees of the German Diet, which forbid not only Heine's writings, but all that which he might in future write, greatly limited his action

¹ I deem it to be my duty to the Baron's sense of dignities to italicise and "cap" this culmination of earthly honours. The rise from being a farmer to a merchant, thence to an officer, an editor, and a nobleman, up and up, *prorsum et sursum*, till far above all earthly glory we find "Gustav" a *mehrzahl millionär*, is characteristic.—*Translator.*

as an author.¹ He had, even in 1832, published some articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which were greatly liked, and he determined in consequence to translate all his earlier works into French; and, as they appeared rapidly one after the other, every one of his books excited an unexpected recognition of its merits among the French people.

A great evil for Heine was the multitude of political refugees who then swarmed in Paris, and from whose theories of overthrowing everything he held himself aloof, and who, in connection with Paris correspondents of German journals, cast suspicion on his character by false gossip. That Börne also joined this movement, and in his letters from Paris and in the *Reformateur* sharply attacked Heine, accusing him of ambiguous diplomacy and cowardly veering and shifting his course between the two parties, greatly wounded the latter. He spoke in his letters to several friends in bitter words of this unmerited injury, adding that he would not sacrifice his literary ability to newspaper quarrelling, and therefore was for the time silent.

After the "French Affairs," which appeared in the second part of his "Literary History," or as the second, third, and fourth part of his *Salon*, he published in 1840 the book on Börne. His anger at Börne had grown with years, because the attacks

¹ This is very doubtful, for the very fact of a book's being prohibited generally increases its sale, so great is the charm of the forbidden. It is tolerably certain that in 1847, &c., those who wanted to read anything of Heine's in Germany had no great difficulty in obtaining it.—*Translator.*

of the former had found a believing echo (*ein glaubiges Echo*) among those who were inimical to or envious of the poet. At last the long-announced book appeared. Börne had in the meantime died, and to the reproach of his friends that he did not issue it while Börne was alive, Heine said, "Then it would have been declared to my discredit that I had killed him and vexed him to death." The lady friend of Börne, Madame Wohl, of whom Heine had asserted several things which greatly irritated her, had a small book compiled by her friends, in which all the vindictive remarks of Börne as to Heine, uttered in private letters, were published. A year had passed, Heine had forgotten the affair, when a Mr. Salomon Strauss appeared as second spouse of the injured lady, who demanded of Heine either a public recantation or satisfaction with weapons.

The duel took place. Heine received a chance shot (*Streifschuss*) which slightly wounded him in the hip, and so honour was satisfied; but Frankfort was for a long time the source of innumerable comments which reflected on his private life, and which were published in German and French journals.

This collection of confidential (*confessioneller*) comments was the more painful for Heine because he was reproached because his change of religion had not been in accordance with his real conviction. His going over to the evangelical faith was essentially allied to the intention of settling in Hamburg as a lawyer, a practice which at that time was throughout

Germany only allowed to members of the Christian Church. He wrote regarding this to Moser: "That men will depreciate me as a poet is of little moment to me, but that people will play so harshly, or rather thrash me, as to my private affairs, is very grievous. While I was a Jew I was called a Greek (*Hellene*), and I was hardly baptized ere I was called a Jew."

His book on Börne also exercised a greater influence on his future life; for Heine, who had maintained a relationship with a beautiful and amiable girl with whom he lived, desired before the duel, not knowing what would happen, that her future should in any case be secured, and was legally married to her. The ceremony took place in the Church of Saint-Sulpice, and a legitimate tie united him to the warmly loved, and for many years companion of his life.

His sister received the following in relation to this event:—

XXI.

PARIS, September 13, 1841.

DEAR AND MUCH-LOVED SISTER,—I am able to-day to announce to thee officially my marriage. On the 31st August I married Mathilde Crescentia Mirat, with whom I had previously quarrelled daily for more than six years. She has, however, the noblest and best heart, is good as an angel, and her conduct was, during the many years of our life in common, so devoid of blame as to be praised by all

my friends and acquaintances as a pattern of proper behaviour (*Sittsamkeit*). H. HEINE.

Heine wrote to his friend Lewald on the announcement of the marriage: "This matrimonial duel, which will not end till one of us be slain, is certainly more dangerous than (was) the short *Holmgang*¹ with Salomon Strauss of the Frankfort Jews Street."

XXII.

PARIS, March 8, 1842.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I hope that these lines will find you in the best enjoyment of life, and I wait in great impatience for news of thce—how thou art, how all is with Lottie, and above all, how it is with the family. I have been better of late; my eyes are now in perfectly good condition, and only the paralysis in my face remains, but it causes me no pain whatever. My wife has unfortunately been ill since ten days, and she is only just able now to go out. And we have had fearfully cold weather, which is as yet not quite over.

I live quietly, rationally, and in hope, the Lord be praised! I belong to the class of men who are contented when things go on in the old way. Every

¹ *Holmgang*. The Norse term used in all sagas for a duel between champions, who were accustomed to go to fight on a holm or island. It appears to be an habitual joke with Germans to speak of their married life as one long quarrel. They frequently describe the festival held on the thirtieth anniversary of their marriage as the celebration of the Thirty Years' War.—*Translator.*

change and fuss (*Spektakel*) is repulsive to me ; by that thou canst see that I have grown old. Since six months I feel a vast weariness of mind, and, as the hundred-year-old Veronica said, "Thought is running low." This, however, is only a transient state, as I well know, a result of great excitement, since I have more than eight years—more's the pity!—indulged in a passionate state of mind.

My wife is—God be praised!—quite well. She is a most excellent (*kreuzbraves*), honourable, good creature, without deceit or malice. But, unfortunately, her temperament is very impatient, her moods unequal, and she often irritates me more than is good for me. I am still devoted to her with all my soul ; she is still the deepest want of my life ; but that will all cease some day, as all human feelings cease with time, and I look forward to that time with terror, for then I shall have to endure the burden of the caprices without the alleviating sympathy. At other times I am tormented with realising the helplessness and want of decision (*Rathlosigkeit*) in my wife in case I should die, for she is as inexperienced and senseless as a three-year-old child. Thou seest, dear mother, that all my troubles are in reality for the greater part only hypochondriac fancies.

I have determined, as regards this spring, to go into the country near Paris, and not to a bathing-place. Although my finances are in tolerably good condition, still this is more economical than travelling. The journey to the Pyrenees, and the other

troubles which came at that time, ruined me for a long time before I could get to fairly running in the ruts again.¹

And now farewell, and greet for me Lottie and her kitten. I talk about you daily with my wife, who would so gladly see you all.

I greet the betrothed couple. When is the marriage to take place?

My hair-cord (seton) on the neck does me good, and causes me almost no pain.—Thy obedient son,

H. HEINE.

On the night of the 4th and 5th of May 1842 there broke out in Hamburg the great fire which laid half the town in ashes, and also destroyed his mother's dwelling. Despite the sad experience of 1833, Heine had for a second time sent her a chest containing manuscripts and letters to keep for him, believing that they would be safer with her than by himself, considering his frequent changes of residence. His mother dwelt in the Neuenwall, which was an offering to the flames, and in the catastrophe the poor poet's papers, or his mental treasures, which,

¹ There can be no doubt that Heine was all his life long pitifully poor, when we consider his unquestionably proper position as a great man. That a summer jaunt, undertaken in the desperate hope of restoring his health, should have seriously crippled his finances, is really painful. But as suffering and poverty form the badge of all the tribe of geniuses, we might pass it by were it not that he was so brilliantly surrounded by "manifold millionaires," who were his nearest or dearest friends, and who, it may be supposed, were proud of the tie or the intimacy. It is of this that he himself bitterly complains in discussing his pension.—*Translator.*

as he said, could never be replaced, were lost. He wrote: "Those manuscripts were products of my first youthful power, and never will I be able to so throw off (*niederschreiben*) anything again. I wished to lay them by, so that at a later time, when through weakened health my mental vigour should decay, I could live on this reserved capital in my old age."

Heine's sister, Charlotte, endeavoured at the risk of her life to enter the abandoned dwelling of her mother in order to rescue his papers. She succeeded in getting into the street with the packet of manuscripts, but there she found the scene greatly changed. The fire of the houses burning opposite sent a shower of sparks and ashes on her, and her senses were overpowered with suffocating smoke. Pushed onward by the alarmed multitude, she convulsively held the papers in her hands, when they were knocked from her grasp by some accidental blow. She fainted, and would have perished, had she not been raised and carried by some one, who is as yet unknown, away from danger.

XXIII.

PARIS, May 13, 1842.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER AND DEAR SISTER,—I received your letter of the 7th yesterday evening, and was thereby at least able to sleep quietly last night. For twenty-four hours I went about as if my head were gone after I learned the alarming news from the newspapers. I am amazed at thee,

dear Lottie! How *couldst* thou write so calmly and sensibly seeing the terrible fire before thee? I thank thee from my very heart for the relief (*Berruhigung*) which thou givest me.

My wife fell ill with fright after hearing the terrible news. I hope that the terror and agitation will not to your injury cast you down. My poor good mother! do not let thyself be too much troubled on account of mere material losses.

“God is a good man.” But this time He trusted too much to the excellent institutions for extinguishing fire in Hamburg.

Fare well! Remember me kindly to my brother-in-law. I have, as I hope, to-day a good post.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

XXIV.

PARIS, May 17, 1842.

DEAREST MOTHER AND DEAR SISTER,—I have duly received your letter of the 9th, and thank God that we have got out of it with (only) a black eye (*so mit einem blaue Ange davon gekommen sind*).

That the dear mother is burned out is of course very grievous, but the chief thing for us was that thy house, dear Lottie, was uninjured. It is to be hoped that thou *wilt* not have lost much otherwise in any other way. Pray set my mind at rest regarding this, which has been from the beginning my great apprehension. Thy husband is of practical, active nature, and he will soon repair small losses

by freshly stimulated industry. Did mother insure her effects, and will it be paid? Tell me something about it? I am as if stupefied by the accursed affair; my nerves have been all at once paralysed, and it will be perhaps not till to-morrow or the day after that I shall be mentally clear-sighted.

When people on Friday asked me on every side for news from Hamburg, I showed a friend thy letter of the 7th, and he found it very touching that my poor mother, while everything was burning, still remembered to have a letter post-paid to me. Indeed it is not my fault if this incident (as you may see from the enclosed clipping from the *National*) was published, and several leading newspapers have repeated it. My dear good mother, who did this to save me a few sous outlay, while the fire was before your door! Certainly she will in future, out of vexation, no longer frank' her letters!

And now farewell, and love me well. Kiss the children. Write to me soon and often. My wife sends most cordial regards. She was very much shocked when she heard the news from Hamburg. She has a very weak head but a very good heart. It is very important to me to know that Campe was insured and will get the money. I have written to him to-day.—Yours truly,

H. HEINE.

XXV.

PARIS, May 16, 1842.

Monsieur Mr. HENRI HEINE,
*Agent de Change à Hamburg.*¹

MY DEAR UNCLE,—I hope that the horrors of the terrible disaster which happened to Hamburg have not made you ill. I can readily imagine how great the shock must have been to your mind, since I, afar in the distance, have felt it so keenly, I retain to this hour a singular sense of numbness in my head. I was for twenty-four hours without news from you, until I at last received a letter from my dear mother and sister. Lottie wrote with a self-possession and calmness worthy of a field-marshall. The disaster made a great sensation in Paris, and awakened a sympathy which should awaken shame in those Hamburgers who are not yet cured of their hatred for the French, and still continue to show it. The French are the finest race.

And so, despite the admirable fire apparatus of which you always boasted, you are half burned up! What a stretch—from the Deichstrasse to uncle's house on the Jungfernstieg! And the Jungfernstieg burned with the Pavilions! I am very anxious to learn how far the insurance companies will fulfil their agreements.

Fare well, dear uncle, and remember me from my

¹ The original belongs to Mme. Anna Hanau *née* Oswalt, in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, a niece of Henri Heine.—*German Editor.*

heart to Aunt Jette, who has doubtless suffered not a little, as well as Hermann and the young ladies. My wife, who is just at present in the country for her health, came running in weeping when she heard the terrible news. The catastrophe of the Versailles Railway shocked us terribly, as we lost by it many friends. What misery!—Your true nephew.

H. HEINE.

XXVI.

PARIS, *June 23, 1842.*

DEAR GOOD SISTER,—I must thank thee for thy dear, dainty, and clever letters.

Thou art really a splendid (*prächtige*) person. Thou knowest I seldom pay compliments; but thou, dear Lottie, deservest a whole load of flattering phrases. Write to me often; thou really dost not know how much thou dost cheer and revive me. Thou writest delightfully. I am anxious to know if thy eldest daughter takes after thee. Has she the gentleness of the grandmother?

My wife sends regards to thee. She will please thee when thou seest her. She has a soul as good as an angel, and perfectly honourable through and through, great-minded and noble, but wild and capricious, sometimes tormenting and quarrelsome—yet which is quite tolerable, since she always remains very pretty and graceful.

I saw lately the young Dutchman who brought me remembrances from you all; he does not seem in the least changed.

Give my regards to my brother-in-law. I kiss the little dolly heartily. More anon.

Now I am trying the water-cure. Whether it will help me, God knows!—Thy true brother,

H. HEINE.

XXVII.

PARIS, *August 10, 1842.*

DEAR LOTTIE,—I am about to go to a bathing-place, and too much busied with my preparations for departure to be able to write thee a long letter, as I desired to do, and as thou well deservest. Thy last letter was so kind and loving, and caused me so much pleasure. Armand Heine, whom I did not know before, was lately here, and he told me much of Hamburg.¹ He told me, to my delight, that thy children have got on well, and that thy eldest daughter, Marie, is as tall and clever as her mother. She might try the pen for once, and write to her uncle.

I am going with my wife to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where thou canst write to me *poste restante*, if thou wilt please me. My wife finds herself fairly well. We often talk of thee, and she already knows many of our family pictures (*Familienstiicken*). This

¹ “Armand Heine, who died in 1883, a cousin of the poet, founded, with his brother Michael Heine, the famous (*welt berühmte*) banking-house of A. & M. Heine in Paris. Alice, daughter of the latter, and the widow of the Duke de Richelieu, has taken in second marriage the Prince of Monaco.”—*Note by the Baron von Embden.*

winter she is to learn German. Thou seest how I educate her, and how she will soon be an ornament to our family. For some time past she has quarrelled very little, and is becoming very corpulent. As for the rest, she is goodness of soul personified, and wins all hearts.

Give my regards to thy husband, and kiss the dear children.

And so *lebe wohl*, and keep in loving remembrance thy trusty brother,

H. HEINE.

Mathilde did not learn German, and the only phrase which she retained from her instruction was the standing remark when a German was announced as a visitor, "*Guten Tag, mein Herr; nehmen Sie Platz!*"—("Good day, sir; take a seat!"). Then she broke into ringing laughter, and ran away, leaving the guest astonished at his singular reception, and alone, till he was summoned to the sick-room of the poet.

XXVIII.

PARIS, November 28, 1842.

DEAR SISTER,—Although my head is benumbed (*betäubt*) with hard work, I haste to send thee my wishes for thy happiness. How can I express the joy which almost overwhelmed me on receiving thy dear letter! Indeed, I and my wife, who takes the deepest interest in thee, have passed a very pleasant hour. She sends you all the most sincere regards,

and with them special thanks for the portrait which we have received. She was out of herself for joy when she got it, and it has been since then paraded in our drawing-room, where it is shown to everybody and often admired. Thou art still externally and intellectually so very young, and yet hast a daughter who will soon be married, and thou wilt then become a grandmother! And the old Luck will become a grandmother! Oh, that I had for a moment my old father! How he would have rejoiced! That is my constant thought, and the good fortune makes me sad. I send my very kindest regards to the bride as well as to the bridegroom. I thank my brother-in-law from my heart that he wrote at once to me, and I congratulate him with great joy. Oh, that I could pass a few days with you! What sorrow! But it is not possible. The hope that Marie will come to Paris delights me to my very soul. She will convince herself that she has no common uncle, and that her aunt is pretty and good. Remember me to mother. I embrace you both. I will write to mother soon. As I said, I am very busy with much work. At this instant I am in it up to the ears. I have the most important affairs until the end of February, and, what is a pity, I suffer from headache, and must often take a holiday (*feiern*) against my will.

But I shall get through with it all, and then I will do something for my headache.—Thy trusty brother,

H. HEINE.

Heine, having collected his correspondence for the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in the varied papers under the title of *Lutetia*, had the book published. It is a historical work of the daily events in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe, the period of the citizen-kingdom, in which politics, art, and social life are sketched in a piquant and amusing form. Even then Heine gave warning of the boldly rising Socialism, which, though it might not effect a radical reform in all existing things, still held in its grasp the future. "The propaganda of Communism has a language which every race understands. The elements of this universal tongue are as simple as hunger, envy, or death. It is easily learned, and it will resolve itself into a general revolution in all the world—the great duel of the destitute with the aristocracy of possession."

In 1843 H. Heine published in Laube's *Zeitung für die elegante Welt* a new humorous epic (*Epos*), the "Summer Night's Dream," which, however, was first generally appreciated and admired when it appeared in book form in 1847.

Heine wrote incidentally of the great fire in Hamburg: "My own poor Hamburg lies in ashes, and the places which were so well known to me, with which all the memories of my youth had so closely entwined themselves, are all a smoking pile of ruins. I regret most the loss of the Petri Tower; it was so much elevated above all the surrounding littleness! The town will soon be built up again, my old oblique-angled slobbery Hamburg! The

Breitengiebel, where my shoemaker dwelt, and where I ate oysters at Unbescheiden's—a prey to the flames! The *Hamburger Korrespondent* declares indeed that the Dreckwall will soon rise like a phoenix from the ashes—but alas! it will be no longer the old Dirtwall. And the Town Hall—how often I delighted myself by gazing at the statues of the emperors who, looking as if carved from Hamburg smoked beef, adorned the façade. Have the high and well-powdered wigs which there gave a majestic dignity to the heads of the Republic been saved? But Heaven preserve me from pulling at those old wigs in a moment like this. I would rather prove, on the contrary, that the Government of Hamburg always surpassed those whom they governed as regards good-will for social progress. The people are here far below their representatives, among whom are men of the most eminent culture and intelligence. But it is to be hoped that the great fire will have enlightened the lower minds also a little, and that the whole population of Hamburg will now see that the spirit of the time, which let his beneficence be manifested in adversity, shall not be insulted by a petty shopman's spirit in the future. The civil equality of the different professions of faith cannot be longer delayed in Hamburg. We will, as regards the future, hope for the best. Heaven does not send such great trials in vain.”¹

¹ The giving equal civic rights to men of all religions in Hamburg actually did not take place till 1849—that is to say, the town remained in the narrowest-minded sense in the Middle Ages until within forty years.

XXIX.

PARIS, February 11, 1843.

Monsieur Mr. HENRI HEINE,
Agent de Change à Hamburg.

DEAR UNCLE,¹—These are the first lines which I have written for three weeks. My trouble of the eyes came on again with greatest force, and it is only to-day for the first time that I feel a little relieved. I would not speak to you, who have so much more cause for grief than I, of my own afflictions, were I not obliged to explain why it is you now receive a letter for the first time from me. The painful intelligence of the cause of your grief was announced to me by my mother ten days ago, and I can assure you that I have often since then, and weeping, thought of you. Heaven sustain you and console your kind heart. My wife, who manifests the deepest sympathy of sorrow in your affliction, desires to be remembered to you.

I beg you to assure Aunt Jette that I, though so far away, share her suffering. Remember me to Emily and Hermann, who was always a fine fellow.

I cannot express to you, dear uncle, how my heart is pained, because I, when such mournful events happen, cannot go to Hamburg. But since I have been married, I am not so much given to moving

¹ This is a letter of condolence on the occasion of the death of a daughter of the uncle, Mathilde, who departed at the age of seventeen. The original MS. belongs to Dr. H. Oswalt, living at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a nephew of Henry Heine.—*German Editor.*

about (*mobil*) as I was. I cannot leave my wife here alone in Paris, and to take her with me is too expensive and ceremonious. I lead here, however, a very happy domestic life, enjoy the most delightful peace of mind, and nothing is wanting to me save freedom from my complaint of the eyes and the fearful headache, in which the other disorder is rooted. I have recently had a seton (*Haarseil*) set in my neck, and hope for relief from it. I am, as I said, sound at heart, and I eat as much as six Frenchmen —yes, almost as much as three Hamburgers.

And so adieu, dear uncle. Happier hours will come again anon. I love you very much.—Your obedient nephew,

H. HEINE.

XXX.

PARIS, February 21, 1843.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—Thou must pardon my delay in writing. The trouble in my eyes has been —more's the pity!—the cause of my not writing. I can now see for the first time since ten days. This temporary affliction alarmed me very much, because it was connected with a paralysis of the muscles on the right side of the face. But my trouble as to the eyes seems to be only transitory, which will often make its appearance at certain times, and as regularly disappear, while the remaining paralysis of the face (which is not, thank God! visible) will require a longer time ere it can be driven away. On this account I have had a seton in my

neck. In all else I am sound from my heart—yes, healthier than ever. My trouble affects me very much as regards my work, for I take very great care of myself. I have a good physical constitution, and hope to jump about in this world for a long time to come. But that thou wert ill, dear mother, often afflicts me. Write to me much and often. Remembrances to Lottie; I often think of her. Madame Hollander has often praised greatly my niece Marie; how she remains young, and, in spite of her twenty years remaining in Hamburg, has not suffered in the least by any loss of her French amiability. I saw her yesterday in a ball at her father's, the old Worms, where I, by the way, only went on account of my wife; she is so delighted with dancing, and deserves that I should often sacrifice myself to her. She has also of late nursed me very well, and as regards her I am very happy.

Thou askest me as to Atta Troll. It may have got a little colour from an Emancipation Jew, but between us I only had satire of human ideas of Liberalism in my mind. Thou seest that I answer thee.

And now fare well, dear mother, and write much and frequently to me.—Thy devoted son,

H. HEINE.

XXXI.

PARIS, *March 22, 1843.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—If thou weighest all my words like gold in the scales, I cannot write to thee

with ease, as I am accustomed to do. It should be reassuring to thee when I write everything at once to thee, even something which vexes me without a cause.

When I last wrote there lay in my house two corpses—two neighbours had died of typhus fever, one of whom was a young man of thirty, one who had left wife and child destitute. My wife lay ill, and the weather was very cold. In such circumstances no one writes many letters. The weather to-day is beautiful; it has been like spring for eight days. I feel myself very much cheered by it and well. My wife has recovered, and she now scolds, thank God! in perfect health. I now hope that thou also art all right.¹

Fare well, and remember me with love to Lottie and the children.—Thy truly devoted son,

H. HEINE.

XXXII.

PARIS, April 8, 1843.

DEAREST SISTER,—My mother wrote to me recently that on the 8th of this month—that is, to-day—the wedding would take place, and I am in con-

¹ *Dass auch Du ganz auf den Strumpf*—“that thou art also quite *on the stocking*,” i.e., hearty, strong. *Strumpf*, according to W. D. Whitney, is perhaps related with *stumpf*, a stump or stock, and it is remarkable that in Westmoreland a *stockener* is a little, sturdy, thick-set fellow. This may be an accidental coincidence; but if so, it is very curious. (See Brockett’s “Glossary of North Country Words,” vol. ii. p. 83, cited in “Denham Tracts,” English Folklore Society, 1891).—*Translator.*

sequence thinking constantly of you. To-day you must all have enough buzzing about your ears; since the memorable Zollenspiker day thou hast not enjoyed such a *fête*.¹ I congratulate thee and embrace thee with all my heart, and beg thee to assure the young couple of my most deeply-felt sympathy and love (*meine tiefempfundene Theilnahme und Liebe*). The most joyful congratulations and many most friendly greetings to thy husband. Kiss for me our mother, the old Good Luck, and thy chicks (*Kücken*). My wife sends to you all her best and kindest congratulations. I hope that you are all well. All is well with us, only my poor head gets no better. . . .

H. HEINE.

XXXIII.

PARIS, May 23, 1843.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I have duly received thy letter of May 9th, and learned by it that thou art well. The letter from thee last year of the same date was cheering.

I can never forget the terror of that fire. Neither can I forget how grand my sister was on that occasion. What a heroine! Wellington was a dishclout compared to her!

I send sincerest regards to dear Lottie, and thank her for her last news as to the marriage of my niece.

¹ "Zollenspiker is a place in the Vierlanden, near Hamburg, where weddings are celebrated."—German Editor. That is, in reference to the *fête* after the wedding, represented elsewhere rather by a "party," a reception at the ceremony.

She must have received my congratulations at the same time. But now I would like to know how all is going with the young couple. May their honeymoon form no contrast to their after life!

As for my married life, there has been in it no change; on the contrary, my life becomes every year more reasonable and tractable, and I have never regretted having wedded her. That is saying much at the present time, and in Paris, which swarms with miserable marriages; good ones are so rare that they ought to be kept in spirits.

My headache is always the same. What *cure* I shall adopt this summer I do not as yet know—travelling expenses are so great, since I must take my wife with me; she cannot remain alone in Paris. I shall indeed not travel at all. Perhaps I shall find a dwelling-place near Paris where there is some country air, if I can find one cheap.

Thou hast no idea of how often I think of thee. Write to me often and much, how thou art and how all goes.

As soon as thou gettest a letter from Max, pray let me know it. I would like to know whether he received my letter which I sent to him lately *via* Riga, by a friend who was to send it to his address in Petersburg, which I do not know.

And so fare well. Kiss Lottie and the dear children for me.—Thy faithful son, H. HEINE.

XXXIV.

PARIS, June 18, 1843.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I duly received last week thy dear letter of the 5th with the enclosure, and I thank thee for the heartfelt proof of thy motherly love, which shows itself here as on every opportunity. That there are so many evil mortals, and that for the much good which I do always I am so ungratefully treated, and as especially there is so much misjudgment of me, it is certainly a comfort that I have such a good (*brave*) mother as thou art, and thy greatly loving care for me is indeed of greatest value. To whom I shall give the paper to keep I do not know. I believe the best course is to keep it myself. I am really sound from the heart and well, and my trouble in the head is of such a nature as not to prevent my growing old and grey. In any case, I live so temperately that my health, instead of deteriorating, improves. Therefore be easy. I also hope that thou, dear mother, art well. Write to me often as to this, how thou art. Heaven keep us all! Write and tell me how it looks there.

As I do not read the *Telegraph*,¹ do not forget to keep an eye on it for me. Uncle has sent me with a kind letter his portrait, which is very much like him.² Carl has also written very affectionately to

¹ The *Telegraph* was a journal edited by Karl Gutzkow, a leading enemy of Heine.—*German Editor.*

² This refers to a lithograph of Salomon Heine, drawn by the celebrated Otto Spekter of Hamburg. Salomon Heine, born October 19, 1767, died December 23, 1844, married Betty *née*

me, so that I, thank God! am now on the best of terms with the family.

I think that Max does best to send his letters to me through thee *via* Hamburg, for I believe that directly here from St. Petersburg is not safe.

Write to me how all goes with Lottie and the young married couple. I think I shall remain in Paris till the 4th of next month, and then go for six weeks or two months to a seaside place, perhaps to Boulogne. Quiet, sea-air, and bathing will be good for me there. Things look badly as regards my German authorship on account of successful censorial growls (*Censurnergelungen*). If thou wilt write at once to me, I shall receive thy letter here in Paris. My wife kisses thee.—Thy devoted son,

HENRI HEINE.

XXXV.

TROUVILLE, August 5, 1843.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—For three weeks I went dragging after me the uncertainty as to whether I should travel. At last I came here, where I have been for eight days, not determined whether I would

Goldschmidt, who was born in 1777, and died in 1837, whose six children, all deceased, were as follows:—

Friederike, married Moritz Oppenheimer.

Fanny, married Schröder, M.D.

Hermann, born 1804, died unmarried 1830, in Rome.

Amalie, married John Friedländer.

Carl, born 1810, died 1865, married Cecilie Furtado in Paris.

Therese, died 1880 in Ottensen, married Dr. Adolf Halle.

—*German Editor.*

remain or not. That is the reason why I did not write sooner to thee. Now, however, that I have determined to remain a good while, I announce to thee my well-being, and beg thee to let me know as soon as possible of thine. My address is, "H. Heine, à Trouville, Department Calvados, en France." Write to me soon how all is going with you all. I and my dear wife are well, and the sea-baths suit me this year very well.

We constantly talk of thee, and thou canst not imagine how earnestly my wife desires to see thee; for I often tell her how much love thou hast ever shown me, and how few mothers there are like thee.

My eyes are, unfortunately, very weak, as usual in summer. To kiss Lottie and the chicks. Fare well, old Good Luck!—Thy most warmly loving son,

H. HEINE.

I beg do not prepay thy letters.

XXXVI.

PARIS, *September 18, 1843.*

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—Thy letter of August 18, which thou didst send to Trouville, was correctly forwarded to me, and since that I also received thy letter of September 2nd. I learn from the latter, with great sorrow, that Uncle Heine's health is not so good. I beg thee to write to me accurately and in detail how he is. I am, as regards this, if not quite at ease, at least firmly convinced that the

health of this dear man is based on an iron constitution, which may indeed be gradually worn away by shocks, yet which will, to our joy, last yet a long time. Uncle never sinned as regards his health, save in excess of eating, and his really vital powers have only been at times injured by mental troubles. God keep him well!

And thou, sweet old puss, how art thou? If thou diest ere I see thee again, I will shoot myself. Bear that in mind in case the fit should seize thee to change thy Dammthor dwelling for a worse lodging. Mind that, and thou wilt never commit any such folly.

I conversed yesterday here with a friend of Max, a Mr. Gretsch of Petersburg, who also knows thee, and who spoke with such deep regard and respect of thee that I went about all day in very melancholy mood, with a soft-boiled heart.

Were it possible—but just now it is not—I would visit thee this year; but next year it shall most certainly be done. Give my kind regards to Lottie and the children.

As I hear, X¹ is in Paris. What luck for Paris, and an indemnification for the absence of the Queen of England.

Fare well! Above all things, live as long as possible, and mind what I have told thee.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

¹ A frequent guest at the table of his uncle Salomon, whose delusions as to his own greatness often called forth Heine's mockery.
—German Editor.

XXXVII.

PARIS, *September 21, 1843.*

DEAREST SISTER,—Thou wilt have received these lines by Mdlle. A. de C——, a young person who has as admirable a character as her skin is black. She is of African race, but has been brought up in Paris since her tenderest infancy, and that in the same pension where my wife passed many years. She is her most intimate friend, and thou mayst infer from that that I know her well, and can commend her with good conscience and cordial warmth. Her father is a rich merchant from St. Thomas, who recently married a lady of Hamburg, who is now in Hamburg, and in order to treat with him of delicate matters Mdlle. de C—— is going to Hamburg in company with her brother, who is also as black a young man as he is good.

Treat them well from love to us; thy sister-in-law begs the same. When thou canst benefit them by good advice and aid, thou wilt surely do so. What is in question is to influence her father, though she will not at once confess as much to thee, for she is of very proud character, but the young man will soon inform thee of all their affairs. I have commended them to Cæcilia Heine.

I have received no letter from thee, and we live accordingly in the greatest anxiety. Give my kindest regards to thy husband, and kiss the children.—
Thy faithful brother,

H. HEINE.

Thou hast so good a heart and art so shrewd, that I doubt not thou wilt be a source of joy and advantage to our friend.

XXXVIII.

PARIS, October 18, 1843.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I have duly received thy last letter, and thy idea that we shall make a *rendezvous* with Max in Hamburg in the spring has earnestly awakened in me the desire to see thee and him again. But I will see thee before spring, even in this year, and ere thou expectest it I will stand some morning early in life-size before thee. But that is all a great secret, and thou must not say a word to a soul in the world about it; for I shall not go by water, but directly through Germany, and as I shall not say a word about it to anybody here, and as I intend to travel quickly, there will be nothing to fear from Government. But, as I said, not a word to a soul about it. I shall write to Uncle Heine and inform him of it, but only one day before my departure, and not earlier, for very important reasons. If Lottie can be silent regarding it, thou mayst inform her of it. I shall leave my wife here in Paris, in the boarding-school where she formerly dwelt. As I do not know when I shall leave the city, do not write any more to me here.

Next week more from thy devoted son,

H. HEINE.

F

XXXIX.

PARIS, October 21, 1843.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I hope to see thee in good health, and will write to thee to-day but little, since I shall see thee in from ten to fourteen days, and tell thee orally all that I have to say, and all love and kindness. I intend to go from here to Brussels, and thence probably to Amsterdam, and so on over Bremen to Hamburg, where I anticipate the reception by thee with perfect safety. I have very promptly made up my mind to this journey, for such things must not be put off. Delay is as painful as unwise.

And so I shall soon see thee again, dear mother. Do not be frightened at my changed appearance. I will write to thee again while on the journey.

Kiss Lottie and the children for me. I shall soon kiss them all in reality.

H. HEINE.

XL.

BREMEN, October 28, 1843.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—As thou seest, my journey is nearly ended. I arrived here an hour ago, sound and well, but very weary from so much travelling by night.

How I shall go hence to Hamburg I do not yet know, since I will not travel again by night, and the post-coach only leaves this evening. I may perhaps arrive early in the morning of the day after

to-morrow, or, if it be possible, to-morrow evening early.

Kiss Lottie and the children, whom I will kiss the day after to-morrow.—Thy true son,

H. HEINE.

Heine was obliged, during his trip through Germany, to observe the utmost precaution, since it had been forbidden to the poet to enter the Prussian dominions, and there were the most severely detailed instructions relative to his arrest at all the frontier stations, which orders were annually renewed.

After a twelve years' absence, Heine had a longing to see his fatherland again and to embrace his mother and sister, so went to Hamburg. He passed his six weeks' visit almost exclusively in the family circle of his loved ones, and was hardly accessible to the greater number of his acquaintances. He also availed himself of his being there to conclude a contract with his publisher, Julius Campe, as to a complete edition of all his works, and made conditions for an annually rising rent or annuity, beginning with 1800 marks banco (about 3400 francs), which should after his death pass to his wife during her life. The anxiety as to the future of Mathilde, allied to inconsiderate haste, caused him to conclude the bargain, and he afterwards often regretted having been so yielding to his publisher.

In December Heine undertook his journey home-

ward, and promised that he would, in company with Mathilde, whom he could never sufficiently praise, renew his visit next year and remain a longer time.

On account of the frost which had set in, he was obliged to risk the journey by land, and it is touching to observe how Heine, who was in great anxiety regarding it still, wrote to his mother at every opportunity.¹

XLI.

HANOVER, December 9, 1843.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I arrived here yesterday safe and sound. I shall remain here on account of business for a few days, and I have nothing to fear. The weather is perfect, and perhaps this has induced me to remain here for a few days. I am happy and very cheerful, and hope that thou art not too much troubled.

Kiss Lottie and her children, and greet them for me. In about ten days I shall be in Paris, and will at once write to thee.—Thy devoted son,

H. HEINE.

¹ It is to be regretted that Baron von Embden, who had manifestly the fullest opportunity to collect information and also the ability to describe facts very graphically, did not give us more information as to Heine's life at this interesting time. It may be observed that Heine—often very naïvely—did his best to praise his wife, or, to express it plainly, endeavoured to vindicate his marriage to his mistress; but, making every allowance, he was evidently most sincerely devoted to her, and it is in this, as in many things, he shows the extraordinary attachment to domestic life and family ties which is characteristic of the Hebrew race. This noble trait, which is evident in every page of this book, constitutes its greatest charm.—*Translator.*

XLII.

Cologne, December 14, 1843.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I have not been, as thou seest, so long in Hanover as I intended. Now I am in Cologne, where I shall remain one day; the day after to-morrow I shall go by railway to Brussels, an easy journey of one day, and from there it is only a cat's leap to Paris. My journey is, therefore, as good as over, and thou canst sleep in peace. I feel just at present very much wearied with travelling by night, but gay and well in other respects. The weather has been charming, and I was in this respect very much favoured.

And now fare well. I will write to thee eight days hence. Give my kindest regards to Lottie and kiss the children. Best remembrances also to my brother-in-law and to my nephew.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

XLIII.

BRUSSELS, December 18, 1843.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I have just arrived here sound and well. I shall continue my journey to Paris, where I shall arrive early in the morning, day after to-morrow, and this letter may serve thee as notice of my arrival, that I am, as it were, already at home; therefore, be easy and leave me too at ease. I shall (not) be able to write to thee before six or eight days, for as soon as I arrive in Paris,

I shall be overwhelmed with such a rush (*Wulst*) of business that I shall not be able to write very soon. I have had thus far very fine weather. Remember me kindly to my dear sister Lottie and her children; all my thoughts on the journey wandered from you to my wife, and from my wife again to you. If I may only find you all well and happy next year, that is my only anxiety.

My pen will not write, but I am as ever, your
faithful son,

H. HEINE.

XLIV.

PARIS, January 23, 1844.

DEAR GOOD SISTER,—Mother has announced to me the happy accouchement of thy daughter fourteen days since, but since then I have been without news as to her condition, which is the main thing, and therefore I must complain of your neglect. I hope that Marie is well, and that I shall very soon receive from you assurances regarding it. I and my wife are tolerably well, and ever speak of thee. I can never tell her enough as to what a splendid sister thou art (*was Du für eine Pracht von Schwester bist*), and the love with which I speak of thee makes her almost jealous. We live very quietly and retired.

My plans for this summer are still the same, and I will sometime write more in detail to thee regarding them.

Write to me fully and circumstantially, so that

I may get an accurate idea as regards the place there. But above all things, always give me the most accurate news as regards the health of our uncle. I hope that thou art well, and dost not exert thyself too much. Mother complains somewhat as to thy state of health ; I hope it is nothing.

In spite of my increasing paralysis of the face, I still work a great deal ; but it may be that some day I must pitch my pen to the devil and see myself condemned to be idle (*Garnichtsthun*).

My wife behaves tolerably well, does not scold too often, but is always a spendthrift. I make both ends meet with toil and care, yet I contrive to do it, and sorrow flies. Oh, my sweet angel, if I could only see thee often—only see thee without speaking !

Fare well ! and greet all the family from me, thy family cock (*Haushahn*) and the chicks (*Putchen*). —Thy diffuse and tedious brother,

H. HEINE.

XLV.

PARIS, February 20, 1844.

DEAREST MOTHER,—There was nothing in the letter which I wrote to Lottie, and I do not know why she would not let thee see it. I cannot write much to thee to-day, and may not be able to for four weeks to come, for my trouble in the eyes has returned, and I must, in the meantime, take great care of them. The physician says that I must this

time wait longer than usual till the attack shall have passed, and I can use them again as usual.

I send love to Lottie and to the children. Write soon to thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

XLVI.

PARIS, *March 4, 1844.*

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—Thou must always believe exactly what I say, for I tell thee everything. I have just received thy letter, and I see by it that thou makest for thyself unnecessary thought and sorrow. My eyes, or rather the eye which gave me trouble, is well again, but I must take great care of myself; therefore I write to nobody, read nothing, and nurse myself. I hope that I shall in a few days be all right again. I long so much to see you all once more. This shall in any case come to pass this summer, though I must again go to Hamburg for a short time, and again leave my wife here.

• • • • •
H. HEINE.

XLVII.

PARIS, *July 11, 1844.*

DEAR GOOD SISTER,—I wrote yesterday to our dear mother, and told her that I would journey to Hamburg by land, and not by way of Antwerp. Now she need not trouble at every breath of wind.

But I tell thee to-day, dear Lottie, the truth, which is, that I next week, on the 20th of July, shall go by the steamboat from Havre to Hamburg,

and therefore arrive on the 22nd or 23rd. Mother need know nothing of all this until I shall have arrived safe and sound with my wedded half.

It is the best time for a sea-voyage, and beyond the sea-sickness there is not the least thing to trouble us. But now, dearest Lottie, comes the question of lodging, and regarding this I will tell thee as accurately as possible what is to be done.

I have not been this year to a bathing-place, and my nerves are so irritated that I shall certainly be ill unless I can inhale fresh air in the country or sea-air on a strand, and that while in the completest repose. It would gratify me very much, dear Lottie, if thou couldst find for me some country-house beyond the Dammthor where I could pass August, September, and October. But if this is not possible, I will remain but a few days in Hamburg, and go at once with my wife to Heligoland, to breathe sea-air there for a few weeks, and, should it agree with me, to take sea-baths. I greatly need it.

As soon as I shall have arrived in Hamburg I will go to Hillert, though I foresee that his newly-built City of London will be intolerable to me, who have an aversion to all newly-erected buildings. But I shall remain there only a few days, and then go into the country, should I get a house there, or to Heligoland if I have none. If I go to Heligoland, thou shalt look in the meantime for a dwelling in town for me in thy neighbourhood, which I can at once enter when I return. In case it will be no trouble to thee (and only in this case), it would be

a great favour to me if thou couldst receive my wife for a few days while I shall be at Hillert's; not that I would save money, but because it seems to me to be more respectable that my wife should not go to an inn (*Wirthshaus*). In any case, I will write to thee again regarding this.

How would it do if thou wouldest make a little party of pleasure and accompany us to Heligoland? That would be most agreeable to me. Canst thou arrange it? It would, at any rate, do thee much good.

As I shall remain there, at the latest, only to the end of November, I will bring no household gear with me, and I must therefore have the house in the country, or later that in town, completely furnished, and hire all things needful. Yet the preparation (*Einrichtung*) need not be so very complete, since I do not care to have provided for me many utensils, and things which I may subsequently use or can carry away with me. I require two bedrooms, each with a bed, one sitting-room, one workroom (or study), and a small chamber for a maid.

XLVIII.

PARIS, July 13, 1844.

MY DEAR LOTTIE,—I am busied up to my neck with preparations for travel. I shall soon leave, as I wrote thee, and next Saturday early shall be with my wife on the Hamburg steamboat in Havre. As regards my letter which I wrote to thee the day

before yesterday, I would say to thee in addition, that I, after due consultation with my physician, will most certainly go to take sea-bathing in Heligoland, and therefore will previously pass only a few days in Hamburg. I therefore perceive that I shall only need a dwelling after returning from Heligoland, and thou needst therefore only take the trouble to find me that, and not a place in the country. And in any case, as regards this dwelling-place in town, thou needst not rent it till I shall have seen it, as I shall so soon be there. I should like the Esplanade best, but thy Theaterstrasse, rather near the Jungfernstieg, will content me. The new Jungfernstieg will do just as well.

I will perhaps write to mother before I depart, but do not tell her that I am coming by water; I will only let her know that she may expect me between the 23rd and 25th, else she may be frightened.

My wife and I imagine ourselves already in Hamburg, and converse constantly about you. How glad I shall be to see you and the children once again.

The weather is beautifully pleasant and cool; I shall travel at the pleasantest time of year. I beg thee, try to arrange it so that thou and Marie canst go with us to Heligoland. The expense will not be great, and the air is so delightful and healthy.

To-day Furtado will travel from here to Hamburg to bring Cæcilia thence, and proceed with her to the bathing-place, Lenk, in Switzerland.¹

¹ "Cæcilia, *née* Furtado, wife of Carl Heine, dwelling in Paris, is known for her wealth and for many benevolent institutions in

On a fine sunny afternoon, the Havre steamboat arrived rather late in our harbour, and we all waited a long time on the *Schiffsbriicke* (ship-bridge) in anxious expectation of becoming personally acquainted with Heine's wife, Mathilde. At last the ship drew near, and my uncle, who had grown somewhat bulkier, and in whose external traits there were no signs of ill-health, came ashore, with a stately lady in a grey travelling-dress on his arm. Mathilde was really a very beautiful woman, quite tall, a somewhat voluptuous form, a charming oval face enclosed by chestnut-brown hair, full red lips showing fine white teeth, and great expressive eyes, which flashed fire when excited.

We were soon destined to see these beautiful eyes send out their lightnings, when, after a joyful greeting, my father led her to the coach, and, after she had taken her seat in it, handed to her a box which he at once let fall in pain, for he felt himself bitten. A loud cry escaped from Mathilde, for in the box was her parrot Cocotte—her darling whom she had brought from Paris—and she screamed in accents of anger (*im erregten Tone*), "My God, how inconsiderate to frighten poor Cocotte so, after his having been so sea-sick!"

Fortunately Cocotte had suffered no injury, and

France. Her husband, Carl Heine, born January 20, 1810, died July 4, 1865, in Bagnères de Luchon, from a blow accidentally received while riding. The marriage was childless and they adopted a little girl. This adopted daughter married General Ney, Prince of Elchingen, and being soon a widow, united herself in second marriage with the Duke de Rivoli."—*German Editor.*

the features of the beautiful dame assumed their usual smiling serenity. My uncle approached, laughing heartily, and said, "Dear brother-in-law, you came near being out of Mathilde's good graces for ever; yet I wrote to you that I should come with my wife and parrot, but you took no notice of the latter until he introduced himself to you by a bite." This Cocotte was an ungovernable, violent, spiteful creature, which, when in ill-temper, began to chatter and screech wildly, which was extremely annoying to the poor poet during his frequent headaches. One day, when the bird had an attack of cramp, Mathilde rushed into the study screaming, "Henri, Cocotte is dying!" to which Heine piously replied in German, which was unintelligible to Mathilde, "*Gott sei gedankt!*" ("God be praised!"). But the gratitude was premature, for Cocotte recovered.

During the first days of their visit Heine and his wife lived in our house on the great Theatre Street, and went next week to an elegant apartment in the first storey of the Esplanade. They usually took their meals by us, and Mathilde, who greatly liked Hamburg cookery and food, was gay and at her ease, all the more because we all spoke French, and her jesting sallies were appreciated.

The first visit which Heine made with his wife was to his uncle Salomon, with whom Mathilde was much pleased, since her husband, adroitly acting as interpreter, contrived to evade the fact that she knew no German. The old fellow (*der Alte*) was really a good, benevolent gentleman, but a harsh family

tyrant,¹ and could not endure that any one in his presence spoke in a foreign language, because he only understood German. And as to his German, Heine said very descriptively that at his official dinners there stood at one side of the table one waiter for the dative, and on the other one for the accusative.² One of his sons-in-law, who had previous to this time established himself in England, was there very unfortunate in business. He was fond of speaking English whenever an opportunity presented itself. One day, while dining with his uncle, he conversed over the table with his *vis-à-vis*, the wife of the English Consul, who was a German, all in English. The old man, who had escorted the lady to the table, listened a while, and at last, frowning, interrupted the conversation thus—"It is true that my son-in-law speaks good English, but his learning the language cost me half a million marks."

Salomon Heine dwelt during the summer in a magnificent villa in Ottensen, the gardens of which, opulent in flowers (*blumenreiche*) and in the form of terraces, extended to the strand of the Elbe, and it was there that the family dinners were held on

¹ This harsh phrase indicates what is undoubtedly evident, that Baron von Embden generally speaks fairly and squarely, or really truthfully, in all his sketches of character. There is more of this honest bluntness anon.—*Translator.*

² Referring to the confusion between *mir* and *mich*, prevalent among many in Germany, and alluded to in *Sandomir* and *Sandomich*. It is peculiarly Prussian.

"Und statt mir, sagt er, sagst du mich."

—*Translator.*

Wednesday and Saturday. On the following Sunday the elegant equipage of the uncle came to bring the poet and his wife to dine at the villa, though Heine accepted the invitation very unwillingly, since he foresaw that Mathilde, his lively child of nature (*sein munteres Naturkind*), was little adapted to please the plutocrat of the family there assembled.

Owing to the interdict by the old man of all conversation in a foreign language at his table, only a few French words were slyly whispered, and poor Mathilde was obliged to remain silent for two hours, and be fearfully bored. And during the dessert there occurred a sad *contrestemps*. It happened that the old man had an immense cluster of grapes, every one almost as large as a plum, which had grown in his hot-house, and which he ordered a servant to carry about and show to the guests, to their general admiration. When the bunch came to Mathilde, she, believing that it was meant for her, took it, and ate it with relish. After a while the old man asked excitedly where the grapes were, when Heine with promptness answered, "Dear uncle, the bunch was a miracle (*Wunder*), and it caused another marvel, for it has vanished—an angel made away with it." The old man laughed, and the bunch of grapes was forgotten, for he was pleased when his nephew uttered such impromptus. At another time he said of a note-broker (*Wechselmakler*) who was sometimes a guest at his uncle's table (the man had been in his youth at a univer-

sity, but was very limited as to intellect, and was much addicted to good eating), "Pity that his learning got no further than his gullet."

Mathilde was glad when she was again at home, and declared that she would never again visit her tiresome, formal uncle. Heine knew his little obstinate girl (*Trotzköpfchen*), and was in great embarrassment, for the good-will of his uncle was of serious importance to him, and replied that there was but one way out of it, which was that she should return to Paris without him. And as Mathilde held to her resolution, her husband was obliged, under pretence of her mother's illness, to send her back to her former *pension* at Madame Darte's; and so, after a visit of fourteen days, she, bathed in tears, took leave of us.

Heine remained in Hamburg and finished his work, *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen* ("Germany, a Winter Tale"), a humorous epic, which, with his *Neue Gedichte*, or "New Poems," appeared before he left for Paris. In Germany his impressions of travel during the previous year were sketched, and the sharply satirical lashing in it of the then intolerable condition of his native land greatly angered many or excited their opposition; but the greater portion of his readers admired his brilliant and ever-vigorous wit. The sale of the book was strictly forbidden in Prussia, which was an un hoped-for advertisement, as it caused a most incredible demand for prohibited copies.¹

¹ People make light of such prohibition. I know of a perfectly authentic instance in which some magistrate or other official had it

The "Winter Tale" pleased Uncle Salomon so much that he made his nephew a handsome present in money, and promised him that the annual allowance which the poet received from him should in case of his death be continued to his wife.

Heine usually took his meals in the house of my parents, and often remained through the evening gaily conversing over a cup of tea. My sister Anna,¹ his favourite, made it for him, and had above all to endure his jests.

He said almost every time, to tease her, "Is that such a cup of tea as you prepare for yourself, or is it camomile tea?" (*Camillenthee*). Tired of this repeated mockery, she one day prepared for him a cup of real camomile tea, which he, as soon as he had tasted it, set aside in disgust, exclaiming, "Pah! the little chit has revenged herself on me!"²

Heine's favourite lounge was the Pavilion on the Alsterbassin, where he met and conversed every day with his friends Dr. Wille, Julius Campe, Dr. Fuchs,

intimated to a bookseller that he suspected that the latter had by him many copies of *Deutschland* by Heine, and that at four o'clock that afternoon he would come and search for them. It is needless to say that when he came no such books were found in stock.—*Translator.*

¹ Madame Anna Italiener, *née Embden*, in London.—*German Editor.*

² *Ber! das Backfischchen hat sich gerächt.* A *Backfisch* is literally a very small fish, just large enough to fry or bake, or, as we say, pan-fish. Owing to their restless liveliness, they are supposed to resemble girls of from twelve to fourteen years, or misses hardly in their teens. The term whitebait in English or *blanchaille* in French might be appropriately applied to dainty little damsels of the *backfisch* order.—*Translator.*

Michelis, Dr. Carl Toepfer, Professor Zimmermann, and the painter Kizerö.

I often had the privilege of accompanying him. At such times he would sit, either speaking seldom, dreamily gazing on the curling waves of the Alster, following with his eyes some passing swan, or else in conversation, giving me admirable advice as to what books I should read. He warned me against too much reading of newspapers, since far less remained of it all in the memory than from the perusal of even a book of mediocre merit. He esteemed Jean Paul (Richter) very highly, and recommended me to read his works slowly and attentively, which would bear fruit during all my life. Nor could he sufficiently recommend me, considering the want of good humorous German novels, to make myself familiar with the works of Dickens.

This charming intercourse came to too early an end for all of us, because Heine's publisher in Paris greatly required his presence there, and he therefore, after an affectionate adieu, returned in the beginning of October by the steamboat, *via* Amsterdam, to his home.

XLIX.

AMSTERDAM, October 11, 1844.

DEAREST MOTHER,—We arrived in Amsterdam, where we were due in the morning, at seven o'clock this evening. However, I have had a very pleasant journey, and I have not been in the least sea-sick.

This evening I shall go on to the Hague, and shall be in Paris in two or three days, whence I shall not write to thee at once, since the trip is now only a trifle. I hope that these few lines, written in the greatest hurry, will be sent on this evening. In any case, thou must have long since been at ease regarding me, since thou hast seen how pleasant and calm the weather has been.

I write these lines on the bench of the railway-office with a sea-sick pen.

I embrace Lottie. Kindest regards to all.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

L.

PARIS, October 17, 1844.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—Thou hast, I hope, received the letter which I wrote to thee on my arrival in Amsterdam. The remainder of my journey was favoured by the finest weather, and I arrived yesterday evening in the best condition, and met my dear wife in Paris. I found her brisk and well, and also that she had been a pattern of obedience as regards all which I wished her to do. We were almost overwhelmed at the joy of meeting. We look eagerly at one another, laugh, embrace, talk about you, laugh again—the parrot screaming meanwhile like mad. How glad I am to have my two birds again. Thou seest, dear mother, that I am as lucky as a man can be, since nothing in this world is perfect; all I need is a healthy head and

my dear mother and Lottie near me. In a few days I shall need you both still more; just now I am too full of the delight of returning home.

Tell Lottie that she must write to me soon (Faubourg Poissonnière, No. 46). I shall write to her later, for I have nothing new to tell, and she will learn my happy arrival from this letter. I send my kind regards to the whole clique, the Little Turkey (*Putchen*), the boy (*den Jung*), and very special love in my name and in that of my wife to my brother-in-law, and to whom my wife, for his kind and pleasant attentions, sends her warmest thanks.¹

Write to me soon how Uncle Heine is getting on. I left you all in such good condition, that I assume it still continues.

A vast quantity of work is waiting for me even now, and, despite my fearful headache, I must for coming months make great exertion. But I am gay and lively.² I lately bought for my wife a magnificent album, such as she has long desired. She promises that she will write to you soon. God keep thee well in all things the meantime, and thou wilt live long.

¹ *Welchem meine Frau für seine artige Aufmerksamkeit ihren verbindlichsten Dank sagen lässt.* I have in almost all cases reduced such German conventional forms of polite expression to simple English equivalents which preserve the spirit of the original.—*Translator.*

² It is touching to observe that Heine, in his letters to his mother, always kept his troubles and sufferings out of sight, and, to cheer her, always affected to be cheerful. In this, at least, he was uniformly consistent and noble.—*Translator.*

HEINRICH HEINE.

I embrace thee, dear mother. Was Jette on Wednesday night often obliged to look after the wind?

H. HEINE.

LI.

PARIS, October 24, 1844.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I see and hear nothing of my box, and yet I greatly need the books which are in it. I pray thee write to me at once at what time and how the chest was sent. I am, thank God, quite well, as is my wife. Kiss Lottie and the children. We talk about you here all the time. Lottie will, I hope, soon write.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

LII.

PARIS, November 28, 1844.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—My eyes have troubled me again, but they are now well, and to spare them I write very little. Otherwise, I and my wife are very well. We are cheerful and happy. I have received thy last letter. The illness of Uncle afflicts me beyond all measure. Do but write to me soon and often. I have received thy letter. I know what the poem can be of which thou speakest; if it concerns me, send to me in a newspaper cover (*Kreuzcouvert*). I pray thee give the enclosed to Lottie.

It is late and very dark, and my pen is worse than my heart. . . .

H. HEINE.

THE FAMILY LIFE OF

LIII.

MY DEAR GOOD SISTER,—I thank thee for thy letter of the 18th. I would have written to thee long ago, and written much. But, unfortunately, the trouble in my eyes increased so frightfully that I could only write with great exertion, and I had nothing to say to thee of great importance. My eye, which was quite closed for three weeks, is now open again, but it is still very weak. However, the trouble appears to be chronic, and I shall (therefore) certainly be free from it from time to time. In other respects I am quite well, have a good appetite, am very calm, and live agreeably in my home. The squandering lady (*die Verbringerin*) is, as usual, a good child, frank and gay, and sometimes out of humour. We always talk of you. And I cannot describe how much my wife thinks of you all, especially of mother, who is really a most admirable woman (*prachtgute Frau*). Do kiss her heartily in my name and that of my wife. (And do not forget) also to kiss thy children, and give to thy husband the kindest regards from me.

What thou writest about Uncle (Salomon Heine) is extremely sad. Thou canst imagine my grief. Do not, for thy life, leave me uninformed as to his condition. I expect every week a bulletin from thee. I beg thee, do not neglect to let me know as often as possible the news, be it sad or cheerful; it is important beyond all you can imagine. I never expected it, and it grieves me to the heart.

The trouble in my eyes which attacked me here at once is the cause why I did not write to Max, as I intended, a detailed letter. I wished to tell him everything in full, and so it happened that I wrote nothing. But now it has come to pass that thou art bound to inform him quickly and accurately the condition of our poor uncle, and tell him the truth. If there is hope that he will not come too late to fulfil the duties of filial affection, he will perhaps hasten thither sooner than usual. Therefore, I beg thee, write to him at once, and keep him *au courant* to all the circumstances of that dear health.

And now, fare well. So soon as my eyes permit I will write more.

And it is so dark to-day, withal! A dreadful and disgusting month!

I wait impatiently for thy next letter. Regards to all.—Thy faithful brother,

H. HEINE.

LIV.

PARIS, December 23, 1844.

DEAR CHILD,—I enclose a letter for mother, which is also for thee. I further trouble thee with a commission for Uncle Henri. I had sent him a draft for 1000 marks banco on Campe, begging him to discount it. My good uncle sent me yesterday the full amount, but remarked that Campe had not accepted the draft, and was not disposed to, but first expected an answer from me to his last letter. There has been since then a difference between us,

which I hope is only based on a misunderstanding, which I cleared up in my answer. But as I on that occasion told him the truth very plainly, this is perhaps the cause why he will not acknowledge my draft. Therefore say to Uncle Henri that I thank him with all my heart for his confidence, but that under the circumstances I shall not avail myself of the draft which he gave me on Fould till I have heard through thee that my draft on Campe has been honoured. And should it not be met, I will send back to Uncle Henri his bill of exchange. Do not say anything about this to mother. I shall in future be more on my guard with Campe, though I have hitherto had no dispute with him.

My wife has received a Christmas present from Uncle Heine. . . .

H. HEINE.

Salomon Heine died December 23, 1844, and the news caused the poet, owing to his nervous temperament, a terrible excitement.

Salomon Heine, born in 1767, came without means to Hamburg, and, after some experience in business, established himself as a discounter of bills, founded the banking-house which is famous through all the world, and died a many-fold millionaire, greatly lamented on account of his many works of charity. His principal endowments are the Herman-Heine Institution for Advancing Money (*Vorschussanstalt*), in memory of his son, who died in Rome, and the Hamburg Israelitic Hospital, in memory of his wife Betty, *née* Goldschmidt.

LV.

PARIS, December 29, 1844.

DEAR GOOD SISTER,—I received your letter late yesterday evening. Thou canst easily imagine what a terrible night followed. My brain throbs in my head—I cannot bring two thoughts together. Though I was prepared for such an occurrence, I was shocked by it more deeply than I have been by anything since the death of my father. I wonder that thou in all thy affliction couldst at once write to me.

Thou weeppest, but I have not as yet been able to shed a tear. You women have the advantage that you can weep more easily. My wife also weeps; she came to me three times in the night. Thou art quite right, time alone can here bring consolation. How Therese, the dear woman! must suffer!¹ And Carl, the poor young fellow, how much he must have endured! I will not write to the poor children until I am composed and calm. O God! what an affliction!

How our poor Uncle Henry must have suffered! Give him all my love. I have not the head to condole. The pen trembles in my hand—and withal,

¹ “Therese, the youngest daughter of Salomon Heine, who died in 1880, was, just as little as (*ebensowenig wie*) her elder deceased sister, Madame Amalie Friedländer, an unfortunate youthful love of Heinrich Heine. Some passages in his poems may refer to Amalie, who, being beautiful and intelligent, was greatly regarded by the poet with mutual sympathy.”—*German Editor.*

my eyes are in the most terrible condition. Oh, if I could but weep !

I wrote to him only yesterday, although I had a foreboding of the sad event. This man played a great part in the history of my life, and shall be depicted so as never to be forgotten. What a heart ! what a head ! I have long been without any anxiety regarding his last arrangements (*über seine letzten Verfügungen*) ; he has himself spoken or distinctly intimated to me what they were. I would give my last *schilling* if it would have kept him to me five or three years longer — yes, the half of my own remaining life. And how kindly and lovingly he treated my poor mother ! He said many a hard thing to me ; once this summer when angry he even gave me a blow with his cane. Ah, Lord ! how gladly would I again receive more blows.¹ I could only weep.

I wait with anxious suffering for the letter of mourning from mother, who, as I knew her, will not be soon consoled, and will find all her old wounds again opened. Write to me very soon how Carl bears it, also Therese, who, with all her fineness, is still a delicate being, and has ere this suffered so much. Her father was all in all to

¹ This very strikingly recalls a passage in Heine's "Germany," ("The Romantic School," vol. ii. p. 23), in which he, in commenting on Von Arnim's romance of *Der Auerhahn*, cites the anecdote of "good Franz," who remembers that his late father now and then in his ill-humour gave him a kick. "This last recollection moves good Franz to tears, and he grieves because his father is dead and can kick him no more."—*Translator.*

her, and she was like him in all her being. Farewell, and write to me soon. I have nothing to write to thee—to-day I am only a flabby wash-rag (*ein matter Waschlappen*). I was always ready for this event, and had long ago repeated to myself all that could console me, and yet the misfortune strikes me as if quite unexpected and all impossible. Yes, I know that it is true—know that he is gone from me —yet cannot believe it true.

Give my kindest regards to thy husband. Kiss the dear children for me. I would so gladly say something cheerful, but merriment is out of my mind to-day.—Thy brother,

H. HEINE.

The sudden news of the death of his uncle Salomon, and the announcement that there was not in his will any mention of the continuance of the yearly allowance which had always been made to the poet, had a crushing effect on the health of the latter. His only son, Carl, who was, *more judaico*, according to the Jewish custom, the chief heir, refused to pay the pension, and also directed that the small legacy of 8000 marks banco which had been explicitly left to Heine, and was justly his, should not be paid, because the latter threatened to prosecute him.

When Heine was advised not to carry the affair to extremes, and to compromise the affair by arbitration, he wrote:—

“I know Carl Heine better; he is as obstinate as he is determined. He cannot be moved by appeals

to his ambition,¹ for he is in this respect the very opposite to his father, who flattered public opinion like a courtier, and it is all one to my cousin what people say. He has only three passions—women, cigars, and tranquil ease (*Ruhe*). I cannot take the first from him, but I can disturb his tranquillity, and the lawsuit aids me in this."

Both were fiery-tempered men, and it was not until two years later, and after great trouble on the part of his sister Charlotte and different friends, that an understanding was arrived at with Carl Heine. He agreed to pay an annuity of 4000 francs semi-annually *præ numerando* (in half-yearly instalments), of which half should be paid after the death of Henry Heine to his widow.

Carl Heine was a passionate man, but good from his very heart, and the plaints of the poet as to his avarice and parsimony were unjust. When Heine's ill-health grew worse, and the care of him caused great expense, Carl voluntarily raised the pension to 8000 francs, and Mathilde received as widow, not the half-annuity as stipulated, but 5000 francs yearly, in remembrance because when, in 1832, the cholera raged in Paris, and Carl Heine was ill with it well-

¹ That is, by any sense of shame as to public opinion or the ambition to appear well before the world. It must be admitted that Carl Heine's indifference in this respect must have been very severely tested. It is evident that he subsequently realised that he was not in a very enviable or commendable position. Baron von Embden very kind-heartedly gives him credit for generosity because he subsequently paid the pension, but it does not appear that he cared for the two years of suffering and litigation imposed on the invalid and nearly blind poet.—*Translator.*

nigh unto death, he owed his restoration to health entirely to the sacrificing care of his cousin Heinrich.¹

During this long-continued, irritating excitement, H. Heine's illness had become very dangerous, but he was rescued by the water-cure ; and, in the hope of a complete restoration to health, he took a place in the country.

LVI.

PARIS, June 24, 1845.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I have been for fourteen days at Montmorency, and seldom come to town. On arriving here yesterday evening, I learned that a German letter for me had been sent to Montmorency, and I suppose it is from thee. To-morrow I will get it, and, if necessary, answer accordingly ; if not, be contented with knowing that we are all well. I have in Montmorency a small country-house with a pretty garden, a true paradise *en miniature*. My wife behaves very amiably, and amuses herself with flowers ; my parrot talks rather too much. My left eye is still closed. I need sulphur baths, which suit me. I can hardly write with this pen to-day, but I will not leave thee too long without a letter.

¹ This is perfectly true, as appears by Heine's account of his experiences during "the cholera-time" in Paris, in the "French Affairs," vol. i. (*Die Cholerazeit en Paris*), during which from one to two thousand died daily in the capital. Heine modestly makes no mention whatever of his services to Carl, merely saying that he remained on account of a friend. It is almost impossible at this time to conceive one man's going through more horror and apprehension of death than Heine underwent to nurse Carl.—*Transl'ator.*

I hope that thou and Lottie are both well. Walk a great deal. We converse constantly of thee, and thou hast no idea how much my wife loves thee. Write to me soon how all things are with thee. I do but little now, and do not write.

Fare well and love well.—Thy faithful son,
H. HEINE.

LVII.

PARIS, October 31, 1845.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—Thou art again very tardy with writing. Thy silence causes me the more suffering at a time of year when the weather is so unfavourable. I hope that thou and Lottie are well. All is as usual with me—nothing remarkable has happened. My wife is well. I hope that her trouble has quite disappeared. We live quietly in harmony and well, are much at home, and recall you in our long winter evening discourses.

It is to be hoped that this year will glide along (*rutscht sich*) without fresh knocks; the last was a bad year.

Remember me kindly to the dear sister. I have nothing to tell her, else I would write to her; but she must not leave me without a letter.

My wife sends her regards. Just now she is busy with the hemming (*Säumen*) of my bed-clothes; linen work is her favourite occupation (*Liebhaberei*).—
Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

LVIII.

PARIS, April 23, 1846.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I received thy last letter about fourteen days ago, and perceived by it that thou art well. I am not a little astonished at the news that thy companion, Aunt Jette, is about to be married and will leave thee. I shall be in great trouble till I learn from thee that she has been well replaced. I hope that nothing else unpleasant has occurred, and that Lottie is well. With me all goes on as usual. My trouble draws down more and more to the lower part of my face—to my mouth. Yet I am at heart hearty and well (*frisch und gesund*). This year I will take a journey to some sea-bathing place, and do something in earnest to completely restore my health.¹

I hardly work at all; it is perhaps the best that I can do. I shall begin to travel about the middle of the next month. My wife is well, except that for two days past the birds of ill omen pipe a few discordant notes. I have changed my lodging, and am now living more agreeably in the same street. My

¹ That Heine, with that terrible and insidious complaint paralysis gradually gaining on him, could write so reassuringly and hopefully to his old mother, is a great indication of “goodness of heart in the best place.” If I have very often, indeed frankly, pointed out his faults, it will, I trust, not be considered as inconsistency. I have always, I trust, been steady and consistent to the opinion expressed in my prefaces to the translation of the “Pictures of Travel” and of “Germany,” that his life and works reflect the greatest variety of jarring influences which are to be found in any writer.—*Translator.*

address is 41 Faubourg Poissonnière. Write soon to me, so that the letter may still reach me here in Paris.

My wife sends the kindest remembrances.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

LIX.

PARIS, December 26, 1846.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—We are at the end of the old year, which was as worthless as the last. May the new year behave better! In any case, I congratulate thee¹ and our dear Lottie on this change of the year. We embrace thee with heartfelt tenderness. My wife is quite well, and I am better. I eat and drink with a good appetite, and have got rid of all my doctors. We live quietly and in harmony. We are always talking of you.

Enclosed a letter, which I beg thee to send to Campe.

H. HEINE.

LX.

PARIS, February 28, 1847.

DEAR GOOD MAGNIFICENT MOTHER,²—The last letter from thee and Lottie, which contained the

¹ *Jedenfalls gratulire ich Dir.* *Gratuliren* cannot in all cases be translated “to congratulate.” The word in English implies some special subject, while in German it conveys kindly wishes in general. Here it strictly means a greeting or happy New Year!—*Translator.*

² *Liebe gute Pracht-Mutter.*

answer to my question to Campe, was duly received, and I thank thee, darling Lottie, from my heart for the prompt despatch. I have now found out a way by which I can get a prompt answer from you both—that is, by giving you a commission to fulfil. I hope that you are all well. We are having dreadfully cold weather, which I do not very well endure. I find myself, however, fairly well; my health improves *peu-à-peu*, and I am looking forward to a pleasant spring and summer. Only my poor eyes suffer greatly; I should rather say that the cramping paralysis always draws the eyelids down more and more, so that I now see very badly. The eyes themselves are well (*gesund*).

I am all right with Carl Heine¹—yes, I am even quite contented with him, for he will not only pay me the pension in full, just as I drew it from his father, to the end of my life, but he has also given me the joyful news that after my death (God preserve me!) the half of the sum, that is, 2400 francs (£100), shall go as a pension for life to my surviving

¹ *Mit Carl Heine—bin ich ganz auf's Reine.* Here we may “score another” to the poet’s great credit. Herr Carl had evidently embittered two years of life for the invalid poet-cousin, and that in a manner which, for want of better evidence, must seem to every one to have been extremely ungrateful. He only paid, after a protracted struggle, that which was *equitably due* to a near relative, who as a distinguished man was the great honour of the family, who was suffering from ill-health and limited means, and who had saved his debtor’s life in a manner which was almost unparalleled in the records of heroic self-sacrifice. And yet he was a *mehrfach Millionair*. It may be as Baron Embden asserts, but it is impossible to perceive in all this why he should declare that Carl Heine was a *herzensguter Mann*.—Translator.

wife. That is more to my mind than if he had given me a great sum. It is indeed a great question whether she will survive me; but she is so unspoilt (*unverwöhnt*) and inexperienced that I cannot take sufficient precaution for her. If she were shrewder, I would have troubled myself less as to her future,¹ and by this thou mayest see that stupidity is a blessed and divine gift, because others must take care for her. My affairs, *au reste*, are getting on well. I do not refer to speculations on the Bourse—I got a black eye there.

We always talk about thee and dear Lottie and the children. God preserve thee!

Kindest regards to my brother-in-law Moritz, especially from my wife, who dotes on him (*die einen Narren an ihm gefressen hat*). Carl was amazed at the enthusiasm with which my wife spoke of Moritz. He also praises him.

And now fare well, and keep me ever dear.

H. HEINE.

LXI.

PARIS, March 27, 1847.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—We have been favoured by the most beautiful weather here for several days,

¹ It will be seen eventually that Heine need have been under no apprehension on this subject. A man of letters who had lived with Heine and aided him in his work, and with whom I conversed many times, was wont to speak kindly and gratefully of the poet, but always shrugged his shoulders and smiled when Madame Heine was referred to. My impression is that he by no means considered her as wanting in *Klugheit*, but as very deficient in habitual amiability and courtesy.—*Translator.*

but it was too sultry to be healthy; every one is more or less unwell, and I, for my part, still suffer with my eyes. Thou canst not imagine how unpleasant it is not to be able to read nor dare to go into a theatre on account of the terrible gaslight; to sit every evening *tête-à-tête* with my wife, who must take the place of other amusements. I have rented a very beautiful country-house in Montmorency; it also costs a very beautiful sum of money—1000 francs for the season. I shall go there in May and surrender myself to the most complete and nerve-invigorating repose.

And how is it with you all? Do but write to me often. I thank Lottie too for every line which she writes to me.

I have published "Atta Troll" in French, and it is tremendously successful.

Fare well! I will now go take a walk in this fine weather.—Your true and loving H. HEINE.

Heine writes in the French preface:—"‘Atta Troll’ was written in 1841, at a time when the so-called political art of poetry was in bloom. Opposition sold her leather (got rid of her prose) and became poesy. The Muses received the stern injunction to no longer amuse themselves idly and frivolously, but to enter the service of the Fatherland, either as sutler-women¹ of freedom or as washerwomen of the Christian German nationality. By the immortal gods! then the question was to set forth the inalienable rights

¹ *Marketenderinnen*—vivandières.

of the spirit (*des Geistes*), especially in poetry. As such a declaration was the great business of my life, I have specially kept it before me in this present poem, and both the tone (*Tonart*) as well as its subject was a protest against the *plébiscites* of the tribunals of the day; and, in fact, even the first fragments of 'Atta Troll' which were printed stirred up the wrath of my heroes of character, my Romans, who not only accused me of literary, but of social reaction; yes, even of mocking to scorn the holiest ideas of humanity. As regards the æsthetic value of my poem, I willingly abandoned it altogether (*so gab ich ihn gern Preis*), and wrote for my own pleasure and delight in the capricious dreamy fashion of that romantic school in which I had passed my most delightful youthful years. In this respect my poem is perhaps objectionable. But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou liest, Asinius, when ye declare that my mockery struck at those ideas which are a precious acquisition by the noble efforts of mankind (*eine kostbare Errungenschaft*), and for which I myself have fought and suffered so much. No, it is just because those ideas constantly sweep in their grandest clearness and magnificence before the poet that he is more irresistibly seized by a desire to laugh when he sees how roughly, awkwardly, and foolishly those ideas are grasped by narrow-minded contemporaries. He therefore makes his jest at their temporal idleness and cowardice (*über ihre temporelle Bärenhaut*). There are mirrors which are ground in such a distorted manner that

even an Apollo must needs see himself reflected therein as a caricature, and provoke us to laughter. We laugh in such a case at the grotesque exaggeration—not the god."

LXII.

PARIS, April 19, 1847.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I have received thy letter of the 13th, and see by it that thou art well, also that Madame Gustav has calved.¹ I offer *him* my congratulations through you. Hitherto he has only been able to make girls, but that is no (great) act; if I had cared for that, I might have now been the father of nine daughters—just as good as Apollo, who begot the Nine Muses. I hear nothing but what is good of Gustav from Vienna—all seems to go admirably with him. And I also hear, to my great amazement, that he manages housekeeping very economically (I thought, of course, of the *commissionnaire*). Remember me cordially to him. I often think of him, and I recalled only yesterday evening how he once, when a little boy, declared that he would rather have his mother than a cat—yes, that he loved her more than *six* cats.

I give my dear Lottie a paternal embrace, as I do to the children. I find myself well and cheerful, but rail at the whole world; and if thou hearest perhaps that I have fallen in battle or been grassed, then believe that I am only biting a pleasant pie.

¹ This delicate allusion is to his sister-in-law.—*Translator.*

Unfortunately my eyes are no better, and cramp is attacking my mouth, but that will probably disappear before the calming influences on the nerves of country air and rest. With doctors I no more will have to do. I observe that all the people who died this winter had medical attendance.

Just now, while I am getting ready to go to the country, I am busy putting my papers in order. This time I am going through all my letters, and burning all in which there is the least thing which can be taken hold of, especially as regards family affairs. Therefore, I have—more's the pity!—been obliged to burn a part of the letters from thee, and nearly all from Lottie, which greatly grieved me, for I love thee more than—six cats.

I have, as thou knowest, published "Atta Troll" in French, and am charmed at the extraordinary pleasure with which it is received. Give my regards to Max when thou writest to him, and, I beg thee, send me once again his Petersburg address. I have mislaid it, and do not wish to take the trouble to seek for it.

Just now my wife entered (she dwells just six rooms distant from my study), and, without my saying a word to her, observed that I was writing to you, and begs to send you many kisses and tendernesses. I love this cat too, more than any six other cats. She sends her best regards to her brother-in-law, and I avail myself of the same opportunity to send mine to Moritz. Thou hast no idea, dear Lottie, how very favourably my wife

is impressed with thy husband. She also wishes to be remembered to Ludwig, the (young) gentleman-nephew.—Your devoted H. HEINE.

LXIII.

PARIS, May 8, 1847.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I thought I had an opportunity to forward something to Havre, and prepared for that purpose a small box in which were two silk dresses, a black one for thee, and a violet-like, light-coloured gown for dear Lottie, but as the opportunity was missed, I sent the box directly by post, so that thou mightst receive it *via* Havre. Although I gave orders to have it sent paid for in advance in Havre (it is not possible to pay directly from here to Hamburg), I do not know that it was done, and thou hast, perhaps, dear mother, a heavy freightage to pay. Tell me if this was so. I and my wife looked out the clothes ourselves; she rejoicing like a child at doing so, and hopes that Lottie will approve of her taste. That I never heeded or thought of thy approval in any case is to be understood, and I shall be contented if thou dost not quarrel with me about it. We greet and kiss thee.—True and loving, H. HEINE.

LXIV.

MONTMORENCY, June 7, 1847.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—Thy dear letter and that of Lottie acknowledging the receipt of my small box was duly received here, where I have been living these three weeks in a delightful country-house, where I enjoy the most agreeable and comfortable existence. A great garden, almost a park, with high trees, in which the "nightingirls" (*Nachtigehls*), as old Nathan David of Copenhagen calls them, sing so beautifully. And amid all this I do nothing, and only take care of my health. So that, as thou seest, thou needst not be concerned concerning me. My wife is as gay here as a marmoset monkey (*Meerkatze*), cheers my darkened hours, and even behaves herself very well. Were it not for my eyes, which keep me from all reading, I should want nothing but my mother and sister, but we talk about you continually with sincerest love.

There is just now a ballet by me being brought out in London in the theatre of the Queen of England (*auf dem Theater der Königin von England*). As I have been already paid for it, and with an enormously great sum, I await the result without any anxiety; should it be a brilliant success, as there is reason to believe, there is blooming for me (*so erblüht mir*) in England a new pecuniary resource such as I never found before in Germany or France. I kiss dear Lottie, with the children, most cordially.

My wife, the darling spendthrift, sends her kindest regards to you all, and especially to my brother-in-law.

My parrot squalls aloud at this moment as if he would also send his regards to Hamburg.—Your
H. HEINE.

LXV.

MONTMORENCY, *June 22, 1847.*

DEAREST GOOD EXCELLENT MOTHER,—I know not why, but I have been tormented for several days with the thought that thou art perhaps ill, and I confess that I wish I had a letter from thee. Therefore do not let me wait long for news of thee. Since I have suffered so much with my eyes, I write with beautifully cut quill-pens—the devil take them! —for among twenty there is hardly one good.

My good Cat sends her kindest remembrances. She is happy in having a country place with such a great garden, where she busies herself from early morning till evening with watering, picking fruit, planting, and plucking, wears a broad brown straw hat, and is the most harmless amiability personified.

I kiss dear Lottie; but write, write, write!—
Yours,

H. HEINE.

LXVI.

MONTMORENCY, *July 27, 1847.*

BEST GOOD MOTHER,—If I now write but little to thee, it is partly because I have really very little

to say that is of any consequence, and again because I have been in the country. I have become so lazy that I feel a real aversion for pen and ink. I am tolerably well, but my trouble in the eyes is stiff-necked. I hardly dare read, and writing is not particularly good for me.

I shall get this winter in Paris some one to read to me who will also act as secretary. If thou shouldst therefore receive from me a letter not in my handwriting, do not be afraid; I will announce it to thee six months in advance. I will hope that in thy last letter which thou didst send directly here thou didst speak the truth, and that thou art really well. Thou hast no idea of how much I often torment myself when I think of you all. I seldom go to Paris, and live here quiet and peaceful in my rurality (*Ländlichkeit*), and devote myself to conscientiousness.

There has been for two days infamously rainy weather, and the birds of ill omen are beginning to pipe in my wife. She loves thee and Lottie beyond all telling, and we constantly talk about thee. She behaves admirably, except for small caprice and great extravagance; and, after all, since I have no children, she only squanders in reality her own money. I shall only have the less to leave her than if she were more economical.

Remember me most kindly to dear Lottie and the children. Oh, that I had to-day a barley-soup such as one gets at Lottie's, or a milk-pudding such as Anna loves! Fare well, and write to me here

at Montmorency direct, according to the address given.

It is raining as if in bucketsful from heaven.—
Your faithful

H. HEINE.

LXVII.

MONTMORENCY, September 21, 1847.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I duly received thy dear letter of the 3rd instant, and learned from it with joy that thou art well. With me all is as usual. I am now receiving from Germany many letters in which I am congratulated on my complete restoration to health. What that refers to I do not know, since I have read nothing for months. I let you know to-day that I shall leave Montmorency in three days on account of the approaching damp and frosty time of year. I shall return again for the present to my old residence (Faubourg Poissonnaire, 41),¹ whither thou mayst address thy letters; but by the beginning of October I shall have a new lodging, and will let thee know where it is as soon as I shall be well established in it. What a batter and clatter (*Gesippel und Gezappel*)—muss and fuss—and all to make our little bit of life more tolerable. My

¹ Such is the spelling as given in the revised German edition; but it was the Faubourg Poissonnière, as I can well remember, in September 1847, when I made daily visits to a cousin who was a close neighbour to Heine. But then there may be a rankling bad pun in *poissonnaire*—who knows? Heine was capable of as evil thoughts and deeds in this department of crime as was Rabelais himself, who esteemed a “first-rate bad” *calembourg* above a good one.—Translator.

wife sends her kind regards. She is very busy; she and the parrot quarrel all day long, but I cannot do without either of them. My eyes are always troubling me, and I cannot read. Write to me much and very often, but I tell thee beforehand that I cannot write much.

I send my love with all my heart to dear, dear Lottie, and kisses for all her children. My wife, in addition to the kisses for the whole kinship, has bound upon my heart extra kisses for my nephew. Also the kindest regards to my brother-in-law, Moritz.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

LXVIII.

PARIS, October 28, 1847.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I now live at 21 *Ter. Rue de la Victoire*. That is the chief cause why I write to-day.

Just think that on the 21st of the last month I left Montmorency, and now I must leave this (lodging) before two weeks are over, and enter a new place. That is two movings! What trouble for my poor wife! In the midst of all this misery I lost my maid, and my wife was for ten days obliged to attend to all affairs herself. So she is now quite run down, and I am very sorry for it all. Otherwise all is well. My eyes are always in a suffering condition. Thy letter containing the enclosure from Christiani was duly received. Christiani's trouble with the eyes was

due to a very different cause. I will this winter try to find something better.

Fare well! Dear Lottie, I kiss thee and thy dear mother twice.—Thy obedient son,

H. HEINE.

LXIX.

PARIS, November 6, 1847.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I duly received thy letter and Lottie's of the 11th, and learn from it with grief that thou hast been ill, and art perhaps not yet again restored to health. The most terrible thing in absence is that when far away the sufferings of our loved ones always seem greater than when near by, when even a glance from our eyes gives mutual consolation. I beg thee, dearest mother, write to me at once, or else let some one write for thee the real truth how thou really art (*wie es mit Dir aussieht*), for I can endure anything except uncertainty.

I cannot understand why my delay in writing could make thee uneasy. I had prepared thee for it long before, and that I should have at this time all kinds of flutter and clutter about me.

My new lodging is more beautiful yet smaller than the last; thus far I am satisfied with it. Rue de la Victoire, 21^{er}.

I send most heartfelt thanks to dear Lottie for the last two letters; only continue to write me many, especially regarding the family, of whom I hear

nothing. Thy plan to visit me here enraptures me ; my wife is fairly carried away with joy at the thought. To-day I will not write much to thee regarding it, for I am suffering more than usual with my poor eyes. I will write to thee in my next letter in detail regarding the execution of thy plan. Canst thou not travel in winter ? Give me, dear Lottie, thy present address, since I may, in all probability, give some one a letter of recommendation to thee, and do not know the address.

Kind regards to thy husband and my nephew. My wife sends kisses *ad lib. (in blanco)*. Farewell, and love me well. If my old Mousey were but well again !

H. HEINE.

LXX.

PARIS, December 4, 1847.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I learn with joy from thy last letter that thy health is improving, and I hope that thou hast told the truth. As for my health, I am always suffering with my eyes, but in all else I am better than ever. Yes, I have not been for two years so fresh and hearty as for the last fourteen days, the cause being a certain drink of herbs which I am now taking as a cure, and which, as my physician assures me, will radically cure me, so that I look forward to a happy winter. As soon as my cure is completed I'll write to thee more thereon. I have a pen with which I cannot write, nor can I make another one to-day. Already

it is growing very dark, and these, my rooms, alas ! are not too light. The last indeed is little to my taste, since I have heard, especially to-day, a tiresome knocking near me all the time.

If I am not mistaken, this must be thy birthday, and I offer thee my wishes for thy happiness with all my heart. As I do not know that I can write to thee before the New Year, I now give thee double congratulations. What shall I give thee for Christmas ? A crystal chandelier for thy *salon* or a Turkish carpet ? I saw one yesterday which only cost 6000 francs. My wife has already bought me my Christmas present with her money which was saved up—namely, a magnificent vase—really so superb that the goddess Hammonia herself need not be ashamed to use it. I would not exchange it for the throne of the king of Prussia ; I sit upon it so peaceably and calmly.

I kiss thee, my dear Lottie, as well as the children. Write soon to me, my dear old Mousey !
—Thy faithful

H. HEINE.

LXXI.

PARIS, December 29, 1847.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I write to thee to-day in the most vexing circumstances, *videlicet*, there is a constant hammering in the house, and it smokes. Therefore, I will remove as soon as I shall have found a new habitation.

My *cure* succeeds, but my eyes are always suffering,

and I therefore cannot write. Wiesbaden is of no avail. The cure of Christiani there is a peculiar case. He gambled in Wiesbaden, and when he had lost all he had, his eyes were suddenly opened!

My wife sends happy greetings for the New Year to thee and to my dear sister. We wish you luck and blessings.

Write soon to me. I am very sad when weeks pass without a letter from thee. The old year departed was a bad one. The Devil take it!

Write! write! Soon! soon!—Thy obedient son,

H. HEINE.

LXXII.

PARIS, *January 19, 1848.*

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I duly received thy last letter containing happy wishes for the New Year, and I hope that the news of thy good health is the truth. As for me, I feel better than usual, very much better, and if my *cure* has not worked so rapidly on my eyes as I could have wished, it has at least relieved me from several troubles, such as bowel-complaints, headaches, and the like. I shall in a few days move again; my infamous landlord has, against all law and our contract, put his horses under my bed-chamber, and they stamp all night long, which keeps me awake. I pass all day out of doors to avoid the noise. I write in haste before I go forth, and it is dark at nine o'clock. My poor wife was very ill yesterday. What I suffer! Just now she had me

called ; she has passed a good night, and I hope that she will soon again take flight. Yesterday she had a nervous attack, and when a tumbler of water was put to her mouth to restore her, she bit it convulsively with her teeth, and the pieces of glass had to be pulled from her mouth. Think of my terror ! I hope that no bit of glass remained. Nothing but alarm and disagreeable events ! What I endure ! This human life oft hangs upon a thread.

It has been published in the English newspapers that I was dead, and my early departure was very much regretted. In the German press I am at least three-quarters dead. But now I am accustomed to such things.

I kiss thee, dear Lottie, and pray that thou and dear mother will often write to me. As soon as I shall obtain new lodgings I will send thee my new address.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

LXXXIII.

PARIS, January 27, 1848.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I will only hurriedly inform thee that I will in a few days enter my new lodging, and that my address is “ Rue de Berlin, No. 9, à Paris.” Therefore write to me soon. My dear wife is quite well again, and doth scold as of old (*und zankt nach wie vor*). We live very harmoniously in general, but she torments me in the details ; for, namely, I must endure a great deal from her love of cleanliness (*Reinlichkeitsliebe*),

I

and therein she reminds me often of our cross-eyed Anna, who drove me to desperation with her scrubbing.

I expect a long letter from thee, dear Lottie, and meanwhile I kiss thee and thy chicks. I am now always in good health, but my real cure has been neutralised for the present by the great alarm and the noise in the house.

I love thee beyond all words, my dear good mother.

H. HEINE.

Heine carefully concealed the real state of his health from his old mother by attributing his illegible handwriting to bad pens, and describing his terrible sufferings as due to temporary indisposition. The miraculous draught of Dr. Sichel had not the promised result, and as little the water-cure of Dr. Wertheim. Dr. Gruby, a Hungarian, now undertook his cure, and the patient, by his advice, entered the private hospital of his friend Faultrier. Terrible cramps, beginning in the head, which raged through his whole body to his feet, made great doses of morphine necessary to allay the passing pains. In the midst of these severe sufferings the great Revolution of February (1848) broke out. Heine, as much surprised as all the world beside,¹ said of

¹ The reader who will consult my notes to the translation of "French Affairs" may learn from them that that which was an overwhelming surprise to Heine, to the chief of police, and even to Louis Philippe himself, was well known long beforehand to those who were preparing the *coup*. More than a month before

Louis Philippe's fall, "Luck in war seldom comes to old men. Louis Philippe tore away in the first bewilderment of battle, and so we came into a republic without knowing how it came to pass."¹

Heine remained with his friend Faultrier to the end of March, and then, tolerably strengthened, went to a country residence in Passy.

LXXIV.

PARIS, *March 30, 1848.*

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—Just because it is so stormy in the world, and especially troublesome here, I cannot write much to thee. The row (*Spektakel*) has brought me down physically and morally. I am distressed as I never was. Now I mean to live very calmly, and not trouble myself any more about anything. The noise broke out in the midst of the crisis of my cure, and I have lost by it money as well as health. Should things, as I fear, become more gloomy, I will go forth with my wife, or even alone. I am very much out of temper. Nor can affairs be going well in Germany, and I have little longing to go there. My wife is well. We live

it occurred, I wrote to America predicting the day on which the Revolution would break out, and its absolute certainty of success. Never was there so great a secret so well kept.—*Translator.*

¹ This is true. If Louis Philippe had been "hard as nails," and made of the same grim unflinching stuff as were some of the men who organised against him, or had even been surrounded by good fighters and could have held out for a week, he might have conquered. But he and his all ran at the first cry.—*Translator.*

quietly and out of the world. I will not on any account bring myself out before the public. However, I am much slandered by the Germans here. They screamed out that I had received money from the late Government when they found my name on the pension list.¹

The weather is very fine, and I often go out walking. My housekeeping goes on its own calm way (*geht ihren ruhigen Stiefel fort*). My wife behaves well; if she did not, I would bestow on her her freedom, as all kings are now doing to their

¹ The *hiesige Deutsche* of whom Heine speaks, and who would probably have jumped *en masse* for his pension if they could have got it on any terms, should have done him the justice to remember that it was so trifling that it probably did not more than pay his doctor's bills, and certainly, as has been frequently asserted, did not equal the amount of money which they annually begged from him. His charity to these impecunious refugees was famous, as I often heard at the time, and it was among them that he found his bitterest revilers. It was entirely left out of sight that these petty pensions were bestowed freely, not by any means entirely for *services*, but often as honours, to scores of men who could do nothing whatever for them. It certainly would have been more strictly correct or honourable if Heinrich Heine had *not* taken the pension, and for a very curious reason, because he was a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and because a sense of obligation to Guizot often apparently influenced him in his writing. But he (perhaps exceptionally among the small pensioners) really thought that, as "a great politician," he must do something for his money; and he was very wrong to sneer at Benjamin Constant for "taking money—money from Louis Philippe," when he was doing the same himself. It may be so; it was a grievous sin, and grievously did Heine answer it, while the long array of greater recipients of royal bounty shrugged their shoulders and escaped scot free. "For it was written in a chronicle of old," said Frater Rimbombardius, "that one man may steal a horse, yea, 'hoc magno erit illi honori,' while another must not look over the hedge, *sine castigatione*."—Translator.

people; then she would soon find what comes of being free. Thou hast no idea of what wretchedness is prevalent here: everybody is free and bankrupt.¹ Fare well!

Write to me often, dear mother. Thou, too, dear Lottie. Do not expect too much news of me; I write very unwillingly—am afraid of writing. To make my address more accurate, write, “To Henri Heine, chez M. Faultrier, 84 Rue de Lourcine, à Paris.”

I have all my letters now sent to this address, for I do not trust my house-porter. Has our family lost much money? Dear Lottie, do but write to me often and kiss the children. My wife sends cordial greetings.

H. HEINE.

The Revolution of February inspired Heine with fresh youthful enthusiasm,² and he sighed, “What misfortune to have experienced such a Revolution in my condition! I ought to have been dead or in good health.” His account to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the three days of February began as follows:—

¹ After the 24th February 1848 there was in Paris such a state of stagnation in business, poverty, and want of circulating medium as I have hardly, if ever, seen equalled, even in American crises or panics. All bankers suspended payment, and the wealthiest were obliged to live on credit till they could obtain money from abroad.—*Translator.*

² That is, now and then, according to the caprice of the moment. At one time he praised it, and anon spoke of it as a mere outburst of street blackguards, “who hardly got sight of their foes.” *Quid primum sit aut ultimum ignorat.*—*Translator.*

" My head was bewildered ; a constant drumming, shooting, and the *Marseillaise*. The last, the incessant song, almost split my head, and, ah ! the mob of thoughts, so dangerous to the State, which I had kept imprisoned for years, broke forth again."

But from the letter to his mother it may be seen that the revolutionary chaos, which aggravated the nervous sufferings of the poet, soon effected a reaction of exuberant spirits, and this impatience (*Unmuth*) increased when the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, basing its assertions on an article in the French casual publication the *Revue Retrospective*, cast grave suspicions on Heine's opinions.

The publications from the archives of the previous Government, under Guizot's Ministry, established the truth that many persons had enjoyed pensions from it, among them Heine, from the same *casse* from which the ex-King of Sweden, Gustavson, the Prince Godoy, the famed historian Augustin Thierry, and many political refugees and artists were supported. Among the Germans were Dr. Weil, editor of the *Stuttgarter Zeitung*, the Councillor of Legation Schmieder, and Baron von Klindworth.¹

¹ Neither Heine himself nor his nephew, Von Embden, seem to have once dreamed that his fame, far from being exalted by association with most of these "distinguished," but in many cases rather dirty names, is somewhat injured by it. They were, with few exceptions, doing political, concealed, and therefore *unclean* work for political purposes. Heine was a famous poet, very poor and blind ; and though, like the fly on the chariot, he had an enormous idea of his own weight in politics, it amounted practically to nothing at all. The people would read his letters because they were by the eccentric Heine, and for nothing else. It is very evident that both uncle and

The charge was renewed afterwards, to which Heine replied with a public explanation in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and as it is not known to every one, it here follows in unabridged form:—

“EXPLANATION.

“The *Revue Retrospective* has for some time delighted the Republican world with the publication of papers from the archives of the last régime, and among others it revealed the accounts of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs during the business management of Guizot. The circumstance that the name of the subscriber was there included with stated sums of money afforded a wide scope (*Spielraum*) for suspicions of the most detestable kind, and treacherous collocations (*Zusammenstellung*), which were not supported by what had appeared in the *Revue Retrospective*, served as a foil of accusation to an accusation by a correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which plainly sounded as if the Guizot Ministry had purchased my pen for certain sums to defend its acts. The editors of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, who gave with that accusation a note in which it was further still declared that I might have received that subsidy not for what I had written for them for twenty years, but much more for what I had *not* written, had had ample opportunity to observe that I am not the servile author who accepts pay for silence,—and this editorial power might properly have defended me with such a *levis nota*. It is, therefore, not to the article by the correspondent, but to that editorial

nephew derived great, if not perfect consolation, from the association with such names as “King,” though an ex-monarch, and “Prince,” though he was a Godoy.—*Translator.*

note to which I will confine these remarks, in which I will explain as clearly as possible my relations to the Guizot Ministry. It is higher views which impel me to this, and not the petty considerations of personal safety, nor even of honour. My honour is not at the disposition of any casual correspondent ; not even the first journal at hand is its tribunal ; I can only be judged by the highest court of literary history. Nor will I even admit that magnanimity shall be interpreted and defamed as fear. No, the support which I received from the Guizot Ministry was no tribute ; it was really a support. It was—I call the thing by its right name—the great alms which the French people expended on thousands of foreigners who, by their zeal for the Revolutionary cause, had more or less gloriously compromised themselves, and for which they had sought refuge by the hospitable hearth of France. I took such pecuniary aid shortly after that time when the lamentable act of the Diet appeared which sought to ruin me even financially, as the leader of a so-called Young Germany, since they prohibited by an interdict in advance not only all which I had written, but all which I might subsequently write, and so deprived me not only of my means and methods of earning a living without judgment or justice. And that the payment of the needful (*verlangten*) means of support was assigned to the treasury of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and indeed to the pension fund, of which there is no official control, was due to the fact that the other treasuries were at that time over-taxed. It may be, too, that the French Government would not too openly support a man who was always a thorn in the eyes of the German embassy, and whose extradition might be claimed under many circumstances. How urgently my Prussian friends importuned the French Government with such demands is known to many ; but

M. Guizot obstinately refused to give me up, and paid me my pension regularly without intermission. He never required from me for it the slightest service. When I called on him shortly after he had taken the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and thanked him that he, notwithstanding my Radical complexion, had notified the continuation of my pension, he replied with a melancholy air of kindness, ‘I am not the man to refuse a bit of bread to a German poet who lives in exile.’ This is what Guizot said to me in November 1840, and it was the first and last time in my life in which I had the honour to address him. I have given to the editorship of the *Revue Retrospective* the proofs which substantiate the truth of the above assertions, and they may now express themselves as to the significance and origin of the pension in question as is becoming to French *loyauté*.

HEINRICH HEINE.

“ PARIS, May 15, 1848.”

LXXV.

PASSY, May 27, 1848.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I have been living for three days in a summer-house near Passy, which is half-an-hour from Paris. Whether this dwelling will suit me, or whether new disturbances are destined to afflict my life here, I do not know. Thus far misfortune has followed me in every change of residence. At present all is tolerably well. I write these lines to thee in the open air, under green leaves, where the sun’s rays play on my paper, which is very pretty, but which greatly impedes my writing.

My trouble in the eyes, especially the paralysis of the muscles of the face, is just now in full irresistible bloom, and therefore my poor wife must put up with a great deal of my irritation. Yet we have but just now breakfasted very well together on this very table on which I am now writing, and greatly enjoyed our domestic tranquillity, as well as the fine strawberries and asparagus which we ate!

How are you all doing? How is it with thee, dear Lottie, in these dreadful times? Have ye sugar enough, so that the strawberries can lie softly, and be nicely and warmly covered up?

This year is not a year of sugar, and the whole world goes very bitterly.

I trouble myself about nothing, and even my invalidity protects me, it may be, from dangers of death to which I would have been exposed if I had thrown myself madly and in health into the battles of the time.

I have had a letter from Gustav and his wife, in which he declares that he is a happy father of a family, and enjoys the greatest domestic bliss.

My address is now, "64 Grande Rue à Passy, près de Paris." Write to me soon and much. I now conclude, and kiss you and the two children.

The sun's rays blind me too much at this instant.
The parrot screameth, and my wife sends greeting.—
Your faithful

H. HEINE.

LXXVI.

PASSY, June 10, 1848.¹

DEAREST SISTER,—My wife desires that I shall not delude thee too much or longer regarding the true state of my health, so that should I die, thou mayest not be too suddenly alarmed. Yet this last, let us hope, may not happen so soon, for I may drag out a dozen years longer as I am—Lord help me! I have been so crippled for fourteen days that I have been obliged to be carried like a child, for my legs are like cotton. My eyes (are) terribly bad. But at heart I am all right, and my brain and stomach are in good condition. I am well cared for, and I am in no great need whatever as regards defraying great expenses for illness. . . . My wife is very well, and we live very agreeably. Should I die in this condition, my end would be better than that of a thousand others. Now thou knowest where thou art.

I would so willingly have visited thee this summer; it may be that I shall see thee next spring, or thou

¹ It was on this day, June 10, 1848, while Heine was writing this letter at Passy, that I was at the police-office in Paris asking for my passport, wishing to go to England. There was a regulation at the time that passports must be applied for twenty-four hours in advance. But when I made the due notification, my passport was at once handed to me, with a polite smiling intimation that they were only too glad to get rid of me—so delighted, in fact, that in my case the usual rule was suspended. I did not return till twenty-one years later, and, by odd coincidence, as I have mentioned in the notes to “French Affairs,” it was with a full knowledge that the next day there was to be an attempted revolution, in which I was offered a prominent position as an old barricader of 1848. This was the affair of the *Plébiscite*.—Translator.

mayst come here next year. But I am thoroughly glad that thou canst not come this year, on account of the universal revolutionary rioting (*Weltrevolutionsgepolter*), which you all have doubtless to endure. Yes, we live in a miserable period, and I should like in a hearty and happy time, and not in hours of illness, to enjoy meeting thee again. Will I ever get better? That God, who manages all things for the best, only knows. Write to me frequently and fully how all seems to be with the family. Let us keep my illness a secret from mother always in future as before.

“ Shadowy love and shadowy kisses,
Shadowy life so strangely flow,
Deemst thou, sister, all these blisses
Can remain for ever so ?

What we fondly held while living,
Flits like shadows o'er the deep ;
Hearts forget while onward moving,
Eyes at last are lost in sleep.”

H. HEINE.

Repose was needed owing to Heine's nervous condition, for the noise of Paris, where mobs went singing and rioting about the streets, cast him into feverish excitement, and made his residence there unendurable. So he rented a country place in retired repose, where there was healthy air, and hoped that this would cause some alleviation of his sufferings. This result was unfortunately not obtained,

and the state of the poet's health in Passy grew rather worse than better. Of which he wrote:—

LXXVII.

PASSY, *August 12, 1848.*

DEAREST SISTER,—The condition of my eyes is such that for every letter which I write myself I must atone with a day of most certainly acute suffering, and as thou wilt not have a letter from me at such a price, I will to-day and in future employ a pen in other hands to give thee information of my health. This has in no respect improved, yet there is no present danger, and what is saddest is that I still live. Thou needst not therefore torment thyself as to me, but I deserve pity to the utmost. I have often to endure the most agonising cramps, and am then like a fettered man. I have for two months lost all use of my feet and legs, and must be rolled here and there in a chair. I have become a poor paralytic man, who would be a great burden to thee if thou wert here. And yet I cherish the hope to visit you all next year, and we have meanwhile time enough to arrange everything necessary for my comfort. This year it would not be possible. I have a thousand affairs to arrange, since the Revolution and my sudden misfortune of being crippled have brought all my worldly affairs into the most illimitable confusion. I hope that all will go better, and I endure meanwhile my fate with patience.

My wife loses her head, and is often like a lunatic.

I have not written to Max, but shall soon do so.

Give my kindest regards to your husband, and kiss for me my dear nieces. Remember me lovingly to Ludwig, and thank him for his kindly interest in me.—Thy loving brother,

H. HEINE.

LXXVIII.

PASSY, *September 11, 1848.*

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—These are the first lines which I have written for five weeks. I refrain from all such work on account of my eyes, and thou must therefore be contented if I write to thee by aid of my secretary, for I suffer so much from every letter that thou shouldst be really glad that I do not on thy account incur such pain. I long since wrote to thee that my right arm suffers from such pains as precede palsy. Otherwise all goes on as usual, and money—that cowardly money, which hid itself for fear of a Republic—is beginning to reappear. I never go to town, and trouble myself about nothing save my health. I hope that thou and Lottie, as well as the dear children, are all well. We love thee beyond all words. I shall remain four weeks longer here. The weather is perfectly beautiful.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

LXXIX.

PARIS, October 19, 1848.

DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER,—I have just received your letter, from which I learn with joy that you are well. As for me, my condition is always the same, or at best but little improved. My cramps have somewhat ceased, but my eyes are always abominably bad, although I spare them inexpressibly —never read, and do not write myself. But letters, dear Lottie, I always read with my own eyes, which I particularly mention on account of thy question. As regards the cholera, ye need not trouble yourselves much about me; this old monster (*Bestie*) is at any rate not so terrible as it once was. More terrible are matters in Vienna, and our poor Gustav may indeed have suffered some anxiety.

Write to me how all has been with him. I am not in direct correspondence with him. My wife is well and sends kindest remembrances to you. We are continually conversing about you, and we can especially never say enough that is cheerful and agreeable as regards mother. The chief thing which I have to tell to-day is that I am still quite contented with my new dwelling, and that I by no means regret the sacrifice which I made as regards the change. We live calmly, quietly, and safe from sudden alarm (*sicher vor dem Schuss*). Give my kind regards to, and kiss the young ones for me, and remain ever loving to your true

H. HEINE.

LXXX.

PARIS, December 28, 1848.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—Though writing is forbidden me, I cannot refrain from sending thee greeting for the New Year. God sustain thee and bestow on thee many and happy years of life. I also send my regards to dear Lottie—a New Year's ring-cake (*Kringel*) such as we ate in Düsseldorf in the morning with our coffee—which consisted of three beans (of coffee) and three pounds of chicory. Of sugar not a shadow! (*keine Idee*). Dost thou remember the great coffee-pot which looked like a flower vase or a Roman jar? It was of very beautiful black tin (*Blech*). Fare well and love well.

—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

LXXXI.

PARIS, March 29, 1849.¹

DEAR LOTTIE,—Thy letter has deeply affected me, and since reading it I have wept and wept again, so that I can hardly see to-day. Only a word of consolation. Death is no disaster, but a suffering of years ere we come to death is. The suffering of years! happy they who are soon done with it—*per acquit*, as my little father said; we turn round and go to sleep, and all is paid.

I am at this instant suffering too much to be able to specially condole with thy husband. I press his

¹ Written on the death of her youngest daughter.

hand in silence. And thou, poor strong heart ! how much hast thou had to endure ! God keep thee safe, dear good sister. Thou, my good mother, must wait some time for a letter from me, and I can only hastily embrace thee to-day.

Kiss Lottie and the children for me. My wife is well ; I am still in the same sad state.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

LXXXII.

PARIS, April 21, 1849.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I hoped day by day for some improvement, and I am greatly grieved that I have nothing cheering to report concerning my state of health. My eyes seem to be somewhat better, but now I am suffering again with cramps in my right arm and hand, which renders writing bitterly unpleasant. My wife sends her kindest regards. The departure of our little niece for her long home has terribly distressed us, and I, who am now so easily moved, have been for eight days ill after learning the sad news. An illness in an illness!¹ What one endures ! And how much you must have suffered there and still suffer ! God guard thee and my Lottie ! I hope that thou art well. Tell me the truth. Fare well and love well.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

¹ *Velut*, “Imperium in imperio,” or “Infelicitatis omnis ex particeps.”

LXXXIII.

PARIS, *June 14, 1849.*

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I conjure thee to write to me soon; I cannot understand why I have been so long without a letter from thee. We live here in anxiety and sorrow. The cholera is raging terribly, and people perish like flies. My wife is also ill, and I have almost lost my senses. And I find myself miserably bad; but the cholera spares all who suffer with chronic complaints, probably because they live temperately. Kiss Lottie and the children for me. I hope that you are all well. Illness is the most terrible suffering, death is the least and the most tolerable.—Thy ever-loving and faithful son,

H. HEINE.

LXXXIV.

PARIS, *August 7, 1849.*

DEAR GOOD SISTER,—Thy last letter greatly grieved me, for I can well understand how much thou hast to suffer from the disturbances there on account of the situation of thy dwelling. I am afraid that thou art confined to bed more frequently than I am aware of. I pray tell me the truth. We are living at a time when there is little that is agreeable to communicate, which gives the consolation that the full extent of our misfortune is fully known to us, and that the imagination is not tormented by uncertainty. With me all goes as usual; my eyes cause

intolerable pain, and I am devoured with sorrow and a feeling of hopelessness. Therefore I write to thee rarely and but little, but I always think of thee, and there is no night in which I do not devote to thee many tears.¹ All is as usual with my wife, an angel who often has very devilish freaks, and the sweetest spendthrift who ever tormented on this earth, or blessed, a husband. My dear Lottie I kiss a thousand times.—Thy faithful son,² H. HEINE.

LXXXV.

PARIS, August 19, 1849.

DEAR GOOD LITTLE MOTHER,—I learn with terror from the newspapers how frightfully all is going with you, and how my friends the Prussians are carrying on in Hamburg. Were I there, they would certainly on this occasion lay hands on me. All is quiet here, even in my household. My wife is again well, the Lord be praised! and tries to cheer up my sad life as well as she can. She is a good child, and when she troubles me, it is not her fault, but

¹ It may be remarked as regards this letter that it indicates unmistakably the most terrible sufferings—blindness, physical pain, absence from those whom he dearly loved, and the inability to write. When Heine was younger, and had no more to complain of than the average of men of his class, he made Germany ring with his complaints of peculiar misery, declaring that—

“ Where men speak of sorrows,
Thou’lt hear them speak of mine.”

² *Dein getreuer Sohn.* The letter is evidently meant for both sister and mother, though addressed to the former.

her infirmity. God guard her, as well as you all; and give my kind regards and kisses to my dear sister, as well as to the children.

Thou, dear mother, wert always a noble, God-fearing woman, of true piety, and for thy sake God will ever stand by us.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

LXXXVI.

PARIS, October 24, 1849.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I have just received thy dear letter. Didst thou but know how unwillingly I write, thou wouldest not often wish for letters from me. Firstly, I again for several days have seen very badly; and secondly, I have little that is cheerful to relate. The devil take my eyes! all the doctors' quackery does me no good. I only write with my own hand to thee, dear mother; here I cannot dictate, because I must every now and then let slip something confidential.

I congratulate thee on thy Viennese grandson. The Lord be praised that I find by all this productiveness that Gustav is well. And I observe thereby that he does not betray his wife!

To-day I cannot see at all! Therefore I write to thee to-day, and thou wilt receive these lines only to perceive by them how well I am. Kiss Lottie.
—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

Dictation was very disagreeable to Heine, and it was long ere he could accustom himself to it. He

said of it, "Hitherto I wrote everything myself, and I believe that dictation of prose in German is a doubtful business. The author has not only to keep in view the cadence (*Tonfall*), but also the architeconic construction of his periods. Our language is adapted to the eye; it is plastic, and as regards rhyme, not only the sound (*Klang*), but also the manner of writing has its influence.¹ Strangely enough, there is here impressed the difference which prevails therein between the Germans and French even in the verbal indication of the thing. The German calls his intelligence or understanding (*sein Verständniss*) *Einsicht*,² the Frenchman *entendement*. The German must, in my opinion, see or have practically formed (*plastisch*) before him what he colloquially creates (*was er sprachlich schafft*). Verses which one finishes in one's head are easier to dictate than prose, and yet I could not do that; I should change so much."

When his health permitted, Heine wrote his MSS. on great folio sheets with lead-pencil in great letters, and only his letters were dictated.

LXXXVII.

PARIS, January 21, 1850.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I duly received the letter from thee and Lottie, with happy wishes for

¹ *Entscheidet* — leads to conclusions, determines, or forms our impression. As, in many cases, I translate here by the spirit, and not by the letter.—*Translator*.

² *Einsicht* is, however, insight or seeing into.

New Year. I hope that you have all happily begun the year. Heaven grant that it may end peaceably and without terrors. With me this new year has not as yet assumed a character, and it is droning away as sillily and melancholy as the last.

Nor is there the least change in my state of health. I continue to take care of my eyes without result. If I did not cherish them as I would the apple of my eye (*eben wie meinen Augapfel*), I should now be blind, which would be a terrible disaster, from which God guard me! I therefore do not always write to thee myself, which makes no great difference, since I now no longer express my thoughts in letters. My wife is still suffering from the consequences of her heedlessness; she cannot walk as yet, but is beginning to hop about the room on one leg like a frog. She sends her kindest regards to you, as you are indeed a constant theme of conversation with us. My wife bears the results of her accident with less impatience than I expected; she makes up for the evil instants of ill-temper with so much amiability at other times, that I find, as regards this business, I make more than I lose.

I beg you all write to me very soon, and from *thee* I also expect a long letter about thyself and the loved ones—the whole Holy Family. I hope thou art quite recovered from thy accident. The jack-fool Von Wihl assists me sometimes, and never fails to amuse me in one way or another. One must, of course, be on one's guard with him; but then who

is there among mankind against whom one should not be on one's guard ?¹

I will say nothing as regards the absurdities uttered in German newspapers as to my so-called conversion. It is the same thing as it is with everything which they assert concerning me.² And so,

¹ Heine here expresses the idea which was inscribed long ago in another form on the wall of the dungeon in Venice, where it may still be seen :—

“ God guard me from my friends, whoe'er they be !
I'll guard myself against mine enemy ! ”—Translator.

² Out of justice to the journals thus alluded to, it may be declared that they did not act nearly so absurdly in the matter as Heine himself, with whom the whole affair seems to have been a *réclame* to attract attention. After having, in all his writings for many years, in a very irregular, inconsistent manner, alternately praised and ridiculed most forms of faith or philosophy, but showing himself, on the whole, a rather feeble “ Nothingarian,” with only an æsthetic morality, Heine, in the preface to *Deutschland* (Germany), 1852, with a great deal of talk about himself, or of *ich* and *mich*, as was his wont, discussed what he had previously said on religion in the remarks on the *Romancers*, and proclaimed himself a Theist and a believer in the Bible, gilding his praise of the latter with a quotation from “ Josua Ben Siras Ben Eliezer,” which amounted to nothing, since all profession of faith from a graduate in philosophy depends on a *very* close explanation of *what* one means by “ God,” or “ Bible.” Heine, in truth, never believed consistently or seriously in anything, whatever he may have fancied now and then. Yet he was not more inconsequential than Carlyle, who, after having set forth Pantheism, clearly and boldly adorning the doctrine with all the poetic power which he possessed, and after having done more than any man of his time to weaken orthodox religion, denied that he had believed in or taught anything of the kind, and, on being asked if he was not a pan-theist, replied, “ No, but a *pot*-theist.” The truth was, that in Heine the early Jewish faith of his boyhood, like the Scotch Presbyterianism of Carlyle, always exercised a certain associative, merely *sentimental* influence, and when the later autumn of life came on, both reverted more or less to childhood.

dear mother, farewell. May the good Lord preserve thee, guard thee from all sufferings, especially of the eyes, take care of thy dear health ; and, if things do not always go as thou wouldest have them, console thyself with the thought that few women are so loved and honoured by their children as thou art, and as thou truly deservest to be, my dear, noble, upright, and true mother. What are others compared to thee ? People should kiss the ground which thy foot hath trod.

The winter is infinitely harsh,¹ and I hope that thou keepest warm in thy thin-walled shaky little house by the Dammthor. I do not let it make any difference, and burn whole forests to keep warm, and I am in other matters well cared for.—Thy true son,

H. HEINE.

In the previous letter Heine declares that it is an absurdity when German newspapers speak of his conversion, and yet a religious revolution (*Umschwung*) had begun to influence his manner of thought. Heine, who had in his parents' home grown up in the Israelitish faith, was, without any ritual compulsion, made faithful by it to a strict reverence for God, and went over in 1825 to the Lutheran faith.² His philosophical studies, with which he was always

¹ *Unendlich rauh*, or “no end of rough.” It would seem as if the common English expression “no end of” had come from the German.—*Translator*.

² It will be remembered by the reader that Heine, and many of his friends, have declared that this conversion was only made to enable him to practise law.—*Translator*.

occupied, placed him far above all forms of any positive religion.

In his transition he attained, through the new doctrines of St. Simonism, to a poetic pantheism.

If he at a later period always remained a free-thinker, he was finally inspired by a detestation of atheism, and, after having been sorely tried by the long sufferings of a sick-bed, he returned again to a pure deism devoid of form.¹

LXXXVIII.

PARIS, March 15, 1850.

DEAREST MOTHER,—The letter in which thou didst acknowledge the receipt of the draft was duly received. Yes, I repeat my promise to thee, that I, should I ever be in a temporary embarrassment, will at once inform thee of it, so that I may arrange as regards the sum remitted, which is safer in thy hands than mine. I have, I believe, told thee that my finances are tolerably well in order, and that

¹ Baron von Embden has here very succinctly, and as clearly as he could, expressed his uncle's singular *mélange* of faiths. At first a pious Jew, then a pretended Lutheran, again a poetic pantheist (to which should have been added his frequent extravagant expressions of admiration for what he regarded as Kant's pure atheism), all his life as a philosopher elevated above all forms of faith, always a free-thinker, and finally an *abstract* deist—not a monotheist. Add to this that he very distinctly declared himself a mystic and supernaturalist in æsthetics (*vide Salon*) and bitterly ridiculed the same principles in *Germany*. Which proves effectively what I have more than once declared, that he was everything by turns and nothing long.—*Translator.*

only troubles for the time can intervene which are not tormenting but only annoying, and the receipts for the next quarter regularly and steadily replace the deficit of the past. The expenses of my illness are very great, not because I need so many doctors and apothecaries, but because I am compelled to protect myself by sacrifices of money against many injurious influences.¹ The very worst in all my illness is that I must live so long, which thou dost not, of course, dear mother, think is so bad; but I, who must suffer so much physically, and lose all hope of recovery, envy the men who are carried away by acute disease. What is worst in dying is that we cause so much affliction to those who love us. How gladly would I wander from the world if I did not reflect on the helplessness of my spendthrift (wife), on the grief of the old frump (*Schachtel*) who dwells by the Dammthor, and on the tears of my sister. I thank her for her last dear missive. Dear Lottie always delights me when I get letters from her. But you too must not expect answers too frequently, for it grieves me too much that I can only send you only troubling or mournful letters, and that I can only write at third hand.

I thank my nephew with all my heart for his

¹ This reads as if the author were in some way literally blackmailed by threats, but Baron von Embden explains it as a reference to the many charitable gifts of money which Heine made to German exiles in Paris. It is certainly true that, if Heine was wanting in "religion," he had to fulness that which constitutes the very best part of religion, a charity and generosity devoid of ostentation or weakness of any kind. That he was in all the ordinary relations of life a good man is evident from these letters.—*Translator.*

friendly letter, which I read with pleasure though with difficulty. He must write to me often, but with *black* ink and in a more legible manner. I am anxious to know how the youth is getting on (*in welcher Weise der junge Mensch sich herausfindet*), and what is to be hoped for in him. I send love to my Annie and Lena,¹ with kisses. How often I think on my dear Annie, on my sweet child, of the sweet milk-pudding which she makes so well. Oh, that I had my Annie here, and such a perfect pudding too! after which I drank a cup of tea, but not of the first drawing, but one of the after cups which she kept for herself. My wife, who is well again, and who now goes out, sends her love. And so fare well, and love well your devoted

H. HEINE.

LXXXIX.

PARIS, May 6, 1850.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER AND DEARLY LOVED SISTER,—I have received with great joy the letter from which I learned that you are well, and withal find in it more loving sympathy than I deserve, and more even than is temporarily good for me. How can I reciprocate it all? And how can I gratify your loving wishes to be continually informed as to my health in my present condition, when every external communication from abroad, if

¹ Madame Helene Hirsch, *née* Embden, in Berlin.—*German Editor.*

it must be in German, is rendered peculiarly difficult. For I have no longer the aid of a certain German who has for twelve years attended to all my scribbling (*meine Schreibseligkeiten versorgte*), and as I cannot dictate any German to the Frenchman who took his place, I have not every day at command a German pen wherewith I can confer with you. If you therefore receive letters at much more irregular intervals, you must attribute it to those circumstances, and free me from the reproach of unloving neglect. There is, however, nothing at present of importance here. I am somewhat better as regards my heart. I suffer rather less, but I am afraid that the malady itself is proceeding with its deliberate but fatal snail's pace ever onwards.¹ I now take very little medicine. My wife is very well; she is growing very stout; and sends her kind regards to you all. Carl comes now and then to see me; he was here four times in one month, but now seems to be intending to leave. I touch (do) nothing which could hurt him. He has a good heart, but there is no railway from his heart to his pocket. I do not complain of him, and let matters go on just as they will or may.

I thank thee, dear Lottie, for thy kind zeal to serve me, but I limit my requirements to what our dear mother long ago offered. Canst thou not send me German books from the circulating library in

¹ "How wearily time crawls along,
That hideous snail that hastens not."

—Poem on his illness by H. Heine, 1855.

Hamburg by the steamboat, by which they can also be returned?

I would often gladly read something German, and as I never can get from the library here what I want, and as there is no circulating library here, I must find some other way. In such a case, you could send me a catalogue from Hamburg in a newspaper wrapper.

I do not intend to go to the country, yet I shall do something very idyllic, and that indeed to-morrow, for I am to drink asses' milk. My physician has prescribed it, and if it is wholesome, I will gladly seek refuge among asses (*bei Eseln meine Zufucht nehmen*). I would have written to Gustav long ago, if I had not again lost his address; but I intend to write to him soon, to attend to something for me in Vienna. I have received a charming letter from Max. It often occurs to me to move with all my household to Hamburg, and if I were only certain that such a removal, and all the riot and racket, would not injure my poor person, it might eventually come to pass. But I have, unfortunately, too much on hand (*um die Ohren*), and although it gives me great trouble, I really cannot cast aside all my business and literary occupation. Write to me much and often. If Ludwig could leave Hamburg for a few days without injury to his business, he might avail himself of the present rapidity and cheapness of the railway journey to come here to Paris, where I would be very glad to see him, and could also, by means of oral instruction and other

employment, make him useful in my most confidential affairs. It could all be done in eight days, and the youth would have had no time in which to learn to know Paris too intimately.

And so farewell, and keep me in loving remembrance, and excuse me should I delay for some time with my answer. I send kind regards to my nephew Ludwig, and to you all. I wish very much to have a letter, and that in her own hand, from my dear niece Anna. She need not specially trouble herself, and may write whatever comes into her head. I have a good cook now, but nobody in France can make a decent pudding (*Auflauf*) with *confitures* as you do in the North. God grant thee, dear Lottie, much prosperity, and His blessing in thy new house.
Your faithful

H. HEINE.

XC.

PARIS, June 15, 1850.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I duly received thy dear letter with the postscript from Lottie and Annie, and I should have answered it before, had it not been for the trouble which I have with my German correspondence, and which I mentioned in my previous letter. Beyond this, nothing has taken place, and it grieves me, dear mother, that I can only sing thee my old song of Lamentation, with the melancholy old variations; and so I can only repeat that the worst of this illness is, that from it one can only suffer terribly, but not die so quickly. Thou mayst

depend upon it that I will not conceal from thee any change for the worse. When I do not write to thee, there is no occasion for any other thought, save that I either want a pen to which I can trust, or else that I do not wish to increase my already sufficiently wretched state of mind by mournful news. But be convinced that I always think of thee. In very truth I long to survive thee, so as to spare thee the grief of hearing of my departure, and that is perhaps the main interest which I take in life. If I had thee no longer, I would meet death with a much lighter heart. Lottie has her children and her husband; and as for my wife, she has too happy a temper to suffer much on account of my loss, after a time. Dost thou not see how much I am in the right not to write often such melancholy letters? I have been a very sorrowful jester without a jest.

I thank thee, dear sister, that thou hast attended to what I wanted regarding the books, but I (only) asked thee to send me a catalogue in a newspaper wrapper by post, which would have only cost eight *schilling*, instead of which the bookseller Jovien has sent me his catalogue in a packet by way of Havre, and with it three books, none of which have the least interest for me.¹ I have just returned them by Carl Heine, who will take them with him, and thereby save me the outlay of seven francs, that

¹ In reference to a peculiar and sometimes very annoying custom which some German booksellers still have, of sending books not asked for to their customers to examine, it being understood that if the leaves are cut the books must be paid for.—*Translator.*

being the price of a packet, since the rascals of forwarding agents in Havre charge as much for commission and expenses to send a few books as for a great box ; for the freight itself, especially from Paris to Havre, is very trifling. But I would gladly pay as much for sending such books as *interest* me, and if I cannot find an opportunity to send them by some one, I will send them back promptly at my own expense. But that I may not be obliged to repeat this too often, I beg that not less than a dozen books at a time be sent to me, and only those which I have specially ordered.

Among the books which I wish to read are these :—Dickens' (Boz), especially his "Pickwick" and Travels in America and Italy. *Humphreis Wanduhr* ("Master Humphrey's Clock"), by the same author, and the *Grillchen auf dem Heerde* ("The Cricket on the Hearth") I have read before. Then I want the translation of the Russian works of Gogol ; and I also wish to read a romance by L. Storch, which in the catalogue is entitled *Der Stern Jacobs, eine Messiade* ("The Star of Jacob, a Messiad"). If this book be not to be had, I wish to read the successive numbers by the author. There are also many novels by Tieck which I have not read, and I want the numbers indicated. And look, dear Lottie, and see if there be in the circulating library the *Kronwachter* of Arnim, first and second parts, the latter volume of which appeared some years ago ; and so—enough ! Some of these books will certainly be found, or enough to make a

nice despatch to me, but I pray thee let them be sent *soon*, because I often have in the summer-time opportunities to send the books back without expense.

I thank my dear niece Anna for her letter with all my heart. It would delight me immeasurably to see her again, as everybody has something charming and loving to tell of her. Should she become like her mother and grandmother, the man who bags her (*der sie mal aufsackt*) may congratulate himself, especially should she have the gentleness (*Sanfte*) of both.—Your loving faithful H. HEINE.

XCI.

PARIS, June 18, 1850.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I hope that these lines will find thee well, since I, for my part, have been much better for two days past; as it happens with nervous complaints, of which mine is one, that the patient finds himself down in the dumps one day and up singing the next, and never knows where he is with his health. This want of stability is the reason why I never give you all details of my disorders or troubles, since they will have changed their details as soon as thou wilt have received my letter. Carl Heine thinks of leaving Paris soon, and I send the books by him back to the circulating library in Hamburg. I forgot to remark in my last letter that I have read the work of Dickens called *Weihnachtsgeschichte* ("Christmas Story"),¹ and that it conse-

¹ Probably the "Christmas Carol."—Translator.

quently need not be sent to me. And I also forgot to mention that M. Jovien made a mistake in my address, and therefore his package went for some time astray; therefore Lottie must give him the right address to aid him in forwarding the books, which I hope to receive as soon as possible. All is quiet here. My wife is well, but unfortunately grows more corpulent every day—she already weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. She sends her kindest love, and never ceases talking about you.

This morning I had a call from the world-renowned poet, Dr. Wihl, who commissioned me to send his compliments to my mother and sister. His vanity apart, which makes him capable of the worst things, and which has certainly led him into much evil, he is a very good man.

I have not as yet managed to write to Gustav, since, as thou knowest, every epistolary communication in German is so very difficult for me; but I will write to him soon, since I have some commissions of importance to me for him to execute, and I am convinced of his liking me (*von seiner Zuneigung zu mir*). I send my best love to thee, dear Lottie, as well as to my dear nieces and my dear nephew.

Tell me, Lottie dear, why I never get a letter from Campe. My drafts are duly paid by him every time when I draw on him half-yearly, but I get no answer to my letters. What is he cooking up? (*was kocht er?*). Fortunately I have no need to publish anything just now, else this silence, which might compel me to make engagements with other publishers,

would perplex me. But that he does not know, and this unresponsiveness on his side is not to be answered. Try to find out something as to this, my dear Lottie, and write to me, of all things, as soon as possible.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

XCII.

PARIS, *July 25, 1850.*

DEAREST MOTHER,—My last letter crossed thine, and it is probable that the same will occur again with this. I hope that thou art well, which is the main thing. As for me, I find myself tolerably so-so, and though my malady does not diminish, still it seems to me as if my strength were increasing, and there are days when I have very little pain, and then I give free rein to imagination, with far-flying projects based on health. I work very little, but my soul was never so awakened, more active, or energetic than at present. But my eyes are always in bad condition. I have again tried to write, but it hurt me. Not to scribble so much, I write with a lead-pencil, which I find hard work.

I send my kindest regards to dear Lottie, and thank her for what she has communicated. I have received the books, yet all was not quite right as regards the last lot received; for some pleased me, and were what I wanted, and others were already known to me—a mistake probably caused by my not expressing myself clearly. Now the trouble is to find a chance to send the books back as soon as

possible. I would like to know if the expense would be less should I have the books forwarded by railway directly from Hamburg. Pray let Ludwig find out whether packets can be so sent by railway, and how much one must then pay by the pound? I know this much, that by rail packages from Cologne to Paris cost only a mere trifle.

My wife sends her most cordial regards; we talk about you day and night, especially by night, because we never retire before twelve or one o'clock. We live quietly and in perfect agreement, and my wife was never so reasonable as just now. And yet Germans here have spread a scandal that we are separated on account of dissension. You have no idea what vermin bearing the name of Germans creep around here. The person of whom Lottie warns me is a jewel compared to the louse named Ferdinand W., of whom Campe gives me information as to myself—a wretch on whom I have been bestowing benefits all the time for fifteen years, and who was at last guilty of such vulgar meanness (*Gemeinheiten*) that I put him with curses out of doors.¹

¹ This reminds me of an "item" which was circulated in the German newspapers about this time. It bore the heading of "*Eingrosser Mann ein grober Mann*"—"A great man a rude (or vulgar) man"—and was to the effect that some German who had a letter of introduction to Heine called on him and knocked at the door, which was partially opened by the poet. "What do you want?" inquired the latter. "I have a letter of introduction to you from —," answered the visitor. "I do not wish to see you," answered Heine. "But I have a letter of introduction," persisted the stranger, to which Heine replied that he did not

I repeat to thee, dear mother, that I am now rather better. Perhaps I am, like all invalids, a little unjust, and I cannot really avow that I find myself 24 per cent. better than before.

So now fare well! Write to me soon and a great deal, and keep in love your faithful

H. HEINE.

XCIII.

PARIS, *August 3, 1850.*

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I hope that thou art well, and that I shall soon receive a letter from thee in which this hope will be confirmed. I hasten to let thee know, before the post leaves, that I send thee a packet of books by the diligence, and beg thee to send them without delay to the circulating librarian Jovien, as well as the enclosed notice, by which he will learn what books he is to send me promptly per diligence. I say expressly by the diligence, and not by the Hamburg steamboat, which, as I have to-day learned, costs more. This packet of to-day I could only pay postage on as far as Aix-la-Chapelle, and I believe that the *porto* so far costs two francs. I

care, that he would not be intruded on by everybody, &c. Then there was a struggle—the stranger trying to force his way in, reiterating that he had a right to present his letter, but the author succeeded in excluding him and in bolting the door. The story was told to Heine's discredit, but it is extremely probable that he knew his man in advance, and this seems the more likely of a person who would, after being told to depart, endeavour to make his way in by force.—*Translator.*

therefore pray thee, tell me how much thou hast had to pay for the packet from Aix to Hamburg, so that I may not only repay thee, but also learn how much the freight is by land as compared to that by steamboat. I beg thee not to neglect to let the bookseller know that he must send the books at once.

I greet dear Lottie with all my heart, and hope that my dear sister will write to me soon and much. I live very much alone and learn nothing from Hamburg.

There has been no change in my health. I bear my fate calmly, and enjoy the most delightful domestic peace as well as the cherry-pies (*Kirschkuchen*), which my cook can make admirably. My cook is a genius, and under the name of German *Nudeln* she prepares a dish which is really the Jewish *Schalet*, and which I eat with pleasure. That is the greatest news which I can give. Live well and love me well.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

XCIV.

PARIS, September 26, 1850.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER AND MY MUCH-LOVED SISTER,—Nothing very joyful has occurred as regards myself since my last letter; my health is the same, but my household affairs have gone, as I foresaw, much worse. The young girl of whom I wrote to you has become seriously ill, and as I had not the heart to send her away, I

have now in my house two invalids. She has been confined to her bed for six weeks, will not soon recover, and the doctor holds out but little hope for the future as to her. The illness is in her blood—she is lost, and in all this there is much which will trouble me. On one side my wife loses her *factotum*, and a companion much needed when she goes abroad, while I, on the other, miss my nurse and French reader, who was always ready when wanted.

I now have no one as French reader, and was obliged to take a *garde-malade*, who wearies me sadly by her negligence, eats enormously, is of black complexion, and yet costs me 150 francs per month—that is to say, five francs a day. My wife is, therefore—as may be naturally understood—not always in an amiable disposition, and under such circumstances you can easily understand that I often long for you. I dare not, however, as yet think of emigrating to Hamburg, at least not until my health shall be in a more stable condition—I mean, that the cramps from which I suffer must first cease. My illness, as I have always declared to you, is painful and nervous, and every movement is in consequence intolerable.

I might greatly endanger my body by going to Hamburg, nor is it by any means certain that the climate there would agree with me.

You see how considerately and calculatingly I go to work, and that it shall not be my fault should the bankruptcy of my body take place, ere

thou, dear mother, art at least covered (by the earth).

We constantly converse of you all, and my wife, I assure thee, spares no pains in taking care of me. She sends her kindest regards to you, as well as to the younger generation. Let my nephew Ludwig know that his cousin Drucker wrote me a very neat letter, and sent me a catalogue, in which, however, I found less than in the Hamburg one, and I do not know whether I can make any use of it. For the present, I shall hold to Hamburg, but I must beg that there shall not be such long delay in sending me books. It was an eternity before the last lot came. I sent back the last packet yesterday by *Messagerie*, and addressed them again to dear mother in Hamburg. Thou wilt have a heavier freight to pay this time than before, since I could not pay on it to the frontier. A stupid fellow, to whom I confided the care of the bundle, did not even bring me back a postal receipt, and thou must therefore let me know at once whether the books arrived safely. I do not know whether thou hast the earlier list of books which I lately sent there; for greater certainty I will enclose once more the (names of the) books which I wish to have. But take especial care that the packet be sent forthwith, and that I shall not be obliged to wait so long, also that the right number of the house be placed on the address, and with it a small certificate of the value.

I thank you for your last letter, and thee espe-

cially, dear Lottie, do I thank for the information and cheering (items).

Is there not any other good circulating library in Hamburg as well as Jovien's? In such case, send me its catalogue in a newspaper wrapper.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

XCV.

PARIS, November 23, 1850.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I hope that thou art well, and that the terrible coming winter will not make thee shake and shudder; for at every return of rough weather I think of thee, of thy dear weak form, on the miserably decayed old roof of thy old house by the Dammthor, of every blast of wind which thou must feel, and my heart is often cruelly pained as thou describest thyself. Thou dost well, therefore, to write to me so often at this time. As for me, there has been no change in my condition. I always hope that it will improve, and this hope proves every morning to be false. What shall I do? I must take life as God ordained it for me. I neglect nothing as regards taking care of myself, and my wife is glad when she can pay out our last sous for my sick-nurse and otherwise alleviate my sufferings. As regards the maid, I had a hard time of it with her, till I finally induced the poor soul to go to a hospital, where she is at present, and is notably better for the change. Had I done this four months ago, I should have been by a

considerable sum better off, and also have escaped the expensive misunderstandings from which I can now only extricate myself with difficulty,—I refer to my domestics. Many old imbroglios in my finances now seem to be clearing up, and I see the possibility of rescuing a part at least of many things which I long ago resigned.

What afflicts me most is not to be able to earn a sous at a time when I could do so much. Still no word from Campe, whose silence seems to be deliberately calculated to await the moment when I shall blow on the last hole (be reduced to extremity), and give myself over bound hand and foot for an apple and a piece of bread! But he is mistaken. I wrote to Gustav not long ago, and gave him certain literary commissions.

Although my dear Lottie writes that the chest with books was sent from Hamburg so early as the 2nd of October, I have not as yet received it, and beg Lottie to make the necessary inquiries regarding it. I confess that I am greatly troubled as regards it.

And now farewell! I kiss you all, truly and heartily.

H. HEINE.

There had been no improvement in Heine's paralytic condition, and the extremities of his body were motionless.

He was carried every morning very carefully from his bed to a lukewarm bath on a *chaise longue*, or stretcher, covered with a white quilt. His suffering

body could not endure the lightest touch, and every sudden movement caused him extreme pain.¹ He once cried to his doctor, who was present at this carrying, "See how I am honoured in Paris, where people uplift and bear me on their hands!"

A nurse had to sleep near him every night, and the bedroom of his wife was as far as possible from his own, so that her repose might not be disturbed.

The arrangement of his dwelling was that of a fairly respectable (*behäbig*) citizen's home, and was wanting in the extravagant adornment of modern luxury. His bedroom, which was always large and airy, gave a home-feeling despite its simplicity. Beyond the usual equipment there was a sofa for visitors, and opposite it a writing-table covered with a great many papers, newspapers, and books. The reception-room contained furniture covered with red velvet, the wall was ornamented with a portrait of his wife, an oil-painting of his sister, a lithograph of Salomon Heine, and a small book-shelf, chiefly filled with his own works in plain binding. In the middle of the room was a table with albums, books, and pictures, and on the chimney-piece a bronze clock between two porcelain vases in which were always fresh flowers.

Heine always ate a hearty breakfast, consisting of roasted meat not over-done, fruit, and a glass

¹ Yet, while in this terrible state, Heine was obliged to work hard for a living, or to prevent himself from actually sinking to the level of a pauper.—*Translator.*

of Bordeaux wine and water. After a short pause he began to work, dictated to his secretary, or listened to reading. In the afternoon the poet, when his health permitted, received visits from friends, strangers, and also from elegant ladies of the higher circles, whose presence when they were young and beautiful always cheered him. Heine called ladies "the great nation; the rulers of the world!" At six o'clock dinner was served; it was simple but very substantial. Constant variety was expected, and it was generally eaten with a good appetite. His wife had much trouble in gratifying his gastronomic demands, for Heine was a great gourmand, who once after an exquisite dinner at Vefour's said, "This meal was so good that it deserved to be taken kneeling."

Mathilde also liked to dine in a restaurant, and to manage this she often had recourse to this trick. Her husband did not like mutton; therefore, when he returned to the house with a good appetite and in good-humour, and asked what there was to eat, she replied, "Roast-mutton." Then he would at once take his hat and say, "Come, Mathilde, we will go and dine at Vefour's." If they met good friends on the way, they were asked to join, and as champagne was an indispensable relish for a good dinner with Mathilde, this oft-repeated joke caused great outlay.

XCVI.

PARIS, December 2, 1850.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—Thy dear letter announcing the accouchement of Madame Gustav Heine, as well as the note from my sister informing me of the misunderstanding as to the books, were received last week, and I will reply to the latter with a few lines.

I have done thee, my dear Lottie, great injustice, since I accused thee of neglect when I did not receive the books which I wanted from Hamburg. At the time I received a letter from young Drucker, who told me that he had made an arrangement with the Schlosschen circulating library to forward books to me whenever I gave the numbers from the catalogue, which he sent me *per couvert*. I received this catalogue, and approving the arrangement which he had made with the Schlosschen bookseller, I sent him at the same time a list of books which I wished to have forwarded. When I some days later received these books, and to the question, "Did they come from Cologne?" received an affirmative from the postman, I was firmly convinced that these were the books which I had ordered thence, and after they had been read to me, I requested that they should be well packed and sent to the Schlosschen establishment in Cologne, and this was done on payment of freight, as I now see that packages can be prepaid to Cologne. There was with the package

a direction from me, as is usual at the *Messagerie*, and I wrote in a special note to the circulating library aforesaid in reference to a second sending, and the requisite hire and costs. I am now offended because I have not received from Cologne (where my mistake must have been immediately observed) any mention regarding it, and as I will not write to the circulating library, which certainly has behaved unpolitely, nor to the stupid fellow who is guilty of the blunder, I beg thee, dear Lottie, to get Ludwig to write to Cologne, so that the package may be without delay sent to Hamburg, so that thou canst return the books.

The affair, dear mother, with which I must trouble thee is much more important. But here I can be more direct, and need not use many words. I promised thee to have recourse to thee in case I should need the sum which thou didst offer me, and unfortunately I must to-day keep my promise. I wish, however, that thou wouldest let me have the money in this manner. Send me at once a draft for six hundred francs, payable here at sight, and keep the remaining four hundred francs till I write to thee how and when thou shalt forward them. I assume that thou canst spare the money, and as I long ago explained the budget of my receipts, it will not make thee uneasy that I rather apply to thee than to have inconvenient or expensive negotiations and operations elsewhere to obtain a small sum which it is necessary for me to raise before the end of the year. I will say nothing more, and I

hope that thou dost trust to my integrity, else it would pain me to the heart to have written (this) to thee to-day.

There has been no change in my health, but I expect, when there shall be a change in the weather, such an improvement as I always experience in winter.

And now fare well.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE,
No. 58 Rue d'Amsterdam.

XCVII.

PARIS, February 5, 1851.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER AND DEAR SISTER,—I have yet to thank you for your New Year's greeting, and I also cordially thank the younger brood for theirs. I am delighted to learn that you are well. Nothing remarkable has taken place here. I am again sickly inclined—rather better than before, perhaps much better—but I still have great nervous troubles, and—the greater the pity!—the cramps have now a tendency upward, which often wearies my head sadly. So I must patiently endure what the dear Lord has ordained, and I bear my fate with patience since I constantly think of you with love. And at this time I am treated by my wife with the tenderest care, and nothing spared which can conduce to my best nursing or alleviation or pleasure. And my finances are also admirably well arranged

just now ; and as regards this Carl has done me good service, since he has without any previous pressing or fussing voluntarily paid the contribution needed. I do not trouble myself to reflect as to what the cause of this benevolence may be, as I indeed will not in this world worry myself nor rejoice as to money. God's will be done ! Nor will I borrow any trouble as to the Spendthrift. She is too lovable, and her faults are so much the result of a good heart, that I cannot find fault even at the most senseless expenditures and similar follies. But for her, life would have no interest for me ; she enables me to bear this painful burden, which I would certainly throw aside if I were alone.

Only write soon to me, and, dear Lottie, as much in detail as thou canst. I thank thee for the books, which I will probably send back to-morrow to Hamburg, to mother's address.

As I can only pay the freight for a short distance, so must thou, dear mother, again make a large expenditure, but it will be to me a very great obligation. The Cologne library contains very few books which I want, and I can get from it very little which pleases me. The Hamburg catalogue is much richer, and therefore I must beg thee, dear Lottie, to send me a new invoice from there, and that as soon as possible. I send thee for this object the enclosed list. Should there be, contrary to all my hopes, so many books out that they cannot make me up a batch, I still beg them not to fill it up with books which I have not indicated. I

shall rely on that, and I beg thee to let me know when the books shall have been sent.

Live well and truly love well your faithful
H. HEINE.

XCVIII.

PARIS, *March 12, 1851.*

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I was very much rejoiced indeed at receiving thy last letter. I had received a few lines from Lottie a few days before, and not one syllable from thee in it. And at the same time I received a letter from Herr Werth,¹ in which he began by saying that he could not see thee because thou wert unwell. Any other man would have worried himself to death, but on stern reflection I calmed myself, concluding that Lottie would not write a cheerful letter if it were a serious illness, but that in the latter case one would employ different terms with a certain expression of embarrassment. But I hope, dear mother, that thou art well. Should it happen that anything serious is the matter, tell it to me plainly, for the whole truth is not so tormenting as doubt.

I am indeed getting better, but very slowly. For two years I have not taken any medicine—or rather, my wife has not allowed me to take any, for she will not suffer a vial of physic to cross the threshold, and she has driven all the doctors

¹ George Werth, a merchant of remarkable literary ability, introduced to Heine by Spiller von Hauenfeld (Max Waldau).—*German Editor.*

to the devil, except one, whom I often do not see for months together,¹ and he is so small that I may almost say I have none. Of evils, one should always choose the least. Yet, notwithstanding, I do not believe that I shall ever stand again on sound legs. I have done with this life, and were I only sure that I shall be well received in heaven I would endure life with patience.

My best joy, dear mother, is to think of thee, of Lottie, of my brothers, and of the small brood. My wife behaves almost exemplarily. She brightens life and makes it beautiful, consoles and enraptures me, but often unawares gives me a blow to the heart by her incurable extravagance. There is no help for it, and it is indeed my greatest affliction. This fever of always scattering money is terrible. And yet I am no miser. I have long ceased to laugh about it.

I send my heartfelt love to dear Lottie. Herr Werth, who called on her, is a very nice, extraordinarily talented, and extremely able and upright man. I have seen very little of him myself, but know him well through mutual friends.

The books which Lottie notified me had been sent have not arrived, and I hope that there are not to be any more tremendous troubles about them. Herr Werth may tell Campe plainly what I said to him. Lottie was mistaken in thinking that I forbid him to do so. However, to say anything definite through a third person is not my custom,

¹ Dr. Gruby.

and I have always found that no good (*Segen*) ever came of such circumlocution. I say all that I please that it may be known, but I cannot let myself down to taking anybody for my *compère*.

My wife sends kindest greeting to you all, and we talk all day long of thee and of Lottie. She has not forgotten a word that Lottie said, and the conversation always ends with her telling me to show my tongue.

Write to me very much and soon (*recht viel und bald*), for I live retired from the whole world, and it may be of advantage to me, especially in family relations, to be *au fait*. And dost thou, dear Lottie, find thyself well? Couldst thou not by the electric telegraph show me thy tongue?¹

Give my best regards to thy husband, and also to the young ones. Compliments to the young ladies when opportunity permits. With love and faith,

H. HEINE.

XCIX.

PARIS, June 7, 1851.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—It is a long time since I have had any news as to thy health. I hope that thou hast stood the annual change from cold to warm weather (*Uebergangsjahreszeit*) well. It stung me up a little, but I pulled through, as I think, in better condition than I did last year. My general health is somewhat better, leaving, however, a wide margin for complaint. That Gustav has for the

¹ Heine spells it *electerisch*. The electric telegraph was still a novelty to most people in 1850.

time given up his journey hither on account of great occupation has troubled me. I have many German visitors, who, however, seldom tell me anything agreeable. Yesterday I heard the scandalous story which so much compromises the Gabes and the whole O. family. I mean the imprisoning the mother of Gabes on account of alleged lunacy. The woman is here, and every one who hears her story is indignant.¹

Is it really true that Dr. S—— hung himself? I pray thee, Lottie, to give me more close details as to this, for I can hardly believe it. It begins to look very melodramatic in our family.

I received the books long ago, and will soon send them back to you with thanks.

I send love to dear Lottie, the children, and Ludwig, and owe thanks to the latter for his last letter.

What thou writest, dear Lottie, as to Dr. Halle, is a proof of thy sympathetic heart, and I also take great interest in the fortune of this distinguished man, but it may be that avarice has contributed much to his fixed ideas. I was visited of late by the head of the banking firm of Warschau in Königsberg, who is related to John F—— in Berlin, and who informed me in confidence that he always complains that he must starve in his old age from want of money.

¹ There was a pamphlet published in reference to this case. It was entitled *Eine Mutter im Irrenhause*—“A mother in a mad-house.” It may be here remarked that Heine, notwithstanding his complaint that he never heard anything agreeable, was as fond of scandalous gossip as any of the daughters of Israel, of whom the Talmud declares that ten measures of talk having been sent upon the earth, these ladies alone secured nine of them.—*Translator.*

I hear nothing from Campe. That thou, dear mother, wilt put no faith in the chatter and gossip which German newspapers disseminate as to my condition, is to be understood.

I have, dear mother, been busier of late than thou wouldest suppose, having undertaken a *general revision* of all my papers, looked over all thy letters and Lottie's, and to make sure that no misuse could be made of them by accidental falsification, I—though it greatly grieved me—burnt them all. I certainly hope, dear mother, that thou approvest of this proceeding, since I would not for anything in the world expose thee to the rude curiosity (*der rohen Neugier*) of strangers of a later generation.¹

Love me right well and write to me ere long.—
Your faithful (*Euer getreuer*),

H. HEINE.

C.

PARIS, July 9, 1851.

DEAREST MOTHER AND DEAR SISTER,—Just now all is going on well with me, except that

¹ A very natural regret has been expressed that Heine burnt these letters, but there can be no doubt that he was influenced by the kindest and most delicate feeling in doing so. It is, however, very evident that he anticipated that his own letters would be at some time published, and therefore it would have been well from a literary or artistic point of view if he had allowed a few to remain, that readers might have formed some slight idea at least of his mother and "Lottie" as they were and how they wrote. We become naturally interested in them while reading what he wrote, and there was evidently little danger that the "coarse curiosity" of strangers would have led to any disagreeable result. The two invariably appear in a favourable light.—*Translator.*

during the hot weather I suffered sadly with my eyes. I observe that you have received the package of books, but as I could only pay for a few stations in advance, I have certainly cost you a great deal of freight. I send enclosed a new list of books, among which are some which I very much wish to read; for instance, the novel by Madame von Palzow entitled *Saint Roche*, and another by Mugge, *Toussaint Louverture*.

That stupid fellow Von Schiff¹ has published a book, *Luftschlösser* ("Castles in the Air"), which is not included in the catalogue, yet which I would like to read. All which the stupid fellow writes is good, extremely remarkable, and he has more talent than countless numbers of those who are famous. So it happens that in literature all goes by luck. Dear Lottie, only read a book recently published by Campe which is entitled *Schief Levinchen und Mariandel seine Kalle*;"²

¹ Dr. H. Schiff, a step-cousin of Heine's grandfather, had for second wife a Widow Schiff. He was a talented author, yet never received the fame which he, according to Heine, deserved. Degraded by drunkenness, he was given up by his family, and died in the Hamburg hospital. As he was a friend of Strodtmann, it resulted that from the information which he communicated to the latter there were many inaccurate and unjust items in it relative to the poet's private and family relations.—*German Editor.*

² "Cross-eyed or crippled Little Levi and his bride Maria," a work probably abounding in German-Hebrew, or, to judge by the title, all in the Yiddish dialect. It is very remarkable that Heine, who must have understood Yiddish, and who was certainly troubled by no scruples, nowhere in his writings shows any familiarity with this extraordinary and curious tongue, which is exquisitely adapted to humour. And it would also seem as if the authoress of "Daniel Deronda" had been quite ignorant even of

it is a masterpiece, artistic and witty, and I believe that it is by Schiff. As I hear, dear Lottie, thou hast the intention of presenting me with the "History of Comic Literature" by Flögel, I hasten to tell thee that I obtained it some time ago, and therefore do not need it. Herr Werth informed me that Campe will during this month visit me here in Paris. Take no notice of it unless he should tell thee so himself; but in such a case Campe himself might bring me the books.¹ The young man of whom thou didst speak has not yet made his appearance; thou mayst be sure that I quite understood thee. I must—more's the pity!—always burn the gay letters of my dear Lottie. I cannot neglect it.

My dear Annie, unless she has too much to do, can often write to me, and this correspondence will no doubt be most agreeable to me. I also send my kindest regards to Ludwig and Lena.

I kiss my dear mother (who is dearer to me than all the cats in the world) twenty-five times. My wife greets and perspires.—Your faithful son and brother,

H. HEINE.

its existence, its absence from her book amounting to a fault. It has quite a literature, at the head of which must be placed the Yiddish *Chrestomatie* of Max Grünbaum. I possess, I believe, ten printed vocabularies of it, not including the Slang Dictionary of the great Martin Luther, in which nearly one half the words are Yiddish.—*Translator.*

¹ This caution not to let Campe know that his intention was known, but, in case he himself betrayed it, to at once "avail the opportunity" by making him *bring the books*, is worthy of Sganarelle.—*Translator.*

Heine was very much offended by the whimsical silence (*launisches Stillschweigen*) of his publisher, and there would have probably been a breach between them, had not the latter, urged by his personal interest, come to Paris, where he learned from Mr. George Werth that the poet, in spite of his illness, had completed a new and extensive work. Heine intended that this book, the *Romancero*, should not be published till after his death, but at Campe's urgent solicitation he abandoned this resolution, and so disposed of it for 6000 marks banco. Campe could, when his own interest was concerned, be extremely amiable, and knew very well how, even from the first interview, to wind the poet round his thumb (*zu seinem Gunsten umstimmen*). Campe had not, before agreeing to pay the price, ascertained what was the content of the manuscript, and to Heine's question how he could pay such a very considerable sum for what he had not read, he replied, "It is not necessary; what Heine writes is good." The poet was not unsusceptible to such flattery, and this firm confidence in his intellectual creation was quite enough to again firmly bind the knot of friendship, which had of late been somewhat loosened, between him and the publisher.¹

¹ It is not necessary to dwell on this transaction further than to say that if this sum was enough for the *Romancero*, that the greatest living German poet of his time could receive in 1851 for what constituted much more than a year's hard work only 6000 marks.

CI.

PARIS, *August 21, 1851.*

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I duly received thy last letter. I have no great opinion of homeopathy, yet next year I will certainly do something vigorous for my illness, for I will go to the baths of Gastein, and avail myself of the journey to visit Hamburg. I have for two years taken almost no medicine. My condition improves very slowly, yet the improvement cannot be denied. I have a great pleasure in the visit of Gustav, who has been here with his wife for six days, and will leave at the end of next week for Hamburg. He will therefore tell you himself a great deal about me, and to thee, dear Lottie, all that I have to say.

I can for some time write little to thee, for my German secretary lives out of town, and is seldom for an hour in Paris. And beyond this, thou canst well imagine that there are very few of the Germans here who often help me with their pens (*mit der Feder helfen*) to whom I would confide a letter to thee.¹

I will perhaps send by Gustav the MS. of a whole book to Campe, and it may easily be all printed in two months. Gustav's visit has greatly stirred me up, and I shall be unable to work for

¹ This remark speaks volumes, and explains how it was that so much contemptible scandal and gossip was constantly printed as to this wretchedly suffering invalid.—*Translator.*

fourteen days. We talk from morning till evening. We laugh all the time, and my wife laughs with us, while the parrot screams in between, while the two latter know no better one than the other what we are saying. My wife finds that Gustav greatly resembles me.

Just now Gustav has the pleasure of learning that the blackguard (*Lump*) with whom he lately had a lawsuit, who was the editor of a rival news paper, has been turned out of Vienna.

And now fare well! Give my best regards to Ludwig, Lena, and Anna, the last of whom I thank sincerely for her cheerful letter.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

After Campe's departure Heine was surprised by the arrival of his brother Gustav, who had come with his wife on a short visit to Paris. The best understanding prevailed between the brothers, and many jests passed between them. To the question of his brother if it were true that he had become a pray-sister¹ Heine replied, "No, I have rather become a lay-brother, having lain so long

¹ "Ob es wahr sei, dass er eine Betschwester geworden?" antwortete Heine: "Nein, ich bin vielmehr ein Betbruder geworden, und bete alle Tage zum lieben Gott." *Betschwester*, a "pray-" or "prayer-sister," is a term equivalent to "pious old tabby" in English. There is, of course, an equivoque for such a very evident pun as it offers,—*qui saute aux yeux*; so all Germans repeat, "*Junge Betschwester, alte Betschwester*," i.e., young drabbies, old tabbies, or young doxies, old orthodoxies; or, as another hath it, young bed-fellows, old bead-tellers, the latter version being for Catholics. It is Ray I think who translates it "young wenches, red wrenches." —Translator.

here abed, where I, dear brother, pray the Lord every day to give thee better political opinions." And to Gustav's question whether he might announce Heinrich's religious change publicly in his *Fremdenblatt*, the latter replied, "What can it matter to the great elephant of the king of Siam whether a small mouse in the Rue d'Amsterdam in Paris believes or disbelieves in his grandeur and wisdom?"

When Gustav left Paris, Heine gave to his charge the manuscript of the *Romancero*, which he delivered to Campe in Hamburg. This interview, to Heine's great annoyance, was unfortunately the cause of fresh misunderstandings and quarrels with his publisher. A few months later, in October, the *Romancero* appeared, and at once crowned the poet with new laurels. It was everywhere regarded as a marvel that Heine had created this brilliant work during the fearful pains of protracted illness, and that he through it all could thus preserve his spiritual power and his poetic thought unimpaired.

Almost at the same time with the *Romancero* appeared the ballad-poem *Der Doctor Faust*, which was subsequently added in the *Vermischte Schriften* or Miscellaneous Writings to the pantomime libretto of the "Goddess Diana" and the "Gods in Exile."

CII.

PARIS, December 5, 1851.

DEAREST MOTHER,—As there is at this moment again the greatest excitement in Paris, and as there was much bloodshed yesterday and the day before, I hasten to inform thee that I am well and out of the reach of all danger. My illness has at least this advantage, that I cannot mix myself in partisan strife. If I were in health, I should have at every moment an opportunity to be maimed or shot dead. My wife unfortunately will not be restrained from sticking her nose out of doors in every tumult, and day before yesterday she was in the midst of fire. I have—more's the pity!—no authority to command in France, and the proper authority thereunto is wanting in my own house.

I fear lest it will yet go very badly with Louis Napoleon. He has, unfortunately, not understood that the French do not love a republic, yet will still keep it. They will not willingly lose what has already cost so much.

How many men have an antipathy for their mistresses, yet cannot make up their minds to leave those who have already cost them so much money.¹

¹ This reflection was evidently caused by momentary anger at "the Spendthrift," inspired by her going out into the fusillade. Heine had already employed this simile in a letter from Barèges, August 20, 1846, to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. "These people remain obstinately true to the principles for which they have

I have received the box of books, and I return thanks for what is sent. I hope that the invoice, which was not returned to me, has not been lost. Please send me an answer as to this. I have received a letter from Gustav, and he writes in it that he loves his wife so much. But I remark that he has not, unfortunately, attended to my business as he at first induced me to believe he would, and I apprehend that there will be new trouble from this source.

I told you in my last letter that I have repaid Gustav everything. I doubt not that you understand why I mention this. I am an invalid, and the hour might come at any time when I cannot speak.

To thee, dear Lottie, I send kindest regards. Remember me to thy husband and kiss my two nieces and my nephew, of whom we here ever think with much love. My spendthrift has got herself a green dress which I call the Vitzliputli robe, because I have estimated that it cost just as much as I got for the poem of Vitzliputzli in the *Romancero*. We live in the greatest harmony, in the most beautiful and expensive peace. We often talk of you, and gossip till deep into night about dear mother. Pray tell Anna, when she writes to me, to use very black ink, for I always read my family letters myself, and my eyes are especially bad in winter-time.

sacrificed so much, for the same reason why many men cannot tear themselves loose from a mistress; they keep her because she has already cost so much."—*Translator.*

The *Romancero* is causing more enthusiasm than I expected. I assure thee that it is a very weak book, but one must not say so. I wrote it with faculties disabled (*mit gelähmten Kräften*).

I hope, dear mother, that thou art very well, and that my health will always follow suit with thine. Thou understandest me. Write to me soon and much.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

Heine was no admirer of Napoleon III., and expressed himself plainly (as to him) so early as 1849. “*A coup d'état (Staatstreich)* is a public secret. So much is said of it that no one believes in it, but there is one laid by (*aber er bleibt nicht aus*). The President is working after the pattern of his uncle, and will burst out in an Eighteenth of Brumaire. Go ahead! go ahead! (*Nur zu!*) When the Republic was proclaimed a year ago, it seemed to the world as if something which was only a dream, and ever to remain a dream, had become reality. But I am so unfortunate as to know France, owing to many years' residence therein, only too accurately, and I am anything but uncertain as to what we have before us. The Republic is nothing but a change of name, a revolutionary title. How could this corrupt and feeble state of society change its nature so rapidly? To make money, to grab office, to drive with four horses, to have an opera-box and rush from one pleasure to another was till now their ideal. Where did these beings conceal thus far so carefully their stock of *bourgeois*

virtues? Paris, you may take my word for it, is devoted to Napoleon—I mean to the Napoleon d'or of twenty francs.”¹

CIII.

PARIS, January 28, 1852.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I sent the box of books to thee eight days ago, which thou didst duly receive. The list of books—that is, the books whose titles I wrote out—was not sent back to me this last time from Hamburg, and to-day I must send thee a new one. To be sure that it shall not be lost again, I beg that it may be copied. The new invoice of books to which Lottie will attend will be used by Campe, who will add to it some other works.

I hope that you are all well. As for me, I am always in the same unpleasant way (*in derselben säuerlichen Stimmung*). There are so many troubles now going on in the world, that I am fairly anxious and disconsolate, and feel more uncomfortable than ever in my poor sick skin. My wife is also, and, alas! out of temper, which has, however, its physical cause. She suffers much from headache. The winter is gliding sorrowfully away, and I shall be

¹ In other form this might be written thus: In the earlier era when the *gens de l'épée*—as Mme. d'Epinay called them—ruled, the word of the age might have been “*l'homme c'est le STEEL*.” Then came the epoch of letters and it was *l'homme c'est le style*. And now we are in the third age which Heine predicted, the Lessepisode, or Lessepilepsy, or in a delirium of avarice, over which may be inscribed in letters of gold, “*L'homme c'est le STEAL*”—*Translator.*

glad when it is over. My relation to my family is just now very unpleasant. We talk constantly about you, and I hope that my Lottie will soon write me a cheering letter. God guard you, and send you that health which I now too late perceive is the main thing.

Here in Paris everything seems sadly confused, and we see a mad future before us. Those who are in good health will shoot one another; the invalids will, however, run no risk; therefore be without fear regarding me. I send my kindest love to my niece and nephew. Fare well, my dear mother, and love well thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

Heine worked industriously at the collected edition of the French translation of his works, and the admirable (*geistvolle*) and often enthusiastic spirit of the criticisms of such of his works as had appeared (in French), were for him a new incitement (*Sporn*) to make the French public acquainted with his intellectual productions. *Les Œuvres Complètes de Henri Heine*, of which seven volumes had appeared before his death, had the most brilliant success, and placed him at once in the rank of the first French authors. Heine himself translated his prose works most carefully, and every witty point is rendered in a most masterly manner.¹ In his preface to the French

¹ An opinion from which I, with all due modesty, beg leave to decidedly differ. I have studied this French version, word by word, with the utmost care while translating from the German original,

version of his poems, Heine does full justice to his friends who undertook the difficult work of translating from the German. He could not think without deep emotion of his friend Gérard de Narval, who visited him every evening in the month of March 1848 in his solitude on the Barrière de la Santé, to work with him at the translation of his peaceable German dreamy fancies (*friedlichen deutschen Träumerein*), while all political passions were raging around, and the monarchy crashed in ruin with tremendous sound. Buried in their idyllic and æsthetic conversation, they did not hear the cry of the masses who then raged through Paris,

and, as the reader will perceive by my notes, have fully established what I asserted, that if an English translation were as full of omissions, variations, discrepancies, and faults, it would be ridiculed out of sight and sale. Though advertised by Messrs. Calmann & Levy as the *Œuvres Complètes* of Heine, there are wanting in it whole chapters, and very often pages and paragraphs, which is carried so far in the *French Affairs* and *Lutetia*, that these works in French are more suggestive of volumes of scanty elegant extracts than a translation. It is a great mistake to declare that "all the *Witzpointen* are rendered in a masterly manner." On the contrary, in almost every instance where there is any real difficulty the translator skips it with the most airy indifference, when, with a little care and research into the resources of vigorous old French humour (e.g., into Leroux de Lincy's *Proverbes*), the point might always have been given. That which would offend French readers or individuals in the German is carefully removed from the French, and there are a few amusing instances of actually misunderstanding German words, which prove that it was some French secretary who did the work, and not Heine himself. It is a matter to be regretted that the French public, owing to the fact that their version is supposed to be perfect, and by the author himself, will perhaps be for ever precluded from having a complete and accurate translation of the works of Heine.—*Translator.*

¹ Probably meant for Nerval.

howling "*Des lampions ! des lampions !*" which was the *Marseillaise* of the February Revolution.¹

Heine also expressed himself very gratefully as to his later translator, since he devoted to the undertaking the deepest inner thoughts of a poetic work, to give again in a Latin dialect (*romanischer Mundart*) that which was written in a language of the German stock.

His poems were partially translated by René Taillandier, Gérard de Narval (Nerval), Schuré, and Marelle, into rhymes, partially metrical, into French. These translators took great liberty with the rhyme, and in their metric version the easy poetic rhythmic euphony was lost. Heine himself jested at the manner and fashion in which the tender and perfumed children of his Muse had been treated, who sounded as prosaically reasonable in the translation as moonshine wrapped in straw. While reading these translations, he felt as if some one had taken him by the hair, led him into a public place, and cried, "Whip him—lay it on!" "I really seem to myself," he wrote, "as if I had gone with the treasury of my literary value through Germany, and now

¹ *Ohé, les lampions !* is not properly a song, but a cry, on which songs have been made, but none of such importance as to be ranked with the *Marseillaise*. The true *Marseillaise* of 1848 was the *Chant* or *Chœur des Girondins*, claimed as original by A. Dumas. As it was sung by the mob at the barricades all the time, night and day (as I well know, having joined in it many a time while armed and among my men), I cannot but wonder that Heine took no heed of it. Dumas declared that the *Chant des Girondins* had carried the Revolution, and that, as he wrote it, therefore he had caused the whole affair.—*Translator.*

must needs change the paper into (small) silver. Every time when a German comes to me, I feel a cold chill run down my back as if a secret agent of the German Parnassus had demanded my extradition from the French Government, and would take me back to where there is howling and gnashing of teeth—that is, to Germany. Yes, after a thousand years I shall be slandered, and all on account of these wretched translators.”¹

CIV.

PARIS, April 12, 1852.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I will only tell thee to-day that I will to-morrow send a box to thy address in Hamburg by the express-post, in which, in addition to the books which I had from the circulating library, there will be a packet which is meant for my dear sister Madame von Embden. Among the books are the volume of my Tragedies which thou didst lend me in Hamburg, also two

¹ All of which did not prevent Heine from doing all he could in every way to induce almost anybody to translate his works. Lady Duff Gordon has told us how Heine fairly implored her, while almost a child, to put him into English. He expressed great exultation and joy at hearing of my translation of the *Reisebilder* (in a letter of October 4, 1855), and even before he had seen the book called the report of it a piece of good news, and was delighted to hear that it had “enormous success,” which was quite true. As a translator himself, Heine was not invariably a success, as may be seen from his rendering of poems from Lord Byron, which, while cleverish and accurate, lack the expression or chief charm of the original. In prose he was very flighty or discursive.—*Translator.*

copies of my bronze medallion, of which thou didst also lend me one in Hamburg, so that I might have a duplicate of it cast here. One of these copies thou canst keep for thyself, and the other pray send to Campe, to whom I promised it. The box must be made up with great care, so that the packet for Lottie in it cannot be injured: it is a silk dress—the very latest which the season has produced, and in good taste to the very last degree, for my Spendthrift selected it. You may depend on it that my wife had more real pleasure in sending this than if I had given her a dress for herself. She is—more's the pity!—often troubled with headaches. We live very unitedly, and she exerts all her amiability to make me forget my invalid condition. I am quite wonderfully well taken care of; yet she is my only care and trouble, to use my old expression. She sends her kindest regards. I do the same to the whole Goose-market family.¹ I wish I knew somebody who would take my Annie away from the Goose-market. She must now be a very tempting morsel, or will be, especially when stuffed with golden chestnuts and raisins. Pleasant manners (*Artigkeit*), simplicity in outward seeming, avoidance of all that is loud (*auffallend*), freedom from coquetry, a love of truth, and good-nature are the qualities which are best for young ladies.

Only let me know that the box has come to hand

¹ Heine's brother-in-law had left the old house, and taken another at the corner of the Goose-market and Jungfernstieg, in Hamburg.—*German Editor.*

all right. Dear mother, you will have to pay again an enormous freight, and I cannot manage it otherwise, for the forwarding agents of Cologne (a true nest of thieves) extort a tax on every package (*brandschatzen*). But these are the last books which I shall have sent in this manner, and for the reason that there is nothing more in the library which can be useful to me. I shall find in future some better and cheaper means of transport.

If thou dost not often receive a letter from me, understand that it is because I have not often by me some confidential friend to whom I can dictate in German. When I go to the country, thou must often wait long for a letter.

I love thee with all my soul.—Thy faithful son,
H. HEINE.

CV.

PARIS, June 12, 1852.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER AND DEAR SISTER,—I was much delighted with thy letter, and also what Lottie wrote, announcing to me the coming arrival of my brother. I can imagine the excitement which this agreeable surprise must have caused you. I look forward with impatient expectation to the hour when I shall embrace my dear Max after such a long separation. As for my health, it is as usual ; it is as repulsive to me as it is wearisome to be always ripping up (*durchträsschen*) the sorrowful subject, in detail. Even with those who visit me I never talk on the subject now. I seldom see any doctor,

and I have no occasion to do so; but I am extremely anxious to know what Max will say. You must write to me exactly at what time I am to expect to see him here, because even agreeable surprises are too much for me on account of my nervous suffering. My wife is not allowed to surprise me with anything, unless she gives me twenty-four hours' notice beforehand of it. I hope mother is quite well, and that you are all sound and lively. Gustav will certainly go to Hamburg. My wife is tolerably well; she complains that she is no longer so pretty as she was, and that she must therefore dress the more beautifully; to which I declare the contrary, on account of the extra expense. She has had her portrait taken, but is not at all contented with it. In order to have peace I must abuse it; and she is really better-looking *en natura* than *en effigie*. Yet I often prefer the picture because it does not scold.¹

So now fare well! I send regards to my nephew and to my niece, with a kiss to the latter. Dear Lottie, I have written to Campe to send me books here by Max. But pray let him know as soon as possible that this will require too much time, and beg him, if no other opportunity presents itself, to send me the books without delay by railway, post, or steamboat. Don't forget it.

¹ "And thou hast seen the Pope," said the learned Flaxius as he gazed with interest on the attenuated form of the ancient mendicant. "Wouldst thou gladly behold his form again?" "Signore, si, but most willingly—on the face of a silver coin." And the sage threw his alms about him and bestowed.—*Translator.*

I am so delighted to think of seeing my Max again. I hardly hoped for such a pleasure.—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

CVI.

PARIS, August 2, 1852.

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER AND SISTER,—The departure of Max has caused me great sorrow, and I feel as if overwhelmed with grief. It is delightful to see any one after such long absence, but we pay dearly for it by the pain of parting. My wife is in the same mood, and Calypso could not have been more afflicted at the departure of Ulysses than my Spendthrift at that of Max. The latter hit it off badly here (*hat es schlecht getroffen*), for he came just in the midst of the great heat, and I, who suffered terribly from it, could not pass one healthy hour with him. I did indeed suffer horribly from the heat, but now that the weather is improving I am recovering. Max will tell you orally everything regarding me, and for some time there will not be anything to write, since I am at present very busy.

We constantly conversed of you with truth and tenderness. We were much amused at the remark of Ludwig as to the stigmata (*Wundermale*) of our martyr. We love him in reality extravagantly, he has such a good heart. I send most cordial kisses to my niece Anna and to my Lena, who is a charming girl. Write to me as soon as Max arrives. Is Carl in Hamburg? Max will tell you how much

care and trouble is required here in Paris, when one becomes invalid, to settle one's self comfortably—how my Spendthrift takes care of my health, and how nothing is wanting or lost to me which can be had for money. Nothing is spared—quite the contrary; but the main thing—peace—is hard to get. And yet Paris offers me greater advantages than other places, where far greater torments would attend me. My wife sends her kindest love, and there are very few fat women who are so lovable in hot weather as she is. I embrace thee, and am your faithful

H. HEINE.

CVII.

PARIS, September 30, 1852.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I waited before writing to thee, because I wished to receive before so doing a letter from Max in Hamburg. It seems, however, that he has departed without writing anything to me about our meeting, which is a great and unpardonable neglect, as to which I will say nothing, lest I express myself too bitterly. I who, owing to my illness, have not my arms free like other men, and who am often utterly dazed and bewildered (*im grossen Strudel sitze*), still do not neglect the least trifles, while Max, who has nothing to do but to take care of himself, behaved more frivolously than any poet would dare to do.

I hope that you (*ihr*) are well, and I hope to soon receive a letter from thee (*von Dir*). I write to-

day specially to thee to let thee know that I send to thy address and by the steamboat from Havre a chest of books, for which I, unfortunately, can pay only to Havre, so that I must beg thee to again make a great outlay for me, and to let me know explicitly how much it cost. There are in the chest a number of books which Lottie's librarian, Herr Jovien, sent me here without my asking for them. I beg you to thank him very much indeed on returning them (for one must be always grateful for every politeness), but at the same time request that he will never again send me a single book which I have not ordered, of his own selection, since he cannot know if I want to read them, and therefore have to pay freight for nothing. Then thou wilt find in the box another lot of books which all bear on the title the stamp of Bernhardt's Circulating Library, and which also have on their backs numbers on rose-red paper, while Jovien's tickets are green. These books belonging to Bernhardt were sent to me by Campe. I beg Lottie to take great care that these books do not get mixed up together.

How I have got into trouble owing to Gustav's unsuitable (*unpassendes*) discussion with Campe¹ you will have learned from Max; but as Gustav is my brother, and committed a great blunder owing to

¹ From a subsequent letter it appears that Gustav did not read or attend to certain instructions which Heinrich Heine had given him; that he had been cajoled by Campe, and wrote to the poet advising him to depend entirely on the friendship of the old bookseller. This badly managed mission seems to have been a source of great trouble, if not of pecuniary loss, to H. Heine.—*Translator.*

too great zeal for me, I would be the last to be angry with him, and he may scold about me (*raisonniren*) as much as he pleases, or even about my wife; as Max says to me, he must go according to his disposition, as I have known it and forgiven him for forty years, and he will, notwithstanding, always be a dear brother, whose better qualities I esteem all the more. And it cannot be denied that he has good qualities. I know him through and through, and I know accurately the cause of all his faults. He is not the first of his kind. The censorship prohibits further speech. . . .

And now, dear Lottie, how is all with thee? How is thy whole brood, and the two great turkey chicks and the great young one? I talk about thee daily with my wife, who sends thee her kindest regards. I am not getting on so badly. In the beginning of the season I stuck fast awhile (*hat es gehapert*), but I now find myself quite well. I am well cared for and work but little. I will not, under any circumstances, work uselessly without remuneration. All is quiet, and since Gustav is not here we live in unity and peace. Is Carl still there? Let me know. Above all things, write to me soon.

This page is nearly at an end, and I embrace thee.
—Your faithful

H. HEINE.

CVIII.

PARIS, December 29, 1852.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER, MY DEAR GOOD SISTER, and all that hangs and bobs round about ye,¹— I duly received your letter containing a description of mother's birthday festival; I need not say with great pleasure, or how much I rejoiced over it. And now I send you to-day my greetings for the New Year, which seems to promise tolerably well. I have the hope that the new year will be better for me than the old. I need not say that I wish you all all there can be of love and happiness (*Gute*). Heaven grant you prosperity, harmony, and cheerfulness! My wife also sends her kindest wishes, and is just now intending to ornament the windows with new white curtains, so as to receive the New Year in a friendly manner. She is very amiably inclined, and will make fewer New Year's presents this year than usual, which is indeed a great advance. She sends her love to my dear nephew Ludwig, in which I join, including my brother-in-law Moritz. I also send my most heartfelt regards to Anna and Lena, and I shall find an opportunity

¹ *Alles was daran herumbaumelt und bummelt.* These two verbs have the meaning of hanging and swinging like fruit on a tree, while the latter (*bummeln*) also means like "to bob round," to loaf, idle about, *flanér*, as in Spanish *galeofar*. So "a loafer." German *landlaufer*, in America simply *laufer*, contributed to form it. The German *bummeln* passed in Pennsylvania into *bummen* and *bum*. During the Civil War all irregular and marauding hangers-on of the army were called *bummers*.—*Translator.*

before the end of the month of letting them know that they have in Paris an uncle who loves them dearly.

I kiss dear mother all over her face and both her dear hands. My wife says that mother must have looked very pretty in her new cap.

And so fare well. Write to me a great deal, and ever love your faithful

H. HEINE.

CIX.

PARIS, *March 18, 1853.*

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—It is not my fault that I so seldom write, for my German secretary is now ill, and seldom comes to me. Therefore I delayed the promptly answering thy last letter. Thou complainest that I no longer write with my own hand; but do not again, else I will do so, and the exertion will certainly cost me a three days' headache. When I strain my eyes in the least, I get at once my old headaches, and thou knowest what that means. When I write—that is to say, with my own hand—it is always with a lead-pencil, and it is very illegible, not at all suited for a letter, and I should then limit myself to merely the most necessary communication. Just now I have a great deal to do, and cannot spare myself much. While a man lives he must keep on at his calling, and there is, in my isolated condition, no one to help me.

My wife is well, and is at this instant extremely happy because I have expended a considerable sum in buying linen for the household. Linen stuff

pleases her better than fine clothes, which is very praiseworthy. We live in great concord—that is to say, I give in on everything. We constantly converse on you. And now fare well! I send my best love to my dear Lottie, and kiss thee and thy children. Dear Lottie, in thy next letter write to me the Goose-market number, in case I should send any one thither. I was lately visited by Dr. Wille, who now lives in Zurich. It is a great question whether Therese will visit me should she come here. I doubt it very much myself, because everything will be done to prevent it. I kiss you.—
Your faithful

H. HEINE.

CX.

PARIS, May 7, 1853.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I received a letter eight days ago from our Lottie, but there was not a line in it from thee; therefore the assurance from my sister that thou art quite well is not quite satisfactory, and I beg thee to send a few words at once. I am as usual, and my wife is at present well. She has been suffering a great deal, as her health is not on the whole good, and she will perhaps in later years have to endure a great deal, or, as she has no talent for quiet illness, never attain to great age. We are at present in such blest harmony that angels might envy us; and this creature, who is good to the very soul, in whose heart there is not a drop of falsehood, and who does not even understand

the wickedness of the world, really sweetens my sorrows.

An article by me in a French review¹ has had an immense success, but I must learn to my great wrath that this fine work was published in a miserable German translation by a miserable German bookseller in Berlin, and that not in a newspaper, for which I should not have cared, but as a special pamphlet, at which Campe was again in the extremest rage. The plan which I had of combining this work, of which the continuation is yet to be written, with certain other pieces in one volume, and in this year, has thereby been defeated (*wird zu Wasser*), and so my property has been stolen from me by my dear fellow-countrymen from before my nose, and I have been compelled to endure a great loss in order that another may gain a very little. But I shall make no riot about it, as Campe wanted me to do. I am convinced that the blackguard² who made the translation is one of the Enlightened of the school of a Salomon or Klei, as I gather from many terms of speech, and still more from the fragments snuffed out from newspapers which he printed in his hack job (*Machwerk*) as appendix, in which he gives all kind of maimed and bungled information as to my

¹ Heine refers here to *Les Dieux en Exil* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (*vide* "The Gods in Exile" in "Germany," vol. ii.). As it was well known that Heine would publish a translation of this, as he did of all his works, in German, and also that he was poor and suffering, this prompt piracy of his "Gods in Exile" was a peculiarly infamous deed, well deserving all that he says on the subject.—*Translator.*

² *Lump*, a dirty blackguard, of the nasty wash-rag description.

health, so as to even convey the impression that he is a kind friend. The affair has soured life for me most accursedly. Our Lord and Saviour must be God indeed if he can forgive such Pharisees their persecutions. Monsieur Wihl had the kindness to turn himself out of doors, and there is another dirtier, worse, and more dangerous blackguard, the literary man W—, who shall never more cross my threshold. There are a number of this same stamp (*eine Menge dieses Gelichters*) in Paris, who run about and gossip or correspond, and whom I, thank God! do not see.

Oh, that I might gossip for one short hour with Lottie! I send most cordial regards to all.

Live well and love well your faithful

H. HEINE.

CXI.

PARIS, June 21, 1853.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I do not know which of us owes a letter to the other, but I have nothing to say save that I am well—that is to say, as well as a man in my wearisome illness can be. My wife was well until yesterday evening, when she began to complain a little, but I hope it will be nothing. I always lose my head the instant anything, however trifling, is the matter with my dear wife. Men are great fools!—but the greatest fools are those who do not love their wives, for they are obliged in any case to lay out a great deal of money on them,

and they might obtain for this expenditure tender feelings.

I send sincerest regards to dear Lottie and to the children. I beg thee to particularly kiss my dear niece Anna for me. Therese has visited me here, but in company with Carl, who was sent as sentinel, so that I could say nothing which she should not hear. I am always thinking of thee, dear mother, and I love thee inexpressibly.

I work very hard, which of course is a great exertion for me, yet it at the same time does me good by giving my mind occupation.

I embrace thee tenderly, and pray our dear Lord to keep thee in good health and happiness.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

CXII.

PARIS, *July 16, 1853.*

DEAREST SISTER,—Excuse me for not having promptly answered thy letter, but I had no one at hand to whom I could dictate in German. As regards the question of my autobiography which the enclosed sheet contains, I will tell thee only a little.

What my fore and family names are, thou knowest as well as those of my parents, so that thou canst fill up this form for thyself. My wife is named in full, Mathilde Crescenzia Heine, but I call her by preference Mathilde, because the name Crescenzia, which is that of her mother, always hurts my throat. As for the date of my birth, I remark to

thee that I, according to my baptismal certificate, was born on the 13th of December 1799, and that in Düsseldorf by the Rhine, as thou must also know. As all our family papers were lost in the great fire in Hamburg, and as the date of my birth may be erroneously given in the Düsseldorf archives (for reasons which I will not here mention), the above-given date is the only authentic one—in any case, more authentic than the recollections of my mother, whose memory, as it is growing old, cannot supply that of lost papers. As for the educational institutes in which I was trained, they are also known to thee: they begin with the Franciscan Cloister in Düsseldorf, then I passed two years in the Protestant Academy of Vahrenkamp, after which I went through the classes of the Lyceum, which is now called the Gymnasium. My mother will remember the teachers of the Franciscan Cloister as well as of the Lyceum, and I do not think it is necessary to give their names here. I had the advantage of being instructed by very eminent men in the Universities of Bonn, Göttingen, and Berlin, but it is too tiresome for me to chant off-hand (*abzuleiren*) all their names.

As for the books, I refer thee to Campe, who is better informed than I am myself, and he can better fill up for thee the form mentioned. As for the rest, I need not mention more; what I have given has bored me sufficiently.

Shouldst thou see Campe, ask him in my name to give thee the list of books which I noted from the

catalogue of Laeisz, according to which he was to forward me a lot which has not yet come to hand. Send me that list at once, that I may strike out the books which I do not need, and send thee a new list, in order that those may be sent regarding which Campe has so long and so unjustifiably put me off. I would write to him directly if I had not his last letter yet to answer, and if I did not feel indisposed just now to do so. For he accused me in his last letter as if I were always putting difficulties in the way, and disturbing our good understanding by asking him for too much money. Heaven knows that I never asked him for a penny which was not doubly due me. And it is indeed true that my brother contributed much to an imbroglio between me and Campe, which cannot be helped now. Moreover, Max is more to blame than Gustav—much more, since he in his vanity (*Egoismus*) did not so much as give himself the trouble to really read the letter in which I gave him the most binding instructions. According to them, he should have made certain concessions, if not as to the amount of money, at least in regard to other interests which were of money value to Campe—and the affair was plain enough. Instead of that, the fool preaches to me to rely blindly on Campe's friendship, and would fain persuade me that it is not necessary for me to think so much of money, and so would have me shorn before as well as behind. I have not written to him since he has been in Russia, because, should I write, something

harsh might escape me, and in such cases silence is best.

I write to thee to the care of my dear mother, as I would have the kind remembrance which I would send her yesterday may be received a few hours sooner. I kiss the dear good mother with all my heart, as does Mathilde, who was very ill, but is now well again. She sends you the tenderest caresses. I find myself tolerably well, except that the excessive heat has treated me to a constant headache.

My kindest regards to thy husband as well as to thy children.—Cheerful and full of love, your faithful

H. HEINE.

CXIII.

PARIS, *August 18, 1853.*

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I have learned with pleasure from thy last letter that thou art well. I have, of course, no better proof of it than thy own letter, and in many an hour I worry myself very much regarding thee. But thou knowest our agreement. Do not complain too much if I write seldom, for thou knowest I have not at every minute some one at call to whom I can dictate in German.

My wife is well, but is not just at this minute in my possession, for she has gone, on account of family affairs, on a two days' journey to her home (in the country), and will return this evening.

I send all love to dear Lottie and her children.

I thank Lottie for her last letter, and mean to send her very soon a list of books. I have recently received from Campe a letter, though I did not reply to his last. He again assumes that I am perfectly willing to serve him in everything, and I can see how he is choking with anger because I will not let myself be unconditionally plundered, as I once did. He informs me that he is bringing out a new edition of the "Book of Songs."¹ He shall never get another line of manuscript from me for nothing, and I will (sooner) let everything remain in my portfolio.

All is quiet here and the fear of war has vanished. And yet I believe that war will break out next year, for relations and interests are too complicated. A match may now set the world aflame, and firemen who are foremost have more fear than sense.² And now, dear mother, fare well, and be sure that I think of thee by night and day. Our whole relationship consists only in this, that thou art an old far-distant mother of mine, but thou art such a glorious (*erzbrave*) woman, and such a dear old mousey, that I can never get enough of thee, and love thee inexpressibly with great respect.—Thy obedient son,

H. HEINE.

¹ The "Book of Songs" was originally sold to Campe for *fifty louis-d'or*.—*German Editor.*

² In reference to the Oriental question and the Crimean war.—*German Editor.*

CXIV.

PARIS, December 3, 1853.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I am not very familiar with the accursed Russian calendar, and do not know whether the State-Councillor Kiseleff will make his ceremonious call this week or the next. I write to thee to-day to congratulate thee on thy birthday, and I think again with delight on little Paul's congratulation to thee with the flower-pot last year.¹

May Heaven, dear mother, give thee many joys, and keep thee, as ever hitherto, in health and spirits. The cold weather has begun here already, and I think with terror how the winter may attack thee in thy dovecote. Oh, that I could be by thee to stop every hole through which a draught of air could pass! We are always talking of thee, and my wife says that it seems as if she had seen thee only yesterday, but I feel as if I were always by thee.

As for my health, it is as usual, and I do not know what I can really add to this question of the Canonicus Karthümel. I always suffer from cramp, but in my case it does not attack the stomach, as it did with my father. I hope that you all live merrily and in peace. I am very equable—am willing that

¹ Paulchen, or Little Paul, brought a pot of hyacinths as a birthday present to his grandmamma; but when the old lady, with many thanks, offered to take it, “Pauly” held on to it weeping, and refused to give it up.—*German Editor.*

five shall be called an equal number.¹ Nothing has gone well with me in this world; but then it might have gone a great deal worse. This is the consolation of a dog who has only been half-whipped.

I hope to write to you once more ere the year will end, and as thou knowest I have not always a German secretary by me, thou wilt willingly forgive me if the due congratulation for the year does not come just at the right time.

All is quiet here, and Paris is busy with building. Everything is being torn down and rebuilt, so that one does not know where to find the old corners. I am very much pleased with my wife, and she is the most devoted and faithful soul whom one could imagine. Of course, I believe that, after all and in the end, there is only one person on whom a man can rely—and that is his mother. And if any one doubts it, nothing is for him more advisable than that he leave this world as soon as possible.²

And now fare well, dear mother. I send kind regards to dear Lottie and her dear children, and

¹ *Lasse fünf eine grade Zahl sein.* “Oh, well, black’s white if you choose to call it so.”—*Translator.*

² “ He turned him round and stood full still,
O laugh na’ at my mither ;
Light loves I may get many a ane,
But minnie ne’er anither.”

That this was not a passing fancy or mood of Heine is shown in *Das Liedchen von der Reue* (*Buch der Lieder-Romanzen*), in which love for a mother above all other love is expressed with a passion for which I can recall no parallel in poetry. None of those who declared that Heine wanted *love* ever realised what depths of love were in his nature.—*Translator.*

embrace you all with sincerest love.—Thy faithful
son,
H. HEINE.

Heine's health had been again seriously affected by a bad cold. An inflammation of the throat, accompanied by severe attacks of pain in the bronchial tubes and breast (*laryngitis*), rendered breathing difficult, and there was, moreover, a bed-sore (*Geschwulst*) found on his back, which made lying on it very painful. A painful operation became necessary, and the poet thought that he must soon die. After the operation the condition of the patient improved, and he had hardly begun to feel better before he began to work again as unweariedly as ever.

Soon after, in the spring of 1854, my sister came to Paris¹ to visit her uncle, and wrote regarding this meeting that she hardly recognised him when she saw his suffering form, and so changed that tears kept her from speaking. The paralysis of the eyelids concealed from him her suffering.

“ ‘Come nearer, dear child !’ he said with a feeble voice, ‘that I may see thee better—here close by me.’ And with his hand he lifted his eyelid in order to see if I was like my mother.

“ I must sit by his bed, and his first questions were of the loved ones at home. ‘Ah ! I shall

¹ Marie, the Princess della Rocca, who published in 1881 *Erinnerungen an H. Heine*, Hoffmann & Campe, Hamburg (“Recollections of H. Heine”), and in 1882 *Skizzen über H. Heine* (“Sketches of H. Heine”).—Translator.

never see my dear mother again : and will my dear Lottie come soon ?' he cried, as if suffering."

My sister further informs us that—

"The evening before I left, I sat by him ; he had told me of his youthful years and of his battles with mankind (*mit der Menschheit*), and hushed in silence (*lauschte schweigend*) his memories. Wearied, he lay there almost lifeless ; the sick-room was but badly lighted ; a lamp burnt sadly and dimly (*trübe*) behind the screen, and one could hear the monotonous ticking (*einformige Ticken*) of the clock. I did not dare to disturb his repose, and sat immovable on my chair, when all at once he endeavoured to change his position, which his physician had seriously prohibited being done without the aid of his nurse. He was attacked with agonising pains, and groaned in the most terrible manner.

"This scene was something new to me ; I believed it was his death-struggle when I saw him thus struggling for breath, and I prayed God to free him from these torturing pains (*qualvollen Schmerzen*). Pauline, his faithful nurse, endeavoured to calm him, declared it was but a passing pain, and that she had often seen him in such a state. I remained no longer in the room ; I hastened away sobbing, and saw him but once, for an instant, to take leave of him. *It was for eternity !*"

Beside his illness, Heine was greatly afflicted with the disagreeable relationship with his old friend J. Campe, whose closeness in money matters (*Schwierigkeit in Geld-dingen*) caused him much discomfort

and vexation. Campe had been accustomed to buy the manuscripts of Heine extremely cheap, and he felt deeply injured because the poet, now crowned with fame, asked higher prices. Heine's pecuniary condition had entirely changed since the publication of his French works,¹ which were brilliantly paid for, and since his old dependence as a poor man on his German publisher had vanished, he could in all tranquillity await concurrence with his demands.

Heine now earned much money, paid all his earlier debts, and so early as the end of 1851 applied his first surplus to repaying his brother Gustav all that he had borrowed from him.

It gave him great delight to be free from his old debts, as it enabled him to make presents to his mother, sister, and nieces, and to satisfy Mathilde's often far-reaching desires.

CXV.

PARIS, June 26, 1854.

DEAR GOOD LOTTIE,—My wife has had the pleasure to look up for thee a gown of the last fashionable pattern of plaid (*carritt*), and two, but quite plain (*ganz uni*), for my nieces; and I send them to thee by railway in a special little box, which I address to thy husband. I also send at the

¹ i.e., the translation of his German works into French. The sentence as given by the German editor is misleading. The ensuing paragraph is an amplification of the statement that "being rich he was no longer poor."—*Translator.*

same time a manuscript for Campe, but I would not pack the dresses with it because he is married, and womankind is envious (*die Weiber einander nichts gönnen*). I mean the *robe gris de perle* for Annie, and the blue dress for Lena, whom thou expectest in Hamburg, as thou didst say. Over sea I counsel thee, even if an opportunity should occur, not to send the gowns, as salt air injures the colours. But if the blondine should remain too long a time absent, thou canst, if thou wishest so to do, give the brunette, who has remained behind, the blue gown also; and I say to thee, by the way, that this would be quite agreeable to me.

I have bought nothing for mother, as she would not have a fine gown made for her, and would only scream at it. I therefore beg thee to buy for her in Hamburg a very fine cap, and tell her that it came in thy package. Buy just as fine a one as possible, and let me know how much it cost. I have particularly observed the name which thou didst mention, and will write to thee about it anon. I shall not forget it.

I am not very well this summer. I suffer by day and night cramping pains, and never leave my bed. My wife is very well, and was ten times better pleased at buying the gowns than if they had been for herself; but she shall have a good reward for that. She is indispensable to me in my sorrows, and I shudder at the thought that I must leave her.

Fare well, dear sister! Give my kindest regards

to Annie and Ludwig, as well as to thy husband.—
Thy faithful brother,

H. HEINE.

P.S.—Thou hast no idea how much I have endured from the Jesuit,¹ and how he does all in his power to torment me. We are, however, the best of friends. Dost thou remember a certain “Rother Aron”?

CXVI.

PARIS, *August 31, 1854.*

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I have to-day great news to tell to thee. I have quite given up my old dwelling in Paris, and now live near the Barrière, in a house which I alone occupy, to which there is a really large garden with really large trees, and where I shall be able to enjoy the pleasant season of the year most delightfully. I have made the greatest pecuniary sacrifice in order to bring about this revolution, and really do not regret it, because my health will be thereby benefited to an extraordinary degree. My system now is to do everything for my health and nothing for other people—not even for the Spendthrift, for whom I, however, could never leave enough. My address is, “Aux Batignolles, Grand Rue, No. 51, à Paris.”

Thou canst have no idea, dear mother, how much the good air and sunshine, of which I had none in my last dwelling, benefit me. Yesterday I sat

¹ Campe.

better than ever under the trees of my own garden, and ate the fine plums, which, over-ripe, almost fell into my mouth. I thought of you (*Euch*), and determined to write to you to-day at once, though I am now in the utmost confusion. My wife, who always, when she speaks of herself, does so in German as *Meine Frau* (which sounds very poll-parroty), sends her sincere love. She just now bids me say, "*Dis à ma mère que meine Frau est très occupée, et que meine Frau l'embrasse mille fois.*"

I send my kindest regards to Lottie, also to the young ladies and Ludwig, including Moritz.

As regards X., I have the best intelligence from a lady who is very truthful. He is, it appears, a very good man, very agreeable, and has, out of his own country, some property, which has not been confiscated, as was his family estate, which will, however, probably be restored to him when he politically professes penitence.¹ But as he already has a domestic cross or curse at home, he will the more easily reconcile himself to such thoughts, and dutifully duck his head.

I have left the proof-reading of two volumes of a work entirely to Campe, and I will rather be a little less immortal for a few years than strain my eyes too much.

Keep in love your faithful

H. HEINE.

¹ *Wenn er politisch zu Kreutze kriechen will.*

CXVII.

PARIS, November 6, 1854.

DEAR ANNIE,—I have long intended to write to thee, but I never accomplished it, having so much racket and clacket (*Gezippel und Gezappel*) about my ears, nor am I to-day in condition to write a single sensible word. Thy dear letter greatly amused me, and we laughed very much at thy drawing. My wife loves thee very much, and sends her kindest regards to thee, as well as to thy father, thy brother, Lenchen, and, of course, to thy mother.

With this I send thee an autograph, for which thy father will pay thee twelve yellow louis-d'ors. Buy for thyself therewith whate'er thou wilt, and as by so doing thou wilt relieve me from the trouble of buying something myself, as well as of packing and sending, thou wilt do me a service for which I thank thee.

Pray acknowledge the receipt of this letter. As soon as I am in a good humour I will write to thee again.

Meanwhile, fare well, and bear in loving remembrance thy faithful uncle,

HARRY HEINE.

CXVIII.

PARIS, November 7, 1854.

DEAREST GOOD MOTHER,—I would not write to thee before I could tell thee definitely that I had moved, but the moving was delayed from day to

day by all kinds of accidents, and it was only yesterday that I came into my new quarters. It was a journey of two hours, in which I, however, was favoured with the finest weather. I am at present, as thou mayst well believe, in the greatest confusion, with a thousand things about my ears, and must therefore limit this letter to giving thee my address ; it runs as follows : "Aux Champs Elysées, 3 Avenue Matignon, Paris."

Just to think that to this instant I have never had any copies of my book from Campe ! The devil might become clever (and learn a thing or two) from the poisons which the latter mixes up. I hope in a few weeks to be quite calm and at peace. I send love to my dear sister and the children. I embrace you all with all my heart.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

Heine had left the house in Batignolles, which was too damp, and had gone to the Champs Elysées. The new dwelling was admirably situated, and just to Heine's taste, in the third storey, without any noise overhead, roomy, light, and airy. There was a balcony, where, on sunny days when there was no wind, he was carried, so as to see the innumerable promenaders and equipages with their occupants who were on their way to the Arc de Triomphe, and thence to the Bois de Boulogne. This gave great pleasure to the poet, and his new home became so dear to him that he remained there till his death.

In addition to the literary and artistic celebrities

of France who visited Heine, it became the fashion for German authors to make a pilgrimage to him, even as Mahometans go to Mecca,¹ and after their return home there often appeared in *feuilletons* and newspaper contributions *bon-mots* and all kinds of anecdotes—some of them mere inventions—written to convince the public that such a visit had been made in Paris.

The health of Heine grew worse in the winter of 1855, and caused a return of his previous suffering, but he also this time recovered from the transitory danger, and devoted himself, after a short period of rest and recreation, to his work.

CXIX.

PARIS, March 20, 1855.

DEAREST SISTER,—I am suffering at this instant extraordinary pain from cramp in the throat, and am not able in consequence to write much to thee. A few days ago I sent thee a small chest, directed to the Goose-market, but without the number of the house, by the *Messageries Royales*. It is to be hoped that the railway or post-office officials

¹ A beautiful comparison, which is made all the more true because Heine to the end of his days believed that he was really a great lawyer, and in one place declares himself effectively to be wiser in law than the German Government. For as the Caaba or Black Stone of Mecca is the corner-stone of the law of Islam, and Blackstone that of the law of England, and as Heine was a black stone of offence in the way of the German authorities, if there ever was one, the infinite German inwardness of the simile becomes at once apparent.—*Translator.*

know the address of Moritz ; but if it does not arrive, thou must send to find out as to the arrival of the chest. There is a *Hut*¹ (bonnet) in it for thee, and, to avail myself of the opportunity, I also sent a hat for Annie and one for Lena. The last two are quite plain—one for Anna and for Lena—the light blue hat for the blondine and the rose-coloured one for the brunette. I hope that thine, which is bluish, and somewhat more serious,² will become thee, and that I shall have thy custom for the future. Unfortunately I could only pay the freight as far as Brussels, and thou wilt have a devil of a rate (*Heidenporto*) to pay.

My wife sends her heartiest and kindest greetings. It was the greatest pleasure in the world for her to attend to getting the hats, and one can depend on her good taste. I kiss you all. Give my best love to my nephew, and also to thy husband.

My French books give me no end of bubble-bubble and trouble. In fourteen days the French version of *Lutetia* will appear. I have no news as to Carl, and I beg thee to tell me how and where he is. Do but keep my dear old mother nice and warm ; she is just glorious ! God keep you all !

Your faithful brother,

H. HEINE.

Lutetia excited a great sensation when it appeared in April 1855, and in the preface to this

¹ In 1855 the *chapeau* was a *chapeau fermé* or bonnet with ribbons.—*Translator.*

² *Ebenfalls blaulich und etwas ernster.*

edition Heine *scourged* in his well-known humorous manner of writing the Socialism which was even then rising boldly. He said:—

“It is only with terror and horror that I think of the time when these gloomy iconoclasts will attain to power, when with their horny (*schwieligen*) hands they will unpityingly break all the marble statues of beauty which are so dear to my heart ; they will crush to powder all those fantastic, grotesque, and gay arabesques of art which the poet loved so much ; they will fell my groves of laurel and plant potatoes there ; the lilies of the field, which toiled not, neither did they spin, albeit Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as they were, will be torn up from the soil of society unless they will take spindle in hand ; the roses, those idle brides of the nightingales, will share the same fate ; the nightingales, those unprofitable singers, will be driven away ; and, ah ! my ‘Book of Songs’ will be used by the grocer to make from it cornets, into which he will pour coffee or snuff for the old women of the future. Ah ! yes, I foresee all this, and unspeakable sadness steals over me when I think of the destruction with which the victorious populace (*Proletariat*) threatens my verse, which is to sink into the grave with all the old romantic world.” And further :— “The devil is a logician, says Dante. A terrible syllogism holds me in its bonds, and if I cannot refuse the proposition ‘that all men have the right to eat,’ I am also compelled to expect and submit to all its consequences. And in thinking thereon I am

in danger of losing my senses. I see all the demons of *Truth* dancing round me in triumph, till at last a sublime high-minded (*hochherzige*) despair seizes my soul, and I cry, ‘It has long been judged and condemned, this old society! Let that be done to it that is just!’’¹

My mother had a great desire to see her brother once more, and, disturbed by the acute character which his sufferings had assumed, she wrote that she would come to Paris to attend him personally as soon as her domestic duties should permit it.

¹ It seems actually incredible that a man of the intelligence which Baron von Embden evidently possesses should speak of these remarks as “lashing Socialism with humorous satire,” or have taken them *literally* as merely something funny. For Heine could not satirise consistently, or merely exercise his *humoristische Schreibweise*, or be funny at the expense of something which he *seriously* believed was coming to pass, and to be in the future an awful power threatening ‘society; and that he did seriously believe that such would be the case is manifest, not only from these very lines, but from a great many passages scattered through all his works. For it was just in perceiving that Socialism (which was *not* then “rising boldly” before the world, but, as Heine truly declared, was lurking obscure and unknown in garrets and crypts), was destined to become great and terrible, that the sense of these remarks consists. The developments all over Europe and America during the past twenty years have shown that the poet predicted very accurately the age of combined republicanism, utilitarianism, and science, and surely it would have been a most singular thing if he had “lashed” and ridiculed that which he understood, predicted, and wrote about more admirably and clearly than any man of his time as destined to come. But that any one would ever understand this as satire or a scourging would have delighted him immensely.—*Translator.*

CXX.

PARIS, August 10, 1855.

DEAREST MOTHER,—I have thought of nothing since thy last letter but the joyful meeting with my darling sister. It is all arranged that my dear Lottie, on her arrival here, shall have a habitable room, where she and one of my nieces (for I should be delighted if she would bring Anna or Lena) could be comfortable. Yes, it would be an infinite delight should Lottie bring with her one of the dear children, Anna or Lena, no matter which, since both are equally dear to me, and it is only age which makes any difference between them. We have abundant room in our lodgings, and all strangers who come here admire the fine view and the excellent air which we enjoy, so that while in the most brilliant central point of Paris we still seem to be in the country. Laube and his wife from Vienna were here last week, and visited us frequently. There was also Friedland and his wife from Prague. This man has, as I once informed you, partially made up the loss which I suffered through him, and as I have his note (*Wechsel*), and as he is very rich, I shall lose nothing in the end. And also Dr. L—, who had a letter of introduction to me from Lottie, visited me eight days ago. He seems to be an extremely agreeable and amiable man, has a good exterior, does not talk stupidly, and has promised to visit me again. He will remain five weeks longer,

and I told him that Lottie would see him while still in Paris.

My wife is well and very gay. I still suffer with my old enemy, the cramp, which is not, however, so painful, yet which attacks me on all occasions of enjoyment, and especially when at work.

I always diplomatisé with Campe, and however obstinate he may show himself, I do not let myself be now cajoled any more by him. He must now be secretly furious with me, and certainly plays me all kinds of vile tricks in the dark. But I veer and trim sail (*lavire*), and in the end I shall get what I want. He will be furious when he learns that Lottie and Gustav are come to Paris. Schiff seems to be his factotum, and Lottie should be on her guard.

My wife sends greetings and kisses from her heart, and my Littleness does the same. I embrace thee tenderly, my good, most admirable mother, and remain ever, with deepest love, thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.¹

¹ In the last paragraph but one Heine uses a very peculiar expression, the explanations of which are so interesting that I give them in full. I refer to where our author says of Campe, "So lasse ich mich jetzt nicht mehr von ihm über den Löffel barbiren." From an article in the *Blätter für Pommersche Volkskunde*, No. I. 1892, I learn that the expression *über den Löffel balbiren* (i.e., *barbiren*), to shave one over the spoon, or to humbug him, comes probably from the old custom of village barbers when a customer had very much shrunken cheeks, of using a spoon which was put inside the mouth so as to produce a smooth convex surface over which the razor could more easily pass. This very naturally suggested the remark that "I will not suffer myself to be smoothly puffed out, soaped down, and shaved by him *over a spoon*"—the latter suggesting naturally a complete shave or a very thorough swindle.

CXXI.

PARIS, October 24, 1855.

DEAR GOOD MOTHER,—I have now no German secretary, and cannot write to thee much with my own hand, hence my delay. Moreover, I am every day expecting the family, which must at last be fairly under way. Lottie's bed is already made. I wrote this day to Gustav to congratulate him on his new creation; he is the one who continues our line. I have brought it to nothing. I also thanked Gustav for the honour he paid me by naming the young one after me. Should he still be in Hamburg, I beg him earnestly to make peace with Campe; this quarrel has caused me great vexation and injury. Lottie can well act as mediator, since she personally asked Campe for his orders to Paris. Campe may send me by her the third part of Meissner's novel.

Annie will not lose much should she not come (as Lottie writes) this year, and that for many reasons. But I hope that in the spring there will be a more favourable combination of circumstances (*Conjuncturen*) which will guarantee a more agreeable journey hither; for now the fashionable season is beginning, and for that, because of her short visit, the child is not prepared. By the way, if Lottie is still in Hamburg, and by chance owns a copy of my "Shakespeare's Maidens and Women," I beg her to bring it, for I can no longer get it here. I kiss thee, dear mother.—Thy faithful son,

H. HEINE.

CXXII.

PARIS, November 19, 1855.

Monsieur HERMANN HEINE,
*à Hamburg.*¹

DEAREST HERMANN,—I have just learned from Lottie what a loss thou hast lately had, and though I am very ill and almost blind, yet will I condole with thee with my own hand. The sorrowful news was to me a great shock. My dear Uncle Henry was an excellently good man, soft and gentle even to weakness, and therefore all the more lovable. He was polite, respectable, of good manners; there was in him nothing whatever vulgar, and never did a word spoken in malice fall from his lips. He never told a lie, and evil meaning, whether refined or rude, was foreign to his heart. But what was above all things chiefest unto his fame was that he was a perfectly honourable man.

He *was* a thoroughly honourable man, my late dear uncle, and I hear with joy, dear Hermann, that thou art like him in this respect. Such a good quality is very rare, more's the pity! Falsehood and faithlessness now bear the bell,² and where evil

¹ The original of this letter belongs to Herr Dr. H. Oswalt, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, grandson of Henry Heine.

Henry Heine, born 1774, died 1855; married Henrietta Embden, born 1787, died 1868; left two children:—

Hermann, born 1816, died 1870.

Emilie, married S. Oswalt, in Frankfort (on-the-Maine?), born 1818, died in 1892.—*German Editor.*

² It is impossible not to trace in this and the following certain

is sown there will disaster and dire destruction be harvested. The tears of suffering ones do cry to God (whose hand also lies heavily on me, be it as punishment or in probation, truly I know not). I am greatly suffering, yet I bear my misery with resignation to the unsearchable will of God.

I can no longer see the letters which I write, and so hasten to give thee my parting brotherly regards.
—Thy faithful cousin,

H. HEINE.

Before the reception of the preceding letters my mother had arrived in Paris with her brother Gustav. She related to me the following regarding her last meeting with her brother Henry :—

“ Mathilde was in the vestibule (*Flur*). She embraced me, and said, ere I entered the house, that my brother had called her and said, ‘I feel that Lottie is coming; there is no previous preparation (*Vorbereitung*) needed; bring her at once to me; I will not lose a moment in seeing her.’ When I approached his bed, he, with the cry ‘*Mein liebes Lottchen!*’ (My dear Lottie!), at once embraced me, and held me long in his arms without speaking more for a long time, then leaned his head on my shoulder and held out his hand to his brother

Latin homely sayings, which were ever in Heine’s mind, and which he cites in other places, e.g.—

“ Multis annis jam peractis,
Nulla fides est in pactis.”

Also—

“ Justa à te superi exigent supplicia,” &c.

—Translator.

Gustav. His joy at seeing me was indescribable, and I must not leave him from dinner-time till late in the evening. After what I had previously learned as to the illness of my brother, I feared that the first sight of his suffering would shock me terribly, but as I only saw his head, which smiled at me with a wonderfully glorious (*verklärter*) beauty, I could abandon myself utterly to the first delight of seeing him again. But when towards afternoon his nurse carried my brother in her arms to a *chaise longue* in order to make the bed, and I saw his shrunk-up body, from which the limbs hung down as if lifeless, I was compelled to summon up all my energies to endure the terrible sight. My bed was next to the sick-room, and during the first night he suffered from protracted pains in the chest and head, which agonised me. Similar attacks returned every night, and then, when I hastened to his bed, the laying my hand on his forehead seemed to give him at once relief. My brother often said that I possessed a rare magnetic power, which he felt at once when I stepped, though ever so softly, into his room.

"During the periods when he was free from pain, early memories of bygone years, of home, or of relations would make him laugh; and if Mathilde was present, she too would burst out laughing, and then ask, because she did not understand German, what it was that we were laughing at.

"Mathilde lived on the best possible terms with me, but not with Gustav, who did not speak French, and so could not make himself intelligible to her,

which produced a great feeling of mutual restraint (*gegenseitige Spannung*). Moreover, Gustav regarded this marriage of inclination (*Neigungsheirath*) of his brother as a great disaster, and, according to his ideas, it had been the cause of his discomfort and suffering. Mathilde, who had been accustomed to a certain degree of indulgence and of being spoiled (*Verhätschlung*), regarded Gustav's reserve as contempt,¹ and I was often called into requisition as interpreter in order to maintain a superficial friendship by little improvisations. After we had once taken a drive, Gustav gave a very small *pourboire* to the coachman, who, pocketing it, growled, '*Ladre.*' Mathilde burst out laughing, and to Gustav's question, 'Wherefore this unrestrained hilarity?' (*warum dieses unbändiges Lachen?*), I replied, '*Garnichts*—oh! nothing at all; he only returned thanks for the gratuity.'

"Such scenes were often repeated, and I was just simply delighted when Gustav, leaving me in Paris, returned to Vienna, that no real quarrel had taken place between them. Mathilde's easily excited temperament often caused little outbreaks of anger over trifling things, and my brother had much to suffer from her jealousy, which he bore with stoical patience, and which he could always allay with a few soothing words.

"The whole left side of my brother was paralysed,

¹ "Oft we see in lyfe, alacke!
Ye pott doth call y^e kettle blacke."

—Translator.

the left eye blinded, the arm and hand palsied—in fact, only the right side of his body had retained its nervous force, so that it remained possible for him to write with the right hand. He often laid it in my right hand, and assured me that my presence was a great comfort to him. I could hardly understand what he could find in chatting so confidently in German, and when the theme of our youthful years was exhausted, I must talk about our mother and the children. When Richard Reinhardt, the secretary who had served him for years, left him a few months before, he felt the loneliness of a sick-room very sensibly ; his daily visitors rather wearied than cheered him ; and the amanuenses engaged in consequence of advertising in newspapers did not replace the loss. But very recently there had come to him a singularly gifted, pleasant creature, a German girl, a merry Suabian, who combined French *esprit* with German earnestness (*Innigkeit*). She read to him with a deeply resonant voice, and was so accomplished in French that he could leave the correction of his works to her. She was at the time unwell, but would soon return, and he was anxious to know what impression she would make on me.

“ Mouche, as my brother called her, from her seal, on which a fly was engraved, was, in fact, a charming, youthful being (*Erscheinung*), who became, even during my transitory visit, highly sympathetic to me. She was of medium height, more pleasing than pretty. Her refined face, framed by brown hair, and her roguish eyes gleamed over a short

nose, while she had a little mouth, which, in speaking or laughing, showed rows of pearly teeth. Her hands and feet were small and neat, and there was something unusually graceful in all her movements.

"Despite her liveliness, she had already experienced much of the bitterness of life. Married at an early age to a Frenchman, she passed the first years of her wedded life in Paris; but the little German soon became wearisome to her volatile husband, who wasted his fortune in the most frivolous manner. To get rid of his wife he contrived this plan. He invited her to accompany him on a journey to England, and when they arrived in London asked her to go with him to visit a family of his friends. The carriage stopped before a fine country-house, where an old gentleman received them in the most friendly manner, but they had hardly entered an elegant drawing-room before her husband disappeared.

"She soon became aware that she was in a madhouse, and to her weeping and entreaties to set her free she was threatened with violent restraint unless she would keep quiet. Terror frightened the poor woman so much that a paralysis of the tongue long hindered her from speaking. It was some weeks before she recovered her bodily powers sufficiently to convince the physician that she was sound of mind, whereupon she was permitted to return to Paris. Further existence with her husband was of course impossible, and in order to make a living she gave lessons in German.

"Mouche came every day for several hours to my

brother, and his esteem for the lively little being caused in Mathilde a degree of diseased jealousy which at last became animosity. To the wish of her husband that Mouche should sometimes take a place at their table, Mathilde gave a stern denial. She hardly responded to Mouche's salutations ; and whenever the latter entered the invalid's chamber, the former indignantly left it.

"I was once taken for Mouche when old Beranger visited my brother, and found me sitting in half-darkness by the bed. Advancing to my brother he said, 'Dear Heine, is Madame the celebrated new reader *Mouche*?' To which my brother, smiling, replied, '*Cher ami*, you must have *mouche volante*¹ —it is my sister.'

"I heard last of the dear Mouche in 1887, when Madame Camille Selden informed me that she had published some reminiscences of my brother, and that she was living in Rouen as teacher of German in a ladies' boarding-school.

"My brother was very fond of children, and was glad when three darling little ones, the children of a friend of Mathilde, the wife of a manager of a circus, came to visit him. The youngest of these was his godchild. Then the children received cakes, and my brother told them pretty stories, to which they listened in silence. Once on such a visit, when he had described the splendour of heaven to them, and how people ate cakes there from morning to night,

¹ *Mouches volantes*, German *Augenflimmern*, dimness of the eyes, specks or spots before one—*i.e.*, you do not see plainly.—*Translator.*

and how the angels when they had finished eating always wiped their mouths with their white wings, the little girl who was his godchild cried, displeased, 'That is not at all clean of them!'¹ I observed at the same time that Heine had no adopted child, as had been generally reported.

"I learned in the beginning of December that one of my children had suddenly fallen ill, and therefore formed the determination to return to Hamburg. Before I left I asked Dr. Gruby what he considered the condition of my brother to be, and received the comforting assurance that unless something unexpected should intervene, he might live for two or three years.

"I informed my brother that I must leave, promising faithfully to return the next spring. He heard it with sorrow, and begged me, should it be possible, to bring with me my son Ludwig, to whom he had in his will given the care of his literary remains (*Nachlass*), regarding which he wished to discuss many things. He then explained to me more in detail many things regarding this, and bade me, above all things, watch Campe, who could omit whatever he pleased from the complete edition, but not add anything by his own will.

"To lighten my departure, my brother composed the day before a merry poem, which jocosely described my meeting again with my family. When I,

¹ *Sehr unreinlich von ihnen.* It was probably *malpropre* or *vilaine* in French. But it was very like Heine, in whom a certain kind of want of refinement very frequently most unconsciously betrayed itself.—*Translator.*

on the morning of my departure, went to take it from the desk where it had been laid, it had vanished, and I learned to my sorrow that it had been used by the maid to light a fire. When I bewailed this to my brother, he said, ‘Comfort thyself, dear sister; when thou returnest I will write thee a poem which shall be even far more full of fire.’

“But there was no meeting again, for it was hardly two months before he found unexpectedly eternal rest, and my kiss of departure was the last which I ever pressed on his pale cheeks.”

A few weeks after the departure of his sister the condition of Heine grew much worse. Difficulties of breathing and cramps in the breast became much commoner, and often compelled him to sit up all night in bed. Sleeplessness caused great weakness, but despite this the poet worked from two to three hours daily. Three days before his departure there was a painful vomiting, which could not be stopped, and for which Dr. Gruby's order to place ice on the stomach only produced temporary alleviation. The last night was very painful, the weakness increased, and the death-struggle ensued.

H. Heine preserved his full consciousness to the last, and died in the morning towards five o'clock on the 17th of February 1856. The funeral took place on the 20th of February on a cloudy winter morning at eleven o'clock, according to the wish expressed in his testament to be buried as quietly and with as little display as possible at the Montmartre Cemetery.

The news of his death had a terrible effect on his sister, who did not suppose, when she left her brother a little time before, that the day when he would be freed from his pains would so soon approach, and the suffering which it caused his old mother, who survived him, mocks all description.

The loss of her darling and pride of her life threw her on a sick-bed, but her powerful constitution enabled her to recover, and she did not die till three years later, when she sunk to her last repose on the 3rd September 1859, or on the same day with her faithful companion (*Gesellschafterin*), during the cholera, which was then raging most terribly in Hamburg.

The earth had hardly covered Heine's grave when there arose between his brother Gustav and Mathilde an unpleasant public quarrel as to which of the two had the right to erect a monument over the deceased poet.

Regarding this affair I subsequently received from Madame Mathilde a detailed communication which will be found in the Appendix,¹ and I limit myself as regards publishing further letters from her, as they were neither composed by her nor in her hand, and only bear the signature "Vve. Henri Heine."

Another document of Mathilde's informed me that she would not carry into execution the disposition § 3 of the will. This ran as follows:—

"I desire that after my decease all my papers and

¹ Letters from Madame Mathilde, Appendix, p. 265 *et seq.*

all my letters, carefully locked (*verschlossen*), shall be at the disposal of my nephew Ludwig von Embden, to whom I will give further instructions as to what use he shall make of them, without prejudice to the rights of property of my general heir."

Madame Mathilde alleged as a motive for her refusal to deliver the papers to me that my uncle had, during the previous summer, intended to make another will, and that she had classified and examined the papers left without having found the written information required. These declarations were made by the advice of Mathilde's legal adviser, a M. Julia, in order to negative, as they contradict, the declaration of my mother, who had discussed in detail this subject with my brother two months before his death.

This man (Julia) had an unbounded influence on Madame Mathilde, and he endeavoured, though no document of H. Heine authorised him to do so, and despite his ignorance of the German language, to usurp my testamentary rights. It was contrary to all my feelings to have a lawsuit with Madame Mathilde, since I had promised my uncle to support and protect his widow, and I limited myself to enforcing the fulfilment of the testamentary conditions in the most friendly manner. My efforts did not succeed until Madame Mathilde had completely quarrelled (*gründlich überworfen*) with M. Julia, for reasons which are best suppressed (*die sich der Oeffentlichkeit entziehen*), and which brought to a

deplorable conclusion his unwarranted interference. Madame Mathilde placed all the papers which had been left at my disposition, with the exception of a fragment of Memoirs, which I was not to receive till after her death, and which she would not suffer to pass from her hands, because it would enable her to threaten the family with its publication in case her annuity should be withheld.

After careful examination of all the papers of the deceased, I sent the as yet unpublished manuscripts to Hamburg, leaving the less important in Paris. There were carefully packed up, in addition to the fragments of the Memoirs, several bundles of rough notes (*brouillons*) of manuscripts already published, and letters addressed to H. Heine, of which the greater part consisted of correspondence with Julius Campe.

The death of Madame Mathilde was kept a secret, and not announced to my mother nor to me, and we first learned the fact of the burial from the newspapers. I at once ordered my nephew living in Paris to reclaim the papers left by Heinrich Heine, but received as answer that it was too late, as everything had been legally sealed up. Madame Mathilde had from childish fear never made a will, and had died suddenly of apoplexy. An old cousin of Mathilde, Madame Veuve Fauvet, *née* Mirat, dwelling in the village of Vinot, succeeded in establishing herself as the heiress. The inevitable M. Julia had had himself appointed as plenipotentiary in the affairs to her, and in her name he seized on every-

thing, including the papers of H. Heine left by me in Paris.

I demanded in the most energetic manner from M. Julia, who had established himself as at home in the dwelling of Madame Mathilde, the delivery of these papers, because it certainly was not the intention of the original testator, my uncle H. Heine, that his papers should pass into the possession of utter strangers.

The correspondence was without result, and I went to Paris to institute proceedings against M. Julia. My lawyer declared that he could do nothing against M. Julia till I should have gained a suit against the heiress of the Widow Heine in every detail. Not wishing, as a German, to carry on before French tribunals a long and expensive suit, I proposed to pay a certain sum to the heiress for her assumed right to Heine's papers, with the condition that M. Julia should bind himself by legal acknowledgment to deliver to me everything which had to his knowledge been found. The result of this clause was that no offer of terms was ever made to me (as M. Julia promised there should be), and M. Julia, who had distinctly placed himself in the position of a litigant for the possession of the fragments of a Memoir, *sold*, by means of the monstrous puffing (*réclame*) of a Berlin literary man, the few leaves of which it consisted to the *Gartenlaube* and M. J. Campe for sixteen thousand francs.

M. Julia proclaimed himself to be the heir of the

Heine papers, kept silence as to the true facts as to how the fragment of the Memoir came into his hands, and his communications regarding it in R. Fleischer's *Deutsche Revue*, as well as in different German and French publications—which distinctly show the marks of clumsy invention on their very face—are in utter contradiction to all the as yet known or published official documents.¹

Strodtmann writes in his biography of H. Heine, that Campe, after the death of the poet, had to endure the most irritating vexations from the Heine family, and that the latter refused all co-operation in the collected edition, and proposed to sell him what had been bequeathed, with the directions as to arrangement included, demanding for this the extravagant sum of 30,000 francs, and finally 12,000.

To correct this assertion, I here declare that, being greatly urged by Mr. Campe, senior, to obtain for him these papers, I had offered the disposition of them for 15,000. He offered me 12,000, and I for that purpose went to Paris to recommend Madame Mathilde to accept the offer. According to my opinion, there was a great deal in the manuscripts which had previously been sold to Campe, and as it had been marked out by the censor, had not been published. In any case, a lawsuit could not have been avoided had I sold the bequest to any other

¹ When we consider all that Baron von Embden had to endure from M. Julia, it would appear as if the heirs of a stranger dying in France were about as badly off even to-day as they would have been a century or two ago, when the *droit d'aubaine* swept up everything for the king, as Sterne has so quaintly described it.

publisher. I knew old Campe too well for that. When I returned, I informed Mr. Campe that the Widow Heine would accept his offer. To which he replied, "Now it is too late; the edition of the entire set of works is in press, and I will only give the half."

I most unwillingly broke off all negotiation, and after Campe's death sold the bequest for 10,000 francs to his son and successor, which sum the Widow Heine received in full. In 1869 the bequest appeared in an admirable arrangement of Strodtmann's as a supplementary volume to the great collected edition, and this brought to the publisher, as he informed me, a very considerable profit.

The earlier collected edition of from 1861 to 1862 was edited by Strodtmann for old Campe, without the concurrence of any member of Heine's family, and published. The arrangement of it made by Heine himself, to add nothing to it, and to omit everything which could cause offence or vexation, was ignored. This collected edition contained a great deal which had not previously appeared, and which never should have appeared—as, for instance, the poems, *Schlosslegende* ("Castle Legends"), the Weaver, &c.

Heinrich Heine ordained in his will, § 4, "That if my friend Campe, the publisher of my works, wishes for any alterations in the manner and style in which I have arranged my different writings in the before-mentioned prospectus, I desire that no one shall place any difficulties in his way, since I

have always conformed willingly to what he has required as a publisher. The main thing is, that not a line shall be inserted into my writings which I have not expressly intended for publication, or which has not been published under the signature of my full name; an assumed sign (*chiffre*) is not sufficient to ascribe a certain writing to me, which has perhaps appeared in any journal, since the placing such an indication of the author by means of a *chiffre* always depended on the managing editor, who always followed the custom of making alterations in the substance or form of any articles which were indicated only with such a mark.

"I distinctly forbid that, under any pretence whatever, any writing by any other person, however trifling it may be, shall be appended to my works, unless it should be a biographical note from the pen of one of my old friends to whom I had expressly confided such work. I take it for granted (*ich setze voraus*) that my wish in this respect—that is, that my books shall not serve to include, or to disseminate, or to drag along with them (*ins Schlepptau nehmen*) any foreign matter—will be truly observed to the fullest extent."

Campe had, in breaking off the negotiations as to the bequest (*Nachlass*), simply for the concession of the terms (*Dispositionen*) laid down by Heine for the complete edition, offered 3000 francs, which Mathilde roundly refused, in the hope of inducing him to accept her terms for the whole.

This refusal may have been the motive why

Campe henceforth did not regard himself as bound to observe the above-given conditions of the will, especially because the public earnestly required an edition of the work perfect as regards all deficiencies (*in allen Lücken ergänzte Ausgabe*).

It must be said, however, of the publisher Adolf Strodtmann, that while he cleverly accomplished this undertaking, he went too far, being urged by too great zeal in his efforts to omit nothing from the complete edition.

In 1864 the differences between the French publisher and Madame Mathilde were arranged by me, she having thought that her claim to copyright (*Tantièmenrecht*) were infringed on. I paid no regard to her demand to settle the claim to 20 centimes a volume for a certain sum, because her annuity from Carl Heine of 5000 francs, with 3400 from Julius Campe, sufficed for her to live on. I sold the copyright of Madame Mathilde to Messrs. Levy and Brothers for the sum of 17,500 francs, and received the whole in full after leaving Paris.

New difficulties, however, arose when, in 1866, the "Letters of Heine" appeared in French, and Madame Heine demanded an extra recompense for them of the Brothers Levy, which the latter refused to pay. The lawsuit which followed was decided against Madame Heine, although the celebrated advocate Jules Favre exerted all his eloquence in her favour.¹

¹ It would appear that, in common honesty or equity, Madame Heine was entitled to this money. The whole history of the final

The erroneous opinion that unpublished manuscripts by Heinrich Heine still exist was publicly contested during the life of Madame Mathilde by the declaration "that nobody legally possesses anything (of the kind), and whoever has anything must make it known." Further, the widow of H. Heine, in the contract of sale of the works left with Hoffmann & Campe, declared that all the manuscripts of the literary bequest of H. Heine were in the hands of Herr von Embden, and that she possessed no more poems or written works by him, with the exception of the fragments of a memoir, which should not be published for the present, and that Messrs. Hoffmann & Campe are authorised to bring action against any one, whoever he may be, who shall publish anything as yet unprinted.

Strodtmann believed erroneously that all the manuscripts which Heine mentioned in his correspondence since 1823 were still in existence, forgetting that a great deal was destroyed in the Hamburg fire,¹ and more recent biographers repeat the tale with mysterious importance, depending on untrustworthy persons, without giving practical reasons for their belief.

disposal of Heine's property, in spite of the most clearly expressed instructions by him (at least as it is related by Baron von Embden), indicates that law, as it exists, especially in France, owing to its ultra-refinements and red-tape, instead of enforcing justice, is rather an aid to mere robbery.—*Translator.*

¹ Everything in Hamburg of Heine's was certainly not destroyed. In the German publisher's preface to "Germany" there occurs the following:—"Heine believed that the first manuscript of the work which he had sent to Hamburg had there perished in the great fire of 1842; but it was subsequently found among certain papers of the publisher's which had been rescued."—*Translator.*

As regards the Memoirs, I would recall this, that in 1833 and 1842 a considerable amount of manuscript perished, and that the poet himself, after his reconciliation with Carl Heine, voluntarily destroyed a portion of them.¹ He had already previously, in consequence of financial pressure, published fragments of his Memoirs in different works, as, for example, in his Confessions and book on Börne. During all his life, and even to his death, Heine wrote at these Memoirs, and had the intention to arrange what had been published with what he had written as a whole. A great part of the fragment of the Memoirs which appeared in 1884 had been destroyed in an unauthorised manner by Max, Heine's brother, when the latter visited the Exposition in 1867, and Mathilde had in the kindest manner allowed him to see it.² Madame Mathilde was natu-

¹ It is no scandalous or impertinent conjecture that what was destroyed on this occasion contained matter which Carl Heine feared to have published. H. Heine could be diabolically bitter and unscrupulous, as his attack on Platen proved, and it may be that the fear of the publication of this portion of the Memoirs was the real cause of Carl's paying his cousin what was due to him. Baron von Embden has himself informed us that H. Heine was deeply angered at Carl.—*Translator.*

² It speaks volumes for the fairness and candour of Baron von Embden that he seems by the use of the word *unauthorised* to condemn this proceeding of Max. It is extremely probable that the latter found in the Memoirs violent or scandalous attacks on himself, and matter to irritate, or even disgrace, the family. Mathilde, as we are told, had actually kept this document as a means of compelling Carl or his heirs to continue her pension, by threatening to publish it *in case* it should be discontinued. Taking all things into consideration, it was well that the worst of it was destroyed. There is no kind of literature which the world can so well spare as the *chroniques scandaleuses*.—*Translator.*

rally very much irritated at this, sent for me to come to Paris, and when I asked my uncle for an explanation of this act of authority, he replied, "It was necessary for the good name and fame of my brother to destroy the latter portion of the Memoir, which was written in a delirium of passion (*Fieberhitze*), and to make innocuous the portion which remained in the hands of Mathilde."

Madame Mathilde was unfortunately often very badly advised, and the remaining papers, before they came into my hands, had been offered to the French Government for 30,000 francs, which, after some negotiation, was refused. The recently revived report that the Memoirs of Heine exist in the secret archives of the Austrian Government may have come from the fact that Herr von Friedland, an acquaintance of many years with H. Heine, induced the so easily excitable Madame Mathilde to confide to him the MS. Memoir, in order that he might offer it to the Austrian Government, through Prince Metternich, for sale. When I came to Paris and heard of this, to my great astonishment, I induced Madame Mathilde to urgently require the return of the manuscript, which was sent back to her with thanks, after it had been ascertained that it contained nothing dangerous.¹ There are in the hands

¹ It is very evident, from the manner in which this fragment of Memoir was offered at such tremendous price to the French and Austrian Governments, that Mathilde believed that it really contained terribly scandalous records. Persons of her class and kind are, however, easily induced to believe that anything out of the range of their intellect or knowledge—be it a manuscript, an old book, or picture—is probably worth immense sums of money.—*Translator.*

of the Austrian Government no manuscripts by H. Heine excepting a few sheets, an autograph which was most gratefully received by Her Majesty the Empress, a great admirer of the poet, on the occasion of a visit to my mother in Hamburg.

This distinguished lady had a predilection for H. Heine, based on the most refined intelligence; and when the project patronised by her of erecting a monument to him in Düsseldorf did not succeed, she placed on her marble fairy castle Achilleion, at Corfu, one of intellectually inspired magnificence, and such as he could hardly have had in his native land. From the sea-strand a flight of several hundred stairs of white marble leads up to the slope of a wooded hill, and high above, on an interval in the stairs, rises an open temple of six columns, open on all sides, which is of white marble, with a round cupola. The centre of the exquisite building, which is overshadowed by immense silver-grey olive trees, shelters the life-size statue of Heinrich Heine, a creation of the Danish sculptor Hasselriis, who lives in Rome. The calm and serious statue, inspiring sympathetic accord,¹ stands in sight of the sea of which the poet has sung so deeply and movingly (*ergreifend*), and represents him as sitting in the last stage (*Stadium*) of his incurable disorder, with bowed head and closed eyes, whence tears flow. One hand holds the pencil for writing, the other a sheet with the words by him—

¹ *Die ernste, stimmungsvolle Statue.*

“ What means this lonely tear-drop
Which dims my eye to-day?
It's the last now left me
From times long passed away.”¹

Madame Mathilde inhabited for many years a simple very comfortable dwelling in Batignolles, Rue l'Écluse, from the back windows of which there was a view of flowery garden scenery. There was in all the apartments a perfection of order and neatness for which the industrious Pauline toiled incessantly. Her amusements consisted in visiting the circus, or small theatres of the Boulevard, whenever lively pieces were given, or to take a walk with Pauline in the Champs Elysées. Table guests also played a great part in her household, and when I was a guest she always had prepared some dish which had been a favourite one with her *pauvre Henri*, and believed in her childlike manner that she had thus honoured his memory. It was touching to hear with what devoted love she spoke of him, and confided to me the fact that many men had sought to marry her, but that she would never make up her mind to forget her *Henri* and give up his celebrated name. When her *pauvre Henri* was very

¹ “ Was will die einsame Thräne ?
Sie trübt mir ja den Blick,
Sie bleibt aus alten Zeiten
In meinen Augen zurück.”

First published in the *Reisebilder*, the “Homeward Journey,” No. 29. The impression which the correspondence with Heine’s mother leaves is, however, that a more appropriate motto would have been, “He wanted postage-stamps and ye gave him a statue.”—*Translator.*

angry because she had spent too much money, or he thought sadly of his mother and sister in Germany, a single caress of love was always enough to awaken to him joy and merriment.

“ Then comes my wife, fair as the morning ray,
And drives my German sorrows far away.”

Mathilde was a great lover of animals ; besides Cocotte, she had a bird-cage with from fifty to sixty canaries and three white Bolognese dogs. When the whole menagerie began to cry, chirp, and bark, the noise was intolerable, and if I would hasten away she said amazed, “ C'est drôle ! vous êtes comme votre oncle, qui n'amait pas les bêtes.”

During the siege Mathilde remained in Paris, and bewailed to me later what she had endured, and how she had been obliged to pay 200 francs for a chicken. When I expressed my astonishment that she paid so much, she replied, laughing, “ Que faire si c'était le prix.” She never learned to understand the value of money, and always remained a great harmless child. She generally passed the summer months in the country, and about two years before her death I saw her last in Longjumeau, where she dwelt in an airy, roomy apartment, and it was with childish delight that she showed me the shady foliage and fruit-trees in the garden.

Mathilde's personal appearance changed very much of late years. Her hair had whitened, her corpulence terribly increased, and wails over suffering from rheumatism escaped from her once laughing mouth.

After a plentiful breakfast she became good-humoured once more, and when, after some hours of joyful company, she embraced me in adieu, she never dreamed that we should never meet again.

On the 17th February 1883, on the anniversary of the death of her husband, Mathilde stood at the window of her dwelling in Passy, when, just after conversing with Pauline, she suddenly fell dead to the ground, struck by apoplexy.

After twenty-seven years she was re-united in the same grave to the loved husband whose life she had made beautiful by her amiability and gaiety, and had caused to forget so many hours of heavy suffering.

The publication of the preceding family letters of Henry Heine may serve as a guard against many erroneous assertions regarding the poet, be of advantage as regards his relations to his family, and at the same time serve as a permanent mark of affection and esteem for the departed.

One may justly apply to these letters his own words—

“ My sufferings and complaints beside,
Are in this book by me ;
And when the book is opened wide,
My heart is ope’d to thee.”

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

LETTER OF THE NURSE CATHERINE BOURLOIS TO MADAME CHARLOTTE EMBDEN, IN HAMBURG.

PARIS, *March 11, 1856.*

MADAME,—I have sent to your brother very long details as to all which he asked me regarding the death of M. Heine. Madame your sister-in-law left the house of death half-an-hour before the burial; she has not yet returned to the Avenue Montaigne, but M'lle Pauline comes every day to get her letters from the concierge. I do not know the address of Madame Heine.

The day before his death my poor master said, “I am satisfied now that my family is come, for I shall never see them again.” He regretted very much not having written on Wednesday, because he would never be able to write again. He repeated on the last night, as he had done on Friday, “I am lost.” During this fatal night I had with me a watcher, and I went to awake M'lle Pauline when I saw that his end was near. I could have of course called Madame,¹ but the least noise

¹ It can hardly fail to strike the reader unpleasantly that this woman should take it on herself to apprehend evil consequences in such a manner, and thus prevent Madame Heine from being present at her husband's death. Heine was actually *in extremis*, and yet Madame Bourlois says that she would not call his wife for fear of

might have made his last moments worse, and I feared the effect which the death of a husband might produce on his wife. However, at the last moment M^{lle} Pauline ran to Madame, and I had only time to say to her on the threshold, "All is over."

A quarter of an hour before his death M. Heine was in full consciousness. I constantly encouraged and consoled him to the best of my power, but he perceived, as we did, that the medicines produced no amelioration. The attachment which he had for you, and the request which you made when leaving that I would write to you, made it a duty to do so, and I have done so without informing Madame Heine. Please therefore, Madame, do not speak to her of my letters, and if you have new orders to give, you will add to my address, "Commune de Passy, Rue du Belair, Barrière de l'Etoile, Paris."

From not being correctly addressed, your letter did not arrive till the 9th.

I am, Madame, your very humble servant,

CATHERINE BOURLOIS.

I will add that on Saturday, between four and five o'clock in the evening, Monsieur called me three times, and told me to write . . . but I did not understand the sense of his words, and did not wish to make him repeat them. I answered "Yes," and a little time after, "When your vomiting shall have ceased, you will write yourself." He replied, "I am about to die."

aggravating his last moments! It would seem as if this conduct had been inspired by some ill-feeling towards Madame Heine, because in the next sentence the woman specially requests Madame Embden not to inform Mathilde that she—the nurse—had written anything. Why this secrecy if there was nothing wrong to conceal?—*Translator.*

II.

WILL OF HEINRICH HEINE

Before M. Ferdinand Léon Ducloux and M. Charles Emile Rousse, notaries in Paris, undersigned, and witnessed by (1.) M. Michel Jacob, master-baker, dwelling in Paris, Rue d'Amsterdam, No. 60; (2.) and M. Eugène Grouchy, master-grocer, living in Paris, Rue d'Amsterdam, No. 52, both witnesses fulfilling all the conditions required by law, as they have declared to the notaries here undersigned, according to the queries duly made separately unto each; and in a bedroom of M. Heine, hereinafter named, seated in the second story of a house in the Rue d'Amsterdam, No. 50, in which bedroom the notaries and witnesses above named, chosen by the testator, have assembled at the express requisition of this last:

Appeared M. Henri Heine, man of letters and Doctor of Law, living in Paris, Rue d'Amsterdam, No. 50, who, being ill of body but sound of mind, memory, and understanding, as it hath appeared to the said notaries and witnesses by conversation with him, and in view of death, dictated unto the aforesaid M. Ducloux, in presence of M. Rousse and of the witnesses, his testament in the following manner:—

§ *Firstly*, I declare for my universal legatee Mme. Mathilde Crescence Heine *née* Mirat, my legitimate wife, with whom I have passed for long years my good and my bad days, and who has cared for me during the long and cruel duration of my illness. I leave her in full and entire possession, and without any conditions or restrictions, all that I possess, or which I may possess, at my decease, and all my rights to any possession whatever.

§ *Secondly*, At a time when I hoped for a prosperous future, I alienated all my literary property for very insignificant sums; unfortunate events have since then swallowed up the small hoard which I possessed, and my illness does not permit me to re-establish to a small degree my fortune to the profit of my wife. The annuity which I hold from my late uncle Salomon Heine, and which was always the case of my budget, is only partially assured to my wife. It was I myself who thus wished it. I now feel the greatest regret for not having better established the independence of my wife after my death. The aforesaid pension of my uncle represented in reality the rent of a sum which this paternal benefactor did not care to put into the hands of a poet unskilled in business, in order to assure me a permanent enjoyment thereof. I depended on this *dotation* when I married a person for whom my uncle showed a marked preference, and to whom he gave many testimonials of affection. Although he did nothing for her in an official manner in his testimentary dispositions, it is not to be less presumed that this forgetfulness is rather due to an unfortunate chance than to the sentiments of the defunct. He whose magnificence has enriched and endowed so many who were strangers to his family and to his heart, could not be accused of mean niggardliness when there was a question of the wife of a nephew who made his name illustrious. The least gestures and words of a man who was generosity itself ought to be interpreted as generous. Charles Heine, a worthy son of his father, has agreed with me in these sentiments, and it was with a noble eagerness that he yielded to my demand when I begged him to assume the formal engagement of paying after my decease to my wife, as a life-annuity, the half of the pension which dated from his late father. This stipulation was

made the 25th of February 1847, and I am still moved by the recollection of the noble reproaches which my cousin, notwithstanding our differences in those days, made me regarding my want of confidence in his feelings as regarded my wife. When he offered me his hand as pledge of his promise, I pressed it against my poor suffering eyes and wetted it with my tears. Since then my position has grown worse, and my illness has drained many resources which I might have left to my wife ; and as these unforeseen vicissitudes and other reasons force me to have anew recourse to the worthy and just feelings of my cousin, I engage him not to diminish the half of the pension aforesaid, in paying it to my wife after my death, and to pay it to her integrally, as I received it during the life of my uncle.

I say expressly “as I received it during the life of my uncle,” because my cousin Charles Heine has during the past five years, in which my malady has greatly increased, more than doubled the amount of my pension, a generous attention for which I owe him very great gratitude. It is more than probable that I have no need to make this appeal to his liberality, for I am persuaded that, with the first shovel-full of earth which he will throw on my tomb, according to his right as my nearest relation, should he be in Paris after my death, he will forget all these wretched complaints which I have so much regretted and expiated by long, intense suffering. He will not then certainly remember aught save the good friendship of earlier days, of that affinity and conformity of sentiment which united us from our tender youth, and he will vow a perfectly fraternal affection to the widow of his friend ; but it is not useless for the rest of either that the living shall know what the dead require of them.

§ *Thirdly*, I desire that, after my decease, all my papers and all my letters shall be scrupulously closed, and be at the disposition of my nephew, Ludwig von Embden, to whom I will give my ulterior instructions as to the use which he shall make of them, without prejudice to the rights of property of my general legatee.¹

§ *Fourthly*, Should I die before the complete edition of my works shall have appeared, and I shall have been unable to attend to the direction of this edition, owing to my death having taken place ere its termination, I beg my relative Dr. Rudolph Christiani to replace me in the direction of this publication, by conforming strictly to the prospectus which I shall have left on this subject. If my friend M. Campe, the publisher of my works, desires any changes in the manner in which I have arranged my different writings in the said prospectus, I desire that no difficulties be caused him in this respect, since I have always endeavoured to conform to his wants as a bookseller. The principal thing is that there shall be nothing intercalated in my writings, no line which I have not expressly intended for publicity, or which has been printed without the signature of my name in all its letters. A conventional cipher does not suffice to attribute to me an article published by some journal, since the indication of the author by a cipher always depended on the managing editors, who always assume the right to effect changes in substance or form in an article signed only with a cipher. Therefore I

¹ Nothing could be more clear than the will of Heine on this point. How it was disregarded by the law or want of justice in France appears from what Baron von Embden has already told us; and how, in spite of the distinct instructions of Heine, a complete stranger was able to lay his hands on a valuable portion of these papers, and proclaim that he had been requested to edit Heine's remains! The moderation of the language of Baron von Embden in speaking of M. Julia deserves great commendation.—*Translator.*

expressly forbid that, under any pretence, any article whatever, however small it may be, by another person, shall be added to my works, unless it be some biographical notice emanating from the pen of one of my old friends, of whom I have expressly demanded such work. I wish and expect that my will in this respect, that is to say, that my books shall not (be made to) remark or propagate any writing by another, shall be loyally executed in its fullest extent.

§ *Fifthly*, I forbid that my body shall be submitted after my decease to an autopsy ; but as my disorder often resembled a cataleptic case, I believe there should be taken the precaution of opening a vein in me before my interment.

§ *Sixthly*, Should I be in Paris at the time of my decease, and I do not dwell too far from Montmartre, I desire to be buried in the cemetery of that name, having a predilection for that quarter, where I resided for many years.

§ *Seventhly*, I desire that my funeral shall be as modest as possible, and that the expenses of my interment shall not exceed that which is generally incurred for such a purpose by the simplest citizen. Although by act of baptism I belong to the Lutheran confession, I do not desire that the clergy of that Church shall be invited to my funeral. I also forbid any other minister of any other sect to celebrate the rites ; and this desire is not dictated by any caprice of a free-thinker. Since four years I have abdicated all philosophic pride, and have returned to religious ideas and sentiments. I die believing in one God, single and eternal, creator of the world, of whom I implore mercy for my immortal soul. I regret having spoken in my writings of holy things without the respect which is due

to them, but in doing this I was rather led away by the spirit of the age than by my own inclinations. If I have unconsciously offended good manners and morals, which is the true essence of all monotheistic beliefs, I beg pardon for it of God and man. I forbid that any discourse in German or French shall be delivered at my tomb. At the same time I distinctly desire that my compatriots, however happy the destinies of our country may become, shall refrain from bearing my ashes to Germany. I have never desired to lend my person to political mummeries. The great business of my life was to work at an *entente cordiale* between Germany and France, and to expose the tricks of the enemies of democracy, who trade for their own profit on international prejudices and animosities. I believe that I have merited well from my fellow-countrymen as well as from the French, and the rights which I have to their gratitude are without doubt the most precious legacy which I have to confer on my universal legatee.

§ *Eighthly*, I appoint for testamentary executor M. Maxime Joubert, counsellor of the Court of Cassation, and I thank him for having been willing to assume this charge.

The present testament has thus been dictated by M. Henri Heine and written in full by the hand of M. Ducloux, one of the undersigned notaries, as it has been dictated to him by the testator, the whole in presence of the aforesaid notaries and of the witnesses ; the which being duly interrogated, declare that they are not relations of the legatee.

And the said will having been read in the presence of the testator, he hath declared that said will contains the full setting forth of his desires.

Made and passed at Paris in the bedroom of the above-mentioned M. Heine, the year 1851, on Thursday the 19th of November, about six o'clock in the afternoon.

And after another complete reading, the testator and the witnesses have signed with the notaries.

Registered at Paris, the 20th day of February 1856.

III.

LETTERS FROM MADAME MATHILDE HEINE, WIDOW.

PARIS, *March 25, 1856.*

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I have received your two letters, and I thank you for the kind words which they contain. Monsieur your father has also done me the honour to write me a touching letter, which very much gratified me. Be so kind as to say to him, I beg you, that I long ago conceived for him a high esteem, and that I make it a duty to convey to him, under these circumstances, my sincerest thanks and the most marked assurance of my most affectionate sentiments. I hoped, I declare, to have found the same conduct in all the members of the family of my husband, but my hopes in this respect have not been realised. You are not, doubtless, in ignorance of the very serious affront which I have received from my brother-in-law, M. Gustav Heine of Vienna. He is not content with not having so much as let me know that he was alive, although I begged Dr. Gruby, my husband's doctor, to announce to him the death of his brother, as he did to other members of the family. After having left me entirely to my own resources in

the accomplishment of the first and indispensable duties, such as are quietly executed, and which one does not put into the newspapers, so that I have been obliged to have recourse to strangers for aid, he has published in a German journal the following note, which has been reproduced in French publications :—

“ M. Gustav Heine, the brother of the celebrated Henri Heine, who died recently in Paris, is about to raise to his brother a monument which is to cost 10,000 francs. M. Gustav Heine, who lives in Vienna, has had executed here the design of the monument, which has been this day forwarded to Paris.”

This note was to me a grave offence, for it announced to the public before it had been communicated to me an intention which concerned me more than any one, and which M. Gustav Heine could not execute except with my consent.

Thus I regarded this note at first as one of those reports without foundation, such as go circulating about in newspapers. What induced me to suppose so, was not only that my rights were disregarded, and ordinary good manners trampled on, it was also and above all the *price* of the monument, so arrogantly advertised in a newspaper article. I could not imagine that my brother-in-law would thus intrude himself, and seem to appear to act from a motive of pure ostentation in such a melancholy affair, and into a deed of a dignified, sacred, and really religious character. My first care, therefore, was to reply by the following letter :—

“ PARIS, March 10, 1856.

“ MONSIEUR,—I learn that you have republished the note published by the *Augsburg Gazette* relative to a pretended monument which M. Gustav Heine of Vienna

proposed to erect to the memory of the late Henri Heine, my husband.

" Permit me, sir, to remark here, that I have made the acquisition in the Cemetery of Montmartre of a piece of ground whereon to establish the perpetual sepulchre of my husband, and that no person can pretend to erect a monument there without having first consulted with me. Not having had to this moment any knowledge of the act mentioned by the *Augsburg Gazette*, it is permitted me to add that this act, to which the German journals have endeavoured to give a certain notoriety, should be to the present time considered by the public as not existent. I have the honour, &c.

" WIDOW OF HENRI HEINE."

After reading this letter M. Gustav Heine could have made the matter all right, and he should have tried to do so. He should have written to the newspapers and said that his intention really was to raise a monument to the memory of his brother, but that he had no intention of acting separately from and without me. Far from that, he addressed the following letter to the *Journal des Débats* :—

" VIENNA, March 14, 1856.

" MONSIEUR,—The newspapers have announced that I have the intention of erecting a monument to the memory of my brother Henri Heine, and that the designs for the said monument have been sent to Paris to be executed there.

" As the eldest brother of the defunct, and in accordance with the desire expressed by my venerable mother, I will fulfil the sacred duty of indicating in a worthy manner to posterity the place where the glorious remains

dear to my affection are buried. I have for this purpose commissioned two artists, celebrated in Vienna, to compose two different designs for monuments in marble and granite; but before being executed, I believe myself obliged by a sentiment of filial piety to send the designs in question to Hamburg to get the opinion of my mother, and to form thereupon my definite choice.

“GUSTAV HEINE,
“*Managing Editor of the ‘Fremdenblatt.’*”

This time, seeming to trample on all my rights, by expressing himself as if I did not exist, or as if I had deserved that the family of my husband should put me entirely aside in such an important affair, M. Gustav Heine has directly inflicted on me a serious insult, and I am therefore compelled to form a decision. This decision is that no person except myself shall continue to take charge of the dear and sacred remains of my poor husband. I have in consequence answered to the *Journal des Débats* :—

“PARIS, March 21, 1856.

“SIR,—In my letter of the 10th of this month, which you were so kind as to publish, I had the honour to inform you that having obtained possession of a plot of ground for the perpetual interment of Henri Heine, my husband, no person has the right to raise a mausoleum upon this tomb without my consent.

“To-day, after the letter from Vienna which you published in your number of the day before yesterday, I believe it to be my duty to go further, and declare that I will not permit any person to share with me the care of preparing a last dwelling-place devoted to the man of genius who did me the honour to associate his life,

and who retained for me to his last day his best and most affectionate feelings.—Be pleased to accept, &c.

“WIDOW HENRI HEINE.”

I have had regarding this affair the consolation of securing the most lively and general sympathy of the press. I have not met with a soul who did not seem to be indignant that any one should profit by the moment when I was overwhelmed by a terrible misfortune to make me suffer attempts at persecution. People were amazed that such an action came from my brother-in-law, and was exercised against a woman. It was known how deeply my husband was attached to me, and the offensive proceedings levelled at his widow were regarded as an insult to his memory. There was not a portion of the letter, including the reference to my mother-in-law, which did not occasion great reprehension. It was generally admitted that he did not in the least diminish the insult which he inflicted on me by sheltering himself under cover of the ever-to-be-respected wishes of my venerated mother-in-law, whom I learned from my husband to esteem and to love. There were some persons who went so far as to say that the real intention of my brother had been merely to attract attention, and not to carry out what he had announced. They proved this by saying that he who really wishes to accomplish anything does not begin by voluntarily putting himself into the position of making it absolutely impossible to obtain what he wants, by inflicting a wanton injury on the only person who can grant it to him.

As for me, dear nephew, I let it all pass without giving any opinion. Buried in grief and living in retreat, I have broken only once, and that to my great grief, the pro-

found silence which I imposed on myself, in order to defend my dignity and my ignored rights. This was absolutely due, not only to myself, but also as regards my poor husband, to whose desires and to whose memory I should not regard myself as very faithful should I suffer, be it what it may, or under whatever pretence, that any attack should be made on the rights which I hold from him, and thus abase in me the dignity of the person to whom he was the most deeply attached.—Accept, dear nephew, &c.,

WIDOW HENRI HEINE.

PARIS, *March 1856.*

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—In reply to your letter, you seem astonished that M. Joubert has not written to you, and that I have not sent you myself the papers and the few letters which my husband kept. Permit me to observe to you that the honourable M. Joubert was not called on to write, but simply to send, should it be called for, a copy of the will, and it is that which he has done. He also waited till you should send to him or address to me the instructions which my husband wished to send you when he dictated his testament—instructions without which the direction which he gave you is impossible to execute, and consequently becomes null and void. It results from your letter that you have not these instructions; you therefore beg me to send them to you, believing, wrongly, that I have them. I have not got them at all, I have never had them; what is more, in arranging the papers of my husband, which I have examined one by one, I have found nothing which resembled instructions. This does not astonish me. I knew that my husband had changed his mind as to his testament, especially since last summer, and he had decided that

he would leave it to me to dispose of all his manuscripts as I might choose. He told me so very often, and hence resulted a will which he had begun some days before his death, but which, alas ! his death interrupted. In this revised document, written by his hand, my poor husband was not content to again appoint me his universal legatee, without condition or restriction ; he went so far as to give me, by the public homage which he rendered me, a new mark of the high esteem and constant and unchangeable sympathy which united us so closely for so many years. The thought that I was to the last moment the most active and almost the unique preoccupation of a great man whom I loved, is a sweet consolation and a vivid joy to my heart.

All that remains for me, my dear nephew, is to express to you the grateful sentiments with which I am penetrated in reflecting on the expressions of devotion and affection which your letter contains. Believe indeed that I in turn remember with pleasure my dear nephew Ludwig, and that I hope to hear good news of him, whenever an opportunity shall present itself.

Accept, my dear nephew, and I beg you present to all your family, the assurances of my best regards.

WIDOW HENRI HEINE.

To M. JULES CLARETIE, OF THE "FIGARO."

PARIS, February 20, 1867.

SIR,—How do you know of the lawsuit which I have determined to institute against M. Michel Levy? I live very retired, and make no noisy display of the feeling which has impelled me to avenge the memory of my husband, so hatefully insulted.

It is therefore my adversary who has pleaded his cause before you, and it was his arguments, without reply, which made you write these words :—

“I trust that Madame Heine, understanding that she has been badly advised, will not carry this matter further.”

You deceive yourself, sir. In a lawsuit of this kind, lawyers only serve to make clear my path. I act spontaneously, sustained by conscience, not for a question of money, but for one of honour. For your personal edification, these are the facts. I have often heard it said that men of letters are mere children on business beside their publishers. Imagine what my inexperience was when I treated with M. Michel Levy!

But he was *so* good, *so* engaging, that I could not be on my guard. One day, deeply touched by his kind solicitude, I told him that there were being published in a foreign country the letters of my husband, plausibly accurate, but rather fabrications. I was afflicted at this—but how could I plead my cause in Germany? “Get me those books,” replied M. Levy, “and I will demand 100,000 francs damages of the publisher.”

I give these figures for accuracy’s sake. I only desired one thing, which was to prevent the publication, and I had the good fortune to meet a protector who would enable me to do so! Having duly informed myself, I purchased seven large volumes in German, which I sent to him.

Months and years passed. I asked M. Levy to return me the volumes which I had confided to him, since he had done nothing to vindicate my rights, but he was always “so occupied,” and the brochures were so far away on the shelves, that I waited patiently, and should be doing so still, if I had not learned very

indirectly that M. Michel Levy *himself* published the fabricated and translated letters which had before excited such anger. Hence the suit-at-law, and as without speaking of my judges at Berlin, I shall find this time my judges in Paris, the end seems to me to be less difficult to attain.

Did you, sir, know these facts? I am convinced that you did not, and yet they are given in my summons.

You will no longer have the right to laugh at me. You in your turn have played the game of M. Michel Levy. You believed that he related to you a curious legal case, and he only wanted ten lines in your newspaper, knowing very well that, written by you, they would enable him to sell before the decision in the trial a great many volumes. I beg you, sir, to insert this letter in your next number. I say nothing to you as to my right; it is a prayer which I address to you with the expression of my kindest wishes.

WIDOW HENRI HEINE.

IV.

LETTER FROM M. LEVY.

PARIS, February 22, 1867.

À Monsieur JULES CLARETIE, Editor of the *Figaro*.

SIR,—The reflections inspired in you by the suit-at-law instituted against us by the Widow Heine on the subject of the correspondence of her husband, the first two volumes of which were recently published by us, have provoked a pretended rectification, signed by that lady, which accuses you of having complaisantly made

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yourself my advocate with a view to obtaining a business puff or advertisement.

As regards this accusation of showing me a favour, you know, sir, how gratuitous is such an assumption on the part of Madame Heine, and whether I have the honour to know you so intimately as to have the right to demand a service of you.

As to the subject of the dispute, it is not suitable to discuss it in detail in a journal. I will limit myself in justification to the following :—

The first article of the treaty which I concluded with Madame Heine, January 28, 1865, includes the following :—

I. The full and entire ownership in the works which have been or are to be published by Henri Heine.

II. The exclusive right of translation into French of all the works of Henri Heine published in German.

III. The right of translation into French of all the works of Henri Heine, posthumous and inedited, which are yet to appear.

In virtue of the rights which this article confers on me so explicitly, I have had translated the *Correspondence* of Heine, which constitutes volumes xix., xx., and xxi. of the original edition of the complete works of Henri Heine, published in Hamburg by Hoffmann and Campe, grantees of Madame the Widow Heine, by the same title as to me, and German publishers for her husband for more than forty years, as I have been myself his French publisher since about fourteen years. This origin of my translation is a material fact, easy to prove, which Madame Heine, or rather the persons who advise her, have not apparently taken the pains to verify, but which the wisdom of a tribunal will not fail to inquire into.

An unauthorised edition of certain works of Henri Heine has been published in seven volumes by Binger Brothers, in Amsterdam. This edition was actually complained of to me two or three years ago by Madame Heine, who sent me a copy of it to use, should I think it advisable to prosecute its publishers. But I absolutely did not take anything from that edition, nor did I have a single line translated from it, as I would have proved to Madame Heine, if, before making an appointment with me, she would have come to see me, as my amicable relations with her perhaps rendered it advisable for her to do.

I still hope that Madame Heine, convinced of my good faith, in face of the palpable proofs with which I meet her, will withdraw the accusation which unskilled advisers have so unthinkingly induced her to bring against me.

Accept, sir, the assurance of my most respectful esteem.

MICHEL LEVY.

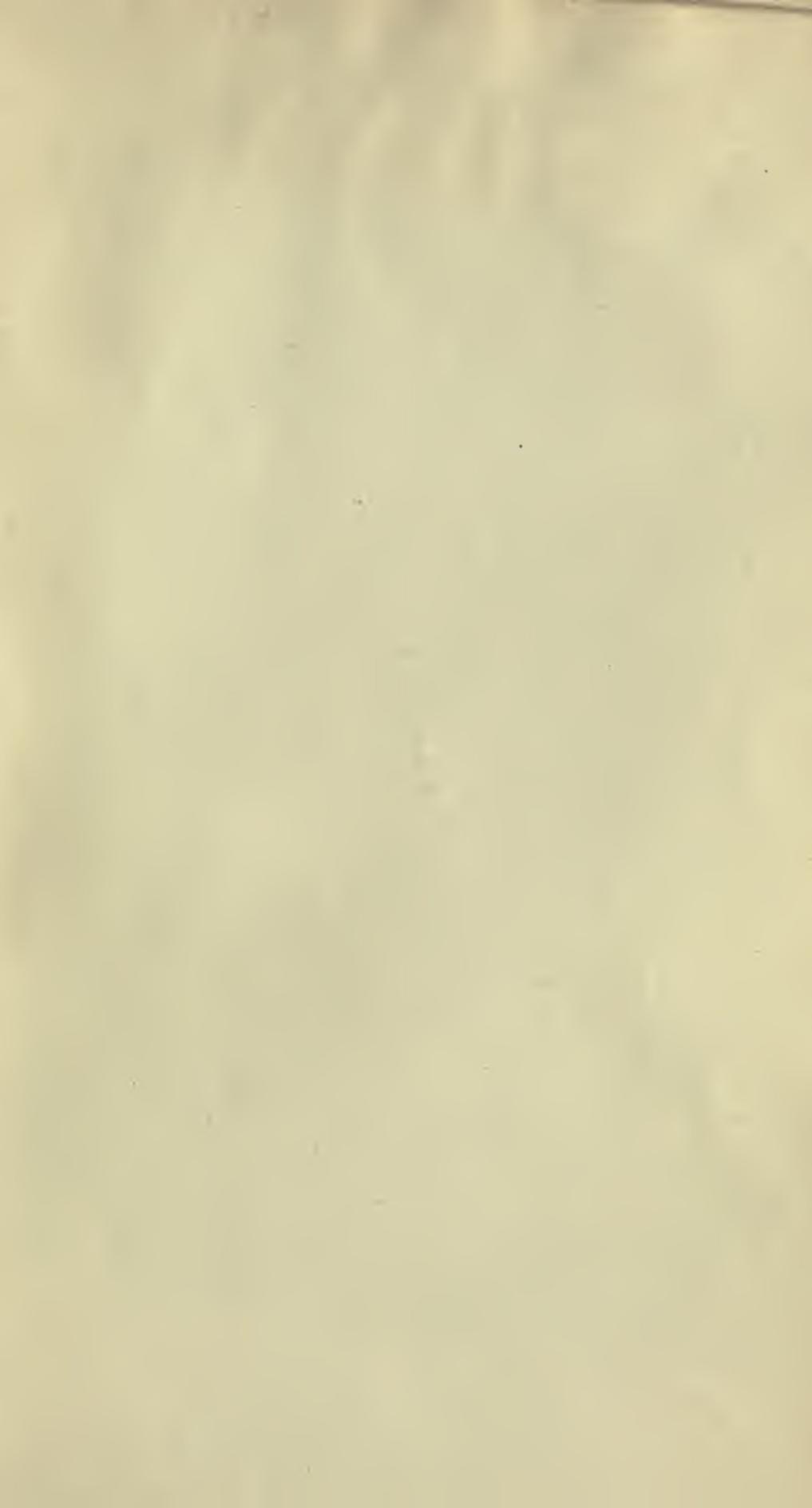
P.S.—Madame Heine speaks of her inexperience, and intimates that I took advantage of it in concluding our agreement. But it was not directly with her that I negotiated the business; it was with M. Von Embden of Hamburg, nephew and friend of Henri Heine, to whom she had given the care of all her interests, and who came to Paris expressly to confer with me. Madame Heine needed only to have refused to put her signature below the contract, as she probably did to the letter which has been addressed to you.

V.

CONTRACT WITH MESSRS. HOFFMANN & CAMPE ON THE
SALE OF THE PAPERS LEFT BY H. HEINE.

1. Sold for the sum of 10,000 francs, the posthumous works of Henri Heine which are now in the hands of M. Von Embden.
2. Madame H. Heine, widow, declares that she possesses nothing more or less of the poems or other product of H. Heine, except a fragment of Memoirs which she for the present will not publish.
3. She authorises Messrs. Hoffmann & Campe to call to account any one, whoever he may be, who shall publish inedited matter, of course at the expense of Messrs. Hoffmann & Campe.

HAMBURG, *August 16, 1869.*



LJ

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